

















**AID STRIKERS  
WITH DYNAMITE****Attempt Is Made to Blow Up  
Large Baltimore Pier.****Western Agitators Known to  
Have Been Imported.****On Marshal Hears of Plot  
to "Get" Him.****AN ARREST WENT TO THE TIMES.**  
BALTIMORE, May 17.—(Exclusive  
News.) As a result of the attempt  
to blow up the largest coal pier in  
the city, resulting in a little damage,  
special forces stationed this afternoon  
to look out for the agitators who  
were in this city of a gang of Western  
agitators and that it was designed  
to blow a bomb beneath his feet and  
kill him.**Three arrests were made.** One was  
that of a man who would not give  
his name and who was stated on the  
police report as "John Doe,"  
known to be from Chicago and was a  
known agitator. The police believe  
he is the man who directed that the  
dynamite bomb be exploded as  
mentioned. The other two arrests  
were of men who had been in the  
city for some time and who were  
known to be agitators.**On the morning of the 17th,** the  
marshal, in spite of the fact that  
he had been warned of the attempt  
to blow up the pier, who had been  
warned by the agitators in which  
the dynamite bomb was exploded,  
was not in the city at the time of  
the explosion.**The arrest of the agitators** who  
were in the city at the time of the  
explosion, was a great relief to the  
marshal, who had been warned of the  
attempt to blow up the pier.**On the morning of the 17th,** the  
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tionality under State or Federal  
constitutions of legislation passed for the  
real or ostensible purpose of protect-  
ing the health and safety of the peo-  
ple, or of correcting social and  
economic injustices.

"The function of the judiciary with  
respect to such laws seems to be  
strangely misunderstood and grievously  
misrepresented.

"Certainly law books will be  
searched in vain to establish the con-  
stitutionality of the courts have power to  
declare such laws unconstitutional not only  
when they violate specific clauses of the  
State Constitution, but also when  
members of the court regard the act  
as contrary to their idea of social  
justice."

"The only power that courts of a  
State have, or even have claimed in  
this country over such laws, is to de-  
termine whether or not they conflict  
with provisions in the State or Federal  
Constitution.

"It must be apparent that one of  
the highest of the judicial functions  
is to determine whether or not the  
Constitution of a State, or within the  
rights safeguarded to the citizen by  
the Constitution of the United States,  
are being violated by the Legislature  
in pursuance of well-meaning efforts to  
benefit that portion of the community  
who by members or by organization  
can most effectively make known  
their needs, are, in fact, reasonably  
related to a purpose which it is com-  
petent for the government to effect  
or, on the other hand, constitute  
arbitrary and unreasonable legisla-  
tion."

"The question presented to the  
consideration of every citizen is whether  
the exercise of this delicate function  
can best be entrusted to the judiciary,  
or whether the constitutional barriers  
shall be prostrated before an un-  
restrained popular electorate.

"Mistakes have been made by the  
judiciary, and the extension of legal  
principles to meet new conditions un-  
der judicial interpretation and con-  
struction has often been slower than  
impatient reformers would wish. Yet,  
no one can fail to see that on the  
whole the history of the American  
judiciary does not furnish as high, if  
not a higher example of adequate re-  
sults than that of any one branch of  
the government."

**TURKS DEFEATED AGAIN.**  
Roules Chamber Hears of a Whipping  
Administered to the Moslems  
on Isle of Rhodes.**ROME, May 17.—Premier Gioiotti**  
announced in the chamber today that  
Gen. Ameglio had surrounded and de-  
feated the Turkish garrison of the  
island of Rhodes, which surrendered  
today, and was accorded military  
honors.**TO OPEN THE DARDANELLES.**  
CONSTANTINOPLE, May 17.—It is  
semi-officially announced that the  
Dardanelles straits, which were closed  
on April 13, are to be reopened to-  
morrow.**PRESBYTERIAN HARMONY.**  
Likelihood of the Church Resum-  
ing Her Old Relations With the  
Union Summary.**LOUISVILLE, May 17.—Definite**  
progress toward resumption of the  
former relationship between the Pres-  
byterian Church in the United States  
of America and the Union Theologi-  
cal Seminary of New York was re-  
ported today to the general assem-  
bly here, by the special committee  
delegated a year ago for that pur-  
pose.

Such relations were severed several  
years ago, when Prof. Charles Briggs  
was expelled for heresy. The com-  
mittee was continued another year  
with instructions to report to the  
next assembly.

**A MILLION DOLLAR FUND.**  
La Follette Hopes That Perkins  
and Dan Hanna Have Made Up the  
Roosevelt Pot.**CHICAGO, May 17.—Senator La**  
Follette, who passed through Chi-  
cago today en route to Ohio to take  
part in the primary campaign, is de-  
clared to have told his friends that  
he would seek enlightenment re-  
garding the source of funds being  
raised by the Presidential candidates.

Senator La Follette, it is de-  
clared, is determined to call on Col. Ros-  
svelt to his campaign fund. Reports have  
reached the Wisconsin Senator, it is  
said, that a \$1,000,000 fund, largely  
contributed by George W. Perkins, H.  
H. Gary and Dan R. Hanna, is fur-  
nishing the means for the Roosevelt  
campaign.

**PARADENA WILL GET IT.**  
Osteopaths in Session at Sacra-  
mento Great With Enthusiasm In-  
vitation of the Crown City.**PARADENA, May 17.—At the con-**  
vention of the California State  
Osteopathic Society at Sacramento to-  
day, Pasadena made a bid for the  
next meeting, and will undoubtedly  
be favored by the vote. An invitation  
was received from Tahoe Tavern, but  
it was not greeted with much en-  
thusiasm, as the lake is too far away.  
Pasadena is as good as selected as  
the convention place of 1913.

That an important amendment will  
be inserted in the law governing the  
examination of applicants for doctor  
certificates was declared by Dr.  
Tucker, member of the Legislature  
Committee of the Osteopathic As-  
sociation, and also a member of the  
State Medical Board. Dr. Tucker said  
that this amendment, to be offered  
the next Legislature, has become  
known as the reciprocity clause, as it  
will be effective between States of  
equal requirements. Any doctor re-  
ceiving a certificate to practice in  
one State of equal standing with Cali-  
fornia in a medical way, will not have  
to take an examination to practice here.  
It is said that the Governor favors  
this measure, and that it is looked  
upon as fair by the medical organiza-  
tions. It will make it easier for doc-  
tors from other States to obtain  
certificates here. Its provisions  
will not throw down the bars, but  
will differentiate between and unjust dis-  
crimination against doctors who have  
already taken examinations in States  
equal in medical requirements to Cal-  
ifornia.

Dr. Tucker urged the association to  
keep the law in other respects as it  
is, because, he said, it is a good law.  
He is to all medical students who are  
examined under it and is probably  
among the best medical laws in the  
United States.

**CALED "NIGGER LOVER."**  
Member of Arizona House Addresses  
Offensive Remark to Speaker and  
Is Removed.**PHOENIX (Ariz.), May 17.—During**  
the night session of the House con-  
siderable excitement was caused when  
Representative A. O. Curry of Doug-  
las, in speaking for the passage of the  
segregation bill, which would take  
colored children from schools at-  
tended by whites, called Speaker  
Bradshaw a "nigger lover."

For a time the House was in an  
uproar, but quiet was soon restored,  
and, at the order of the Speaker, Mr.  
Curry was escorted from the assembly  
chamber by the sergeant-at-arms.  
Gov. Hunt tonight signed the bill  
prohibiting labor blacklists.

**PROBATE OF ASTOR'S WILL.**  
NEW YORK, May 17.—(By A. P.  
Night Wire.) The will of Col. John  
Jacob Astor was today offered for  
probate, special guardians having  
been appointed to protect the inter-  
ests of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the  
widow, and Col. Astor's two children,  
Vincent and Muriel. There was no  
indication today of any content being  
made of the will which disposed of an  
estate variously estimated at from  
\$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000.**THE TITANIC INQUIRY.**  
Witnesses Who Accused the Duff-  
Gordon Is Taken in Hand by Their  
Lawyer in London.**LONDON, May 17.—Lord Marley,**  
the president of the Board of Trade  
Commission, his five assessors, and an  
array of Britain's most brilliant at-  
torneys, with an audience of fashion-  
ably-dressed women looking on, spent  
the greater part of the day during the  
sitting of the court of inquiry into the  
disaster in probing the state-  
ment of Charles Hendrickson, one of  
the surviving firemen.

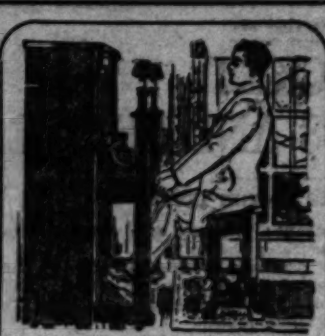
Hendrickson had said Sir Cosmo  
and Lady Duff-Gordon, who were two  
of the five passengers in a party-filled  
lifboat had protested against return-  
ing to the scene of the disaster to try  
to rescue some of those struggling in  
the water. The witness was then  
taken in hand by Henry R. Duke,  
counsel for the Duff-Gordons, who  
were in court.

Hendrickson struck to his testimony  
and although he could not specify  
when he first made the statement dis-  
crediting the Duff-Gordons, Sir Rufus  
Isaacs, the Attorney-General, was able  
to prompt him from depositions taken  
at the time of the arrival of the crew  
in England, in which the witness had  
said: "Passengers protested against  
the boat going back."

Mr. Duke's questions indicated the  
case for the Duff-Gordons would be  
an absolute denial of the story and  
that they would support this with the  
testimony of the other members of  
the crew who were in the lifboat.

Mr. Duke suggested that Hendrickson  
was the first to hint at a reward for  
the crew of the boat, and produced a  
document in Hendrickson's hand-  
writing giving the names of the crew,  
which he had handed to Duff-Gordon  
to enable him to make out \$25 checks  
for them.

Chambers's Colle, Cholera and  
Dysentery Remedy is the best known  
remedy for diarrhoea.—[Adv.]

**Motor Service Discouraged.**  
Chattanooga motor service discontinued Sat-  
urday, May 18. SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

—If you are at all interested in a  
player-piano you will want to see  
our specially built-to-order mission  
style, 35-note bangalow player-piano,  
in mahogany or turned oak case; a  
player-piano regularly retailed at  
\$200, which we sell under our close-  
margin economical mar-  
keting basis at... \$450

On \$10 Monthly Payments  
—with this piano we include bench  
to match and give free exchange  
privilege in our Library of Player-  
Piano Music.  
—See this piano today!  
—Player-Piano Rented at \$7 per  
month.

**Barker Bros.**  
Piano Headquarters**"SHOT TO SAVE MY LIFE."**  
Sergeant in First United States Cavalry  
Takes Stand in His Own Behalf  
at Court-Martial.**FT. YELLOWSTONE (Yellowstone**  
National Park, Wyo.) May 17.—The  
defense in the case of Sgt. Clarence  
Brittain of the First Cavalry, charged  
with the killing of Private Frank Cun-  
ningham, closed today. Brittain, on  
taking the stand, declared that he was  
forced to kill Cunningham.

"It was a case of one life against  
another," he said, "and I shot to save  
my life."

The defense based its case on the  
twenty-third article of war, which  
deals with disobedience and mutiny,  
and on self-defense. The court will  
bring in its report tomorrow morning.  
This report will be sent to San Fran-  
cisco for approval, and it will be at  
least three weeks before it is made  
public.

Frederick C. Howe, a lawyer of  
Cleveland, O., and once a member of  
the faculty of the Cleveland Law  
School, has been appointed managing  
director of the People's Institute of  
New York. Mr. Howe practiced law  
in Cleveland for fifteen years and be-  
fore that was engaged in newspaper  
work in New York.

**MOUNT RAINIER  
NATIONAL PARK**

In planning your trip East, be sure to include a visit to this crowning glory of  
the Pacific Northwest with its vast expanse of glaciers, ice fields and snow-  
capped crags, giant trees and magnificent water falls. Switzerland itself offers  
nothing grander and more inspiring than Mount Rainier National Park.

1912 SEASON OPENS JUNE 29, 1912  
To make your trip complete after a tour in the Park, travel East over the  
"MILWAUKEE"

The most direct and specially interesting line between  
TACOMA, SEATTLE AND CHICAGO  
TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY  
Low Fares East. It costs no more to go this way

GEO. W. HUBBARD, General Passenger Agent  
C. M. & P. R. Ry. Station, Wash.  
For further information and ticket information, call on or address:  
D. T. BERRY, Com'l. Agt.,  
126 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles.

**San Francisco and Return**

Making up party for special train to San Francisco, very low rate.  
Train leaves Sunday morning, 8 o'clock, Coast Line.  
See MR. BROUGHTON, 529 S. Main street, today.

**Steamships.**  
TRANS-ATLANTIC LINES

New 45,324 Ton **OLYMPIC** NEW YORK  
Sails from June 15, July  
6, July 27,  
Aug. 17, Sep. 7

American Line  
From New York to Southampton, via  
Plymouth and Cherbourg  
Philadelphia, Queenstown, Liverpool  
Atlantic Transport  
New York-London Direct  
Red Star Line  
London, Southampton, Antwerp  
For Information and Tickets Apply  
Pacific Coast Agency, 319 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Australia and New Zealand  
(Upon Line of N. E.)  
VIA TAHITI AND WELLINGTON.  
Direct through steamers sailing from San  
Francisco May 23, June 30, and every 15  
days to Tahiti, Honolulu, Wellington and  
Sydney. The line to Japan of the South Sea  
New reservations see Copestake & Co., Agents,  
at address listed, Ralph & Co., Gen'l. Agt.,  
275 Market St., San Francisco; D. F. Roberts-  
on, agent, Citizens Trust & Savings Bank,  
101-103 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SCANDINAVIAN  
AMERICAN LINE  
Sails from June 15, June 30,  
July 15, July 30, August 14,  
August 28, September 11,  
September 25, October 9,  
October 23, November 6,  
November 20, December 4,  
December 18, January 1, 15,  
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March 11, March 25, April 8, April 22,







**WANTED—**  
Situations. Female

WANTED-POSITION, JAPANESE  
in place cook or other work  
in good chauffeur, best city  
dress TAGAWA, 334 E. Cedar  
St. dena.

WANTED - JAPANESE COU  
position. Cook and chauffeur  
Address YAMA, 111 E.  
Pearson.

WANTED - GERMAN LADY  
and FIRM IN  
WISHER POSITION AS HO  
GOVERNORS OR LADY'S MA  
NATIONAL CITY, BOX 775.

WANTED-A COMPETENT Y  
with 24 years' experience  
in treatments; also hair w  
Stilleg.

WANTED - GRADUATE NURSE  
like position charge nurse or  
13 years' experience. Address 1  
4th st., Los Angeles.

WANTED - BY COMPETENT  
raper position where speed  
is rewarded. Address 7, Box 2  
FICE.

WANTED - A LADY OF 30  
ation as housekeeper; clean  
times will leave city. Address  
COOK; HRANCH OFFICE.

WANTED-DAY WORK. WAS  
ing, house cleaning, etc. at  
fare. MAIN ST.; FAIR.

WANTED-POSITION FIRST-  
and maid. (Swedish). 522

WANTED-REFINED WOMAN  
boy position as housekeeper.  
LACE, 2624 E. Figueroa.  
WANTED - LADY OF I  
to take a man to the  
Address X boy 27 TIMES  
WANTED-WARNING, BROK  
ing by competent woman. Ph  
12629. MAIN 1995  
WANTED - BY FIRST-C  
Swedish, \$40 mo. Phone  
1091  
WANTED - GENERAL HOU  
First-class cook, German, \$40  
12629. MAIN 1995.  
WANTED - SITUATION, HO  
experienced girl, good cook,  
12629. MAIN 1995.

WANTED-BY COLORED WOMAN  
by the day or month. Call  
WANTED-FIRST CLASS CALL  
sm. and girl. Hays road. MA  
WANTED-WOMAN WANTS  
maid work. Phone BROADWA  
WANTED-  
Wanted. Male and F  
WANTED-JAPANESE COUPLE  
man, first-class w  
waitress. Hays road  
country. Address YAMANE  
N. ASTE  
WANTED - YOUNG MARRI  
no children, understanding

WANTED - YOUNG GROOM  
wants position, wife for cool  
work man for yard work. Re-  
sponse A. box 104. TIMES 5  
PRICE.

WANTED - SITUATION BY  
couple, no children; on re-  
turn preferred. HOMER J. WA-  
vel, Los Angeles

WANTED - SWEDISH COUPLE  
with good education and  
experience. Please write A. OLSEN, 607 E.

WANTED -  
Work by the Day.

WANTED - GERMAN WOMAN

work by day, laundry or house-  
SCHMIDT, 201 E. 2nd.  
**WANTED—WORK BY THE**  
experienced woman. Phone  
1.  
**WANTED — YOUNG WOMAN**  
day work, all kinds of house-  
hold services. MOZER, Phone Broad  
12.  
**WANTED — LAUNDRY WORK**  
home by first-class laundress.  
212.  
**WANTED — GOOD LAUNDRY**  
day work, \$2.50 a day. No dog  
12.  
**WANTED—**  
Agents, Solicitors.  
**WANTED THE MACMILLAN**

Subscription department, business and agents, works on medicine, engineering, architecture, horology, and other subjects. Leads in the field, making integrally and good deals all between 9 and 12 o'clock a day. **WFC ELECTRIC BLDG. WE V**  
**YOU NOW.**

**WANTED-SALESMEN.**  
Territory on the new, eleventh principle of Britannia is now a new first-class salesman of products, inquiries furnished. Address **THE BRITANNICA CO., 615 Main St., Chicago, Ill.**

**WANTED-EXPERIENCED REFRIGERATION SALESMAN.** To sell Central California. The quickest selling one.

San Jacinto Valley. Liberal  
and active co-operation. Call  
number of apartments with  
MR. GREENE or MR. PICK-  
RENE CO. 60 Story Bldg.

WANTED TO WORKERS. A  
free outfit of our Titanic Sewing  
Machine. Full book, preparing  
pages; many pictures. CENT

WANTED TO SELL STOCK IN  
Merchandise corporation; stock particu-  
larly holding; rapid sale. Libe-  
ral. Room 720 CONSOLIDATED  
Bldg., 6th and Hill.

WANTED - SALESMAN. TO  
be associated with successful ad-  
vertising with chance for profit.

liberal remuneration from the  
Address MR. WOLCOTT, 351  
44, San Francisco.

WANTED—HERE IS THE JUNE  
issue of the new second collection  
of poems preferred. Call room 4  
during Hotel Centre.

WANTED—SUBSCRIPTION  
new combination, big values, in  
season, attractive proposition.  
LITERATURE MAGAZINE, 700 C  
LONDON—GOOD SALESMAN,  
wanted to right, middle  
offered. SEE UNION OIL BLDG.

WANTED—SALESMAN TO SELL  
newwealth Home Builders of  
after 10 a.m. 212 UNION OIL

**WANTED - A MAN PARTNER.** I want a young woman and have an up-to-date business bureau, room 5th and Springfield, good business. I want a partner, will sell an undivided, 1/2 interest in a building, 1/2 interest in a cash. References. Interview. Room 15 Hotel Corona, 7th St. N. W.

**WANTED - PARTNER** in WELL-ESTABLISHED automobile business. Must have time to the business. Must have \$10,000 cash. Call Sam H. Hines, 1000 N. Broadway, Room 202.

WANTED—PARTNER IN MA  
business. Well estab  
initial required. \$10,000. Address  
TIME OFFICE  
WANTED—LIVE PARTNER WITH  
capital for well established busi  
business. MAIN 4292.  
WANTED—  
To Rent.  
WANTED — BY THREE ADVE  
desired. 4 to 4-room private hom  
during owner's absence for sum  
References:—  
GEO. A. TRENT. 1990 S.  
WANTED—ON A YEAR'S LEA  
religious services, a hall with c  
grounds and water. Furnished

Address 7, box 55, TIMES  
 WANTED - FAMILY OF ADULTS  
 in charge of large home for use  
 as others are away, for 4 or 5  
 days. WILSHIRE RD.  
 WANTED TO RENT 3 OR 4 ROOM  
 home, unfurnished. Address 1  
 46 S. Broadway.  
 WANTED - FURNISHED 3 OR  
 4 room bungalow, with piano prefer-  
 able. Address 3, box 124, TIMES OF



















## Live Events in the Field of Sport.

## HEAVERS FIND CARSON TOUGH.

Fail to Hit Him Right at Proper Times.

Temple Knocked Out of Box in Third Inning.

Kane's Hitting Is Feature of One-Sided Contest.

BY GARY OLIVER.

Temple took a chance against the Heavers and they showed him no mercy in the third inning that he should have been out. Kane's hitting was the feature of the game.

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## COMSTOCK TAKES HIS TEAM TO WINDY CITY.

Coach Comstock, of Citrus Union High School, will leave for Chicago about the first of June with a track team from his institution composed of Herb Whitfield, Stonewall Jackson, Hendricks and Daniels.

This bunch of athletes make a strong combination of first place men and will be mighty hard to beat by any high school track team in the country. Whitfield will confine his efforts to both hurdle events, and there is no reason to think why he cannot get away with both of them in record time.

Stonewall Jackson will run the 100 yard dash and should also be good for a couple of sprints. Hendricks is practically unbeatable in the hammer throw, while Daniels is one of the fastest relay men in the country. Unless the trip affects them mightily they should make a great record back in the big track.

Southgate Bay.

## SEVEN RUNS ARE MADE IN FIRST.

SENATORS DRIVE LEVERERS OUT OF THE BOX.

SACRAMENTO, May 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] One of Capt. Dillon's best pitchers, Levenson, was little better than a no-hitter at all today, and when the Senators fell on him for five runs in one-third of the first inning, there was nothing to it but surrender.

The locals added two more of Jack Flatter, who relieved the untried Levenson, before the inning was finally closed.

And it was only because they knew that the game was already won that the Senators did not score any more runs in the first inning.

It was Sacramento's second win of the series and left the Senators even at two games each for Los Angeles and the local Angels.

Seiden was a game clincher in as short a time as the one was today. The Angels were disposed of in one, two, three orders by the Senators, and eight Senators went to bat before the Angels were allowed to get their batting order.

Levenson got himself in bad at the opening of the last half of the first inning. Jimmy Shinn, who hit him for a free pass, Tommy Madden dumped one down the third-base line and Levenson's only chance was to nail Shinn.

Jimmy was too fast for him and the two runners were safe. Still another interested moment came when O'Rourke dumped one in front of the plate and all runners were safe.

With the bases filled, Deacon Van Buren, who was in the line-up, took a single to left, taking second when Miller played ring-around-the-roose with him. Shinn and Madden scored on the drive, and when Miller drove out a single to center, O'Rourke and Van Buren crossed the plate with two more runs.

Levenson was working so good, the untried Levenson for his second game of the frame.

Four runners across the plate, with men on first and second, and none out, Heister dumped one to Levenson, who was greeted with cheers when he pitched to Metzger, for Miller for the first out of the frame.

But just as Levenson was trying to make himself better than he looked, he was over. Check drove a long double down the right field foul line and Levenson pitched to him.

That was the end of Southgate Bay, and one of Dillon's best pitchers, Levenson, was little better than a no-hitter at all today, and when the Senators fell on him for five runs in one-third of the first inning, there was nothing to it but surrender.

The game was over. The Senators won. The Angels lost. The game was over. The Senators won. The Angels lost. The game was over. The Senators won. The Angels lost.

## COAT OF WHITE FOR THE SEALS.

SHUT-OUT VICTORY FOR THE OAKLAND TEAM.

San Francisco keeps on sliding down in the percentage column. Unlucky Baker's Wild Throws Aid in the Defeat—Good Chance to Make Run Is Lost.

San Francisco, May 17.—The ineffective delivery of Baker and his wild throws to first in the third inning gave Oakland a lead that San Francisco could not overcome, although the home team made ten hits to the visitors' five.

With three men on base and none out, in the second, San Francisco footed her chance. Two men were forced at the plate and the unlucky Baker struck out. The score:

San Francisco. A. R. B. H. P. O. A. E. Baker, 1; ...

Oakland. A. R. B. H. P. O. A. E. ...

Score by innings. ...

Summary. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

## CHICAGO LANDS ON BALL AND WINS FROM BOSTON.

Thirteen Times Players Get Sixing Bingles—Pitcher Walsh Allows Only Five Hits—Errors by Team-mates Prevent a Shut-out—Cleveland Is Swamped by New York Nine—Other Games.

[THE TIMES WIRELESS, CABLE, EASTERN AND OVERLAND NEWS SERVICE.] BOSTON, May 17.—In a swifter game from Boston today by a score of 1 to 2, Walsh allowed only five hits and it would have been a shut-out had it not been for the errors on the part of his support.

Chicago. A. R. B. H. P. O. A. E. ...

Score by innings. ...

Summary. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

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Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

Baseball Results. ...

## MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY.

AMERICAN-COLE-PAIGE—Grundy Motor Sales Co., 842 South Olive Street, Main 2191, 10927.

APPERSON JACKRABBIT—Leon T. Shattler Co., 151 West Pico St. Main 7094, Home 10167.

BAKER ELECTRICS—Standard Motor Co., 1001 South Olive St. Broadway 2901, Home 10457.

BUICK—Howard Auto Co., Tenth and Olive, Home 60009, Main 9040.

CHALMERS & R. L. ELECTRICS—Western Motor Car Co., 727 South Olive, 10789, Main 3195.

COLUMBUS ELECTRIC—Firestone and Warren, California Automobile Co., 1230 1200 West Seventh St. Wilshire 780, Home 53018.

DETROIT ELECTRICS—California Electric Garage Co., 12th and Olive Sts., Los Angeles, 100 East Union St., Pasadena.

FRANKLIN & R. L. ELECTRICS—E. C. Hamlin, Twelfth and Olive Sts., Main 404, Home 60249.

GARFORD—Lord Motor Car Co., E. N. F., Flanders, 1032 S. Olive St. Main 5470, Home 10845.

HUPMOBILE—M. C. Nason, 1017-1019 South Olive, A1007, Broadway 2567.

JACKSON—Chas. H. Thompson, 1013-14 S. Main St. F6390, Broadway 1247.

KISSEL KAR—Kissel Automobile Co., 118 West Pico St. Broadway 2186, 2286.

LEXINGTON & MARION—Burkhard-Clepper Motor Car Co., Pico and Grand Ave. F4568, Broadway 3091.

MATHESON-MAIS VELIE—Renton Motor Car Co., 1230 S. Main St. Main 1088, Home 10799.

MERCER—Mercer Auto Co., 1217-31 South Flower St. Home 60151, Main 8880.

MITCHELL—Greer-Robbins Company, 1801 South Main St. Bdway. 5410, Home 22813.

OAKLAND—Grabovsky Trucks, Hawley King & Co., 1114-1116 South Olive, Home F1045, Broadway 1823.

OLDSMOBILE—Oldsmobile Co. of Cal., 1205 South Olive, Main 3130, F547.

PREMIER & REO—Premier Motor Car Co., 1127 South Olive St. Main 678, F2684.

PIERCE-ARROW—W. E. Bush, 1217-31 South Main St. Bdway. 2961, Home 21180.

POPE-HARTFORD—Wm. R. Ross, Co., 10th and Olive, Main 7278, Home 98017.

PULLMAN—Miller & Williams, 1140 South Olive St. Broadway 2907, Home F2940.

REGAL—Big 4 Automobile Co., 1047-49 South Olive, Home F2533.

STEVENS-DURYEA—Eastern Motor Co., 825-827 South Olive St. Main 2600, Home F2965.

STEARNS-KNIGHT AND OHIO ELECTRIC—Smith Brothers, 742 South Olive St. Bdway. 3834, Home F4208.

STUTZ—Brown-Symonds Company, 1142-44 South Olive St. A2291, Bdway. 1394.

THOMAS—Thomas Motor Car Co. of California, Eleventh and Flower streets, 60388, Main 8880.

WINTON—W. D. Howard Motor Car Co., 1238 S. Flower St. Broadway 5809.

## Baseball, Boxing and

## KILBANE WILL FIGHT ABE HERE ON LABOR

Jimmy Dunn Says that Johnny Will Abide by Law and Give Attell Return Match—Fist Vernon—Pickard and Bill Walsh Show the Among the Contestants in the Six Boats.

BY OWEN R. REID.

Jimmy Dunn, Johnny Kilbane's opponent, telegraphed to T. J. McCarry yesterday stating that the featherweight champion was ready to abide by the agreement made after the last Kilbane-Attell fight, which was that Kilbane was to give Attell a chance on Labor Day at the Van Ness arena over the two-round course.

McCarry has renewed his faith in Kilbane, the Little Hebrew has been in the Los Angeles mountains trying to come back. The pugilist would be all upset over the last fight between the two, and when it became known that Attell did not train for the fight, he went into public opinion, but we all know that Kilbane is a tough guy when he is right to the job.

Johnny Kilbane is a tough guy when he is right to the job. He is a tough guy when he is right to the job. He is a tough guy when he is right to the job. He is a tough guy when he is right to the job.

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## The Starr Piano Company.

Warehouses and Executive Office for Pacific Coast, 628-630-632 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Sold for cash or on monthly payments.

## Eleven Bargains Seaside Ten.

Left in Webb-Fisher Co. 812 South Hill Street, Spring Valley, Cal. CLOTHES FOR MEN—LATEST SPRING FASHIONS.

BUY YOUR HOME IN BEAUTIFUL GLASSELL PARK. Large lots with grand view of mountains, \$700 up. Easy terms. HOME & TOWN BUILDERS, 300 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

WEBB'S HAIR TONIC. Cures Dandruff—stimulates growth of hair—prevents baldness. Best hair tonic ever produced. Put sale by ROSS & SELLER, 600 South Broadway, Corner Third.

For Profit or Investment Buy in Seaside Ten. CADILLAC AGENCY, 1237 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. Main 8440.

## BASEBALL BINGLES.

Professional baseball will go on in Los Angeles today. The game will be played at the Los Angeles Coliseum. The game will be played at the Los Angeles Coliseum. The game will be played at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

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# Times Directory

## of Automobiles and Accessories

**Alco** Trucks and Pleasure Cars Built and Guaranteed by  
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE CO., 1246-S So. Flower,  
Rand & Chandler, So. Cal. Agents. F2637. Bldg. 3073

# Automobiles

**Auburn** TOURIST PARTS.  
W. J. BURT MOTOR CAR CO.  
1204 and 32 in. St.

**Bargains** IN TIRES  
AUTO TIRE COMPANY

**Brush** **\$515. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.**  
The Only One Cent Per Mile Automobile.  
1812 South Grand Ave. Phone 22990; Broadway 2120

**Agents Wanted for Outside Towns.**

**FRICTION DRIVE.** No Clutch to Slip—No Gears to Strip. Tourers, Coupes, Roadsters and Trucks, 20, 30 and 45 H.P.—Prices \$1750 to \$2100.

**VANCE CANAMER MOTOR COMPANY**  
1127-28 So. Olive St. Phone—AT 2611, Rm. 201

**CASE-** 20 AND 40 H. P.  
Tours, Roadsters, Toy Tenneys, Limousines and Landolins.  
VANCE-CANAVAN MOTOR CO.,  
California Distributors.  
1122-1123 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cutting** 1912 Models Here.  
**PIPHER BROS. & AUSTIN,**  
1100 Broadway, N.Y.C.

**Disco Starter** **Disco Pacific Co.**

**Empire Tires**

**E. M. F. "30"** FLANDERS 10, Service Building, 1620 Main  
Seventh St., Main 3610, 6012.  
**THE STUDERAKER CORP. OF AMERICA.**  
Retail Branch, 1908-60 S. Olive, F3111, Main 5797

**Fairy Polish**  
For Metal and Auto Body.  
The Aristocrats in Auto Polishers.  
Your Dealer Can Supply You.  
FAIRY MFG. CO., LOS ANGELES.

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**FLAT** THE WORLD-FAMOUS CAR

**PACIFIC COAST MOTOR CAR COMPANY.**  
 1144 South Hope St. Main 3499.  
 Reginald H. Gernon, Sales Manager.

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**COAT COMPANY.**

**Goodyear** Headquarters for AUTO COATS, CAPS  
and GLOVES. 324 South Broadway.

---

**Great Western "40"** The Great Western Motor Car

Great Western 40 Co., 1217 South  
Flower St.

Haynes K R I T Haynes Auto Sales Co. of  
L. A. T. W. BROTHERTON,

Teares, Limousines, Toy Trucks and Roadsters—22,  
30 and 35 H.P.—Prices \$1300 to \$2450.  
VANCO-CAVATAY MOTOR COMPANY.

**HUDSON SALES CO., H. L. Arnold, Mgr.**  
Phone—Summit Main 673; Home A4734.

1115 South Olive St.

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Silent "35." \$1565, Touring Car and Roadster; Coupe, \$2165, f.o.b., Detroit. Positively the easiest riding car in the world.

UNITED STATES MOTOR TRUCK CO. OR CAL.

**United States Motor Truck Co., of Ohio**  
Main 6090. 418 East Ninth St. F4621

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**Automobile Co. of America** Temporary  
Saltaroon,  
143 S. Grand

**Metz "22"** 4-Cylinder, 1912 Roadster with rumble seat and chains enclosed. \$875.  
LOWN MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
1144 South Main Street Main 844

**Michigan 40** 40-H.P. Touring Car, \$1700; 33-H.P. Touring Car, \$1550; 33-H.P. Roadster, \$1500. Fully equipped, f.a.b. Los Angeles. MICHIGAN MOTOR SALES CO., C. L. Perrin, Mgr. 1801-S W. Pine St. Hong 56101; Wilshire, 2151. Goode Clinic Co. 1019 South Olive. City. Agency. Phone. A 1007. Motor. 5997.

**Miller** QUALITY TIRES.  
W. D. NEWBERG RUBBER CO.  
Coast Distributors  
940-951 S. Main St., Los Angeles.  
Phone-F4661 Main 6922

**LYNN C. BUXTON**  
Distributor Southern California and Arizona  
1926-28 South Olive  
Main 5771, F9831

**Moreland** **DISTILLATE MOTOR TRUCKS.**  
Manufactured in Los Angeles By  
Moreland Motor Truck Co., N. Main and Wilhards.

**Motor Car Supply Co.**  
745 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES

**Overland** Pacific Coast Distributors,  
**J. W. LEAVITT & CO.**  
Main 4277. 1212 South Olive St. F4298

**Pathfinder 40**

**Penn "30"** West Coast Motor Car Co.,  
1917-81 South Flower Street.  
Home 60151, Telephones Main 6686.

**Pratt "40" PRATT MOTOR CAR COMPANY**  
Sole Agents  
633 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE A3784

**Rambler** The Rambler Cross-country is a great car.  
The W. K. COWAN COMPANY,  
1140-42 South Hope street.  
**REO-PACIFIC CO.,**

Wholesale Office and Salesroom,  
942-46 South Grand Ave.

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Immediate Delivery  
WILCOX MOTOR TRUCK CO.

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
Third and San Pedro, Main 622, 7912

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MAY MORNING.

# Story of the Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

## THIRTY-THREE MEN INDICTED.

Grand Jury Returns Verdicts.

Will Be Prosecuted on Felony Charge.

Young Man Falls Off a Wharf.

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## IMPUDENCE OF THIEVES.

Washington Beach Robbed of Cash and Field-Glasses.

HUNTINGTON BEACH, May 17.—Not satisfied with robbing James Vincent, a well-known fisherman, at his home at Sunset Beach last night of \$15 and a pair of field-glasses, while he was asleep, the thieves wrote him and forced him to give them something to eat. The thieves have not yet been apprehended, though officers are looking for them.

## NEWS BRIEFS.

Mrs. Charles Dierdorff died here yesterday of pneumonia. She leaves a husband and two daughters, the only one of whom is a daughter.

Application has been filed for articles of incorporation for the Ideal Ware Motor Company, which has a plant in operation here at the Twenty-first street wharf and is daily obtaining electric energy from the action of the ocean waves. The incorporators are W. H. Brown of Orange, A. E. Colby of Los Angeles, H. C. Barnes of Pasadena, A. W. Reynolds of Fresno and George A. Reynolds of Huntington Beach, the inventor.

Fifty members of Long Beach L.O.O.F. lodge will visit this city next Tuesday evening and assist in conferring the first degree of the order on candidates.

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## CEMENT FIGHT GROWS SERIOUS.

Litigation in San Bernardino Will Affect Country.

Expect Indictments Charging Existence of a Combine.

Two Men Hurt by Dynamite Cap Explosion.

SAN BERNARDINO, May 17.—Much interest is centering in the personality of the two Superior Judges of this county since the grand jury took up the investigation of the so-called cement trust. Before Judge F. P. Oster, presiding, and Judge B. F. Blodgett, the cement situation, as it affects not only this city and town of the county, but every section of the state as well, will be brought finally by the nineteen official inquirers.

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from the cape and fragments of rock. Lockjaw is feared in each case. The accident occurred yesterday afternoon at the O. J. Cassinetti mine, near Forest Home, in the mountains above Redlands.

## SPECIAL ELECTION.

Next Wednesday a special election will be held here to decide the proposed annexation of a strip of territory to the north of the town. The new section will come within the distributing area of the new Ferris Hill reservoir system. On the following Friday, Chino will be involved in a special election to decide the proposition of recalling City Trustee John J. Holliman, because he disagreed with some citizens as to the location of a city well, and on the following Tuesday, Redlands will hold a special bond election.

## FAVOR CITY HALL.

That this city has the bond fever and is up for improvements was indicated last night when the newly organized Civic Society adopted resolutions favoring the building of a City Hall, and the issuance of bonds to the value of \$75,000 for the purpose. The society will also favor the campaign for a bond issue of \$25,000, with which to build and furnish a Polytechnic group.

## Arrowhead pure air and water.

Santa Ana.

## TRAGIC DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SANTA ANA YOUNGSTER STRANGLED WHILE IN CRADLE.

Arms of Child Tied to Prevent Its Scratching, and Mother Finds Corpse When She Seeks to Find Why the Baby Slept so Long.

SANTA ANA, May 17.—A wakening from sleep, the 8-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. McKenney of No. 221 West Third street got her head over the edge of the baby carriage, she was unable to get her head back, and by its hanging downward her breathing was stopped and the baby was strangled to death.

The baby had been suffering from eczema, and as usual when the baby went to sleep, her arms were tied by her mother so that on awakening she could not scratch herself. Possibly because of this, the baby threw herself to one side, and got her head beyond the iron bars of the top, which was down. Thinking that the baby was sleeping longer than usual, Mrs. McKenney went to the carriage and found the corpse.

## WIDOW SHOULDER STRAPS.

Alfred Frank returned today from Mexico, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frank of No. 709 Stafford street. Frank was one of the fourteen Americans captured by the Mexicans in the battle of Cam Grande. Before the battle he was made a lieutenant by Madero, and three months later, after Frank had been released as a prisoner, he was given his commission as a lieutenant.

Frank went into the battle under Capt. Harrington, who was killed, after which Frank had command of the Americans who were gathered in three adobe houses around a machine gun. The Americans were captured. Three times that day Frank and his comrades were lined up to be shot. Frank refused to be blindfolded, saying he wanted to see the man who was to kill him. An American bullet struck Frank's head, and he fell. Frank's arms and legs were bound. On each occasion, the order to fire was not given. It may have been because the men were Americans that the Mexicans dared not fire, else the performance was to secure them. After a month in jail at Cam Grande, the men were taken to Chihuahua, where they were in jail for two months before they were freed. Frank was in the Mexican secret service for a time. Then he went to Sonora as a merchant. Taken with a fever, he decided to return home.

## RIGHT SIGN BONDS.

City Attorney Heathman this afternoon received word that writs of mandamus would be issued by the Appellate Court in Los Angeles to T. B. Talbot, chairman of the Board of Supervisors, ordering him to hold the \$250,000 Polytechnic High School bonds, issued by the city, but rejected by bond buyers.

To take the bonds if a decision favorable to them could be secured in the Appellate Court, Heathman's action was brought and the favorable decision received, according to the notice received by Heathman and Attorney E. J. Williams, who represented the city.

## DELEGATES CHOSEN.

The county convention of the Prohibition party today elected delegates to the state convention to be held at Los Angeles June 8 and 9. The delegates are Ed Chaffee, Mrs. Frances Palma, Ames Wright, P. D. Ashleigh, Rev. B. C. Johnson, John W. Rogers, Mrs. W. L. Shatto, J. A. Knapp, H. M. Moore, N. H. McCutcheon and Rev. George J. Franklin.

## NEWS BRIEFS.

Owing to press of other matters Judge West today continued until May 24 the review of the proceedings of the formation of the town of Manteca.

The board of supervisors accepted the bid of G. W. Young for remodeling the County Jail. The bid was \$11,268. A. C. Black will superintend the construction for the county.

Marriage license: Henry H. Barlow, 36, of Boston, and Elizabeth Levine, 34, of Los Angeles; Edward H. Smith, 34, of Los Angeles; and Ruth E. Thomas, 18, of San Gabriel; Rufus D. Starling, 42, and Effie King, 31, both of Los Angeles; Harry K. Rapp, 31, and Vera Armstrong, 19, both of Los Angeles; Ernest E. Anderson, 24, and Emma L. Hall, 18, both of Los Angeles.

## Arrowhead for your vacation.

Spring in Yosemite Valley.


Most of the trails and the road to the Big Trees are open, the air is clear and bright and the whole valley invites you to come. Take a day's vacation in the heart of the Sierras. Enjoy the service. The easy way—SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

The first symptom of croup is hoarseness. The air is clear and bright and the whole valley invites you to come. Take a day's vacation in the heart of the Sierras. Enjoy the service. The easy way—SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, the attack can always be averted.—[Ad.]

Yosemite: Select camping party now en route. Fifth season. A glorious vacation at little expense. All expenses.

See WEBER, KYLE & ARMSTRONG, 221 Grand Ave., Fourth and Broadway, Main 122, 722.



THE real meaning of style is fully exemplified in Adler's Collegian Clothes for Spring and Summer. Adler Collegian designers are constantly alert to fashion's latest trend, and are keen to adopt, modify or elaborate any style or fancy that is smart enough to bear the Collegian label.

When you wear an Adler Collegian Suit or Overcoat, you can rest assured it will have every mark of correct style.

Adler Collegian Clothes are a fashion show in themselves. Drop in and see our exhibit of new Spring and Summer creations at \$15 to \$30. They'll prove a revelation to you.

David Adler & Sons  
Clothing Co.  
MILWAUKEE CHICAGO

# Adler's Collegian Clothes

## Santa Fe Back East Excursion rates

SALE DATES  
May 18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30  
June 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30  
July 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30  
August 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30  
September 4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12

ALSO  
Boston \$110.50 Memphis \$78.00  
Chicago 72.50 New Orleans 70.00  
Council Bluffs 68.00 New York 108.50  
Denver 55.00 Omaha 68.00  
Houston 88.00 St. Louis 70.00  
Kansas City 90.00 St. Paul 72.50

To many other points in addition to above. Good for return until October 31, 1912. You can stop over at Grand Canyon—Yosemite Valley—Petit Fort—Indian Pueblo.

Mail send you folders telling of these places—Phone or call on me for reservations. H. W. McGee, Gen. Agt. Santa Fe—324 So. Spring. Phone A5224—Main 733—Broadway 1554.

## Santa Fe

## S.S.S. CURES ECZEMA, ACNE, TETTER ETC.

While Eczema, Acne, Tetters, Salt Rheum, etc., are troubles which afflict the skin, their source is far deeper than the outside cuticle. These affections are caused by irritating humors, or uric acid in the blood. Such impurities irritate and inflame the delicate net-work of fibrous tissue which lies just beneath the surface of the outer skin, and the inflammatory discharge thus produced is forced out through the pores and glands, and is continually kept up while the blood remains infected. This exudation causes the formation of scales and crusts so often seen in Eczema, and when they are scratched off the flesh is left raw and more susceptible to other infection. It can very readily be seen then that to produce a cure the circulation must be purified and cleansed. This S. S. S. will do. It goes down to the very bottom, removes all humors and impurities, neutralizes the excessive acids of the system and in this way removes the cause of disease. Local applications can only soothe the irritation and assist in keeping the skin clean; they never produce a cure because such treatment does not reach the blood. S. S. S. restores to the thin, acid blood all its lost properties, makes it pure and rich and enables it to nourish the skin and keep it soft, smooth and healthy. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## Drink Puritas Distilled Water-5 Gallons 40

Phones: Home 10085, Main 9191.  
L. A. ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.

## BOWLES BROS. EVERY DROP PURE CALIFORNIA OLIVE OIL

Remember "Herrick" Refrigerators. Have a Superior Dry Air Circulation. New 1912 Models. HENRY GUYOT MFG. CO., 538 S. Spring St.

The Home of \$20.00 and \$30.00 Built Values for Women, at... \$15

## DAVIDSON'S

Sample Suit Shop, 828 South Broadway, "Where It Pays to Buy Upstairs."

## HIGH GRADE PIANOS

Continually received in exchange on APOLLO PLAYER PIANO and sold at special bargain prices. J. B. BROWN MUSIC CO., 642 S. BROADWAY

## SCOFIELD'S

Leading Millinery House of 737 South Broadway, Lower Broadway.

## Bladder Trouble

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Method That Quickly Cures Without Drugs or Operations. Consultation and Advice Free and Confidential. Call or write.

## Therapeutic Institute

Grand Hotel, 525 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

## 33% OFF

On All WALL PAPER California Wall Paper Co., 816 South Broadway

## EASY MONEY MADE

By investing in Southwestern Sugar stock. See H. A. REED, 396 South Los Angeles Street Los Angeles, Cal.

## PADRE'S TONIC LAXATIVE

is perfection in a stomach, liver, bile and bowel regulator. Tunes, stimulates; does not purge, force or grip. Give it just one trial. 25c (special) box of 100 tablets. At all drug stores.

## ONE BOTTLE CURES

McBURNETT'S KIDNEY PILLS

For kidney disease, back pain, gravel, uric acid, dropsy, diabetes and rheumatism. Send 10c in stamps to W. F. McBurnett, 1215 S. Spring St., room 10, Los Angeles, Cal., for 4 days treatment. Prepared U. S. A. Druggists.

Excellent Service To Eastern Points Via Salt Lake Route Tickets at 601 So. Spring St.

## Laird Scholer Shoes for Women

WETMORE-KAYE & CO. BROADWAY AT FOURTH

## \$15 DRESSER SAMPLES

MENS SUITS NOW \$10 HERINGTON HOW 315 ST.

## HAND USED TO STOP CONDUCT OF VAGRANTS.

San Bernardino.

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## POWER COMPANY RUSHING WORK ON GREAT PROJECT.

BANNING, May 17.—Announcement of a resumption of activity here has been made by the Consolidated Reservoir and Power Company of Los Angeles. This concern is capitalized at \$1,000,000 for the purpose of diverting the Whitewater River from its desert course to the better lands of the Banning Valley.

where the water will be used in growing apples and in generating electricity.

For two years the work has been carried on with slight interruptions except when deep snows in the mountains caused a halt. Large crews of whites and Hindus have wrestled with the mountainsides, where the conduit is being laid, digger put the earth, blasting the rocky canyons and felling giant trees, which impeded the course of development. The water ditch will be six miles long and it is about half finished.

This season, however, the crews will be enlarged so that all the work may be completed this summer.

The forest service has given permission to the company to cross the national forest, and this action was required as the conduit is principally in the national forest, starting at a point in the San Bernardino range 7500 feet above the sea and dropping to the Banning Valley 2500 feet below. This gives a drop of 1000 feet per mile.

After the irrigation feature has been installed the work will be rushed to complete the electrical system, and larger cities along the route. The company is independent of the Southern Electric Power Company now building electric plants in the same locality.

The task of building the ditch has required the packing of tools and provisions on burro backs, as steep have been the mountains necessary to scale. It is one of the greatest projects of its kind now being pushed in Southern California.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.







# Blackstone Co.

Fashion Favored  
Waists \$1.50

You wouldn't even think of making your Summer Waists when such styles as these are buyable for so little. You couldn't afford to spend the time.

New styles are shown of fine Laces and Batistes, with lace or embroidery trimmings, others tucked all over or hand-embroidered; some have lace yokes and are finished with dainty or val and crocheted buttons. Dutch or high necks. More than a dozen different styles to choose from and every one new and pretty—besides being exceptionally good, at the price, \$1.50.

## "Merode" Underwear

New Summer Weights

Underwear is more than good underwear. It's the best ever made at the price. It is in, in finish, in wear and best for the new stock for summer is complete.

PAIRS AND VESTS of fine, light weight fabric, 50c

PAIRS of the same 75c

PAIRS of the same 1.25

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# Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

*Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest*

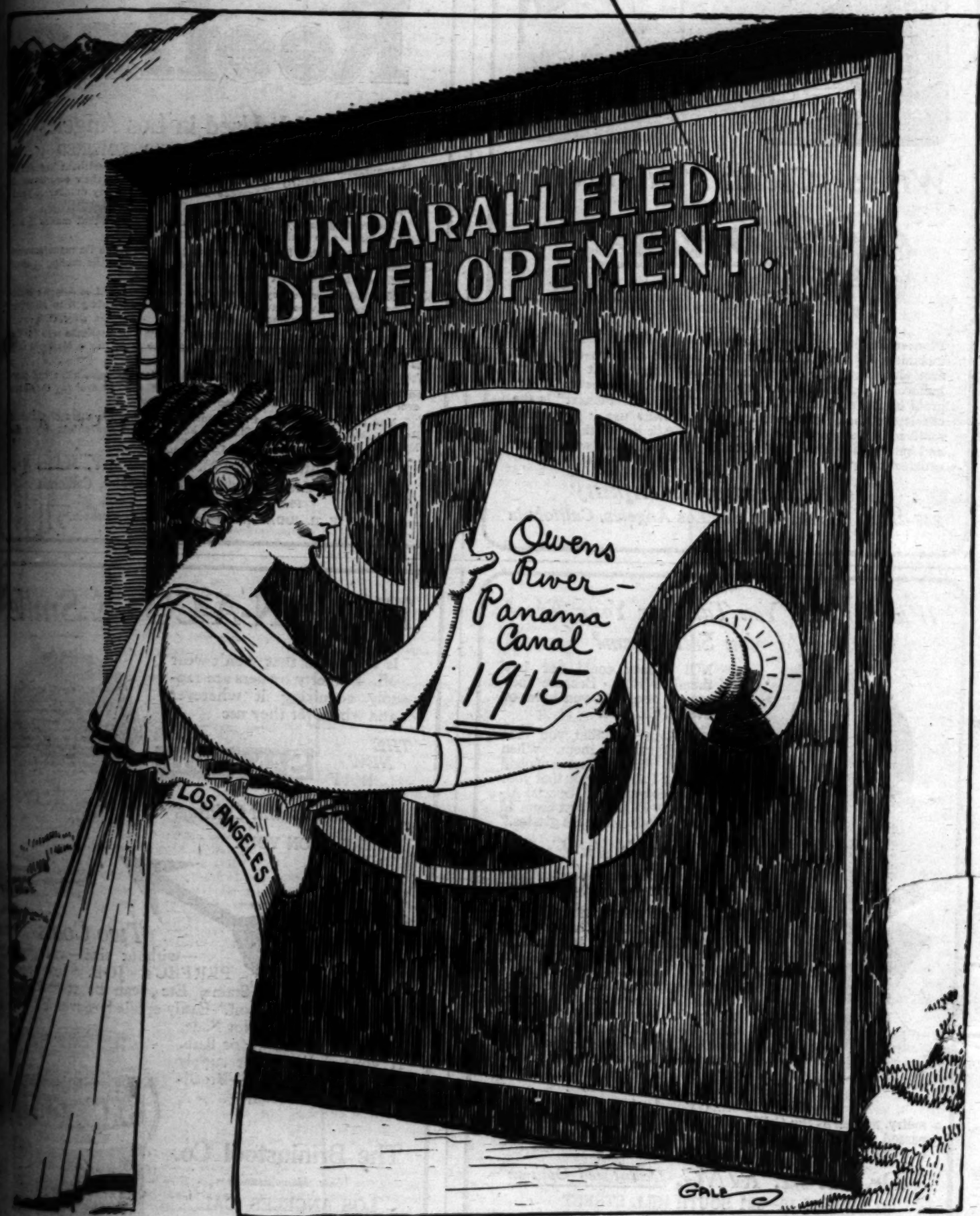


1907-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR  
NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 24

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*We've Got the Combination.*



*The open sesame to nature's strong-box.*  
[761]



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Under the Editorial Direction of  
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA,  
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Shriners Found the Oasis.

THE Shriners are people who travel far and see everything there is. Those who came here to the thirty-eighth convocation of the order struck on a more beautiful than they ever laid eyes on before. Three of the trains bearing 150 Shriners stopped at Redlands, where they received a right royal welcome, and were invited to pick oranges to their hearts' content. Then they were taken for a drive over Valley Heights. To those who know, that is enough. They saw more beauty to the square foot of surface and more square feet in their line of vision than their eyes had ever rested upon in their wanderings.

San Diego's Wealth Increases.

TAXES are unwelcome things, and increased assessments mean more taxes. Yet San Diego, like all cities by the Western Sea, actually glories in the privilege of being assessed at higher figures and is willing to pay more taxes. The assessment valuation for the current year runs to over \$50,000,000, or \$2,000,000 more than last year. As the assessments usually run to about 50 per cent. of what the property is held at, San Diego's real property and improvements run in value at more than \$100,000,000. The city is having large improvements, and the citizens are inclined to vote on six bonding propositions amounting to \$20,000,000.

Witness the Coronation Procession.

WHEN George V was crowned in London last June there were three processions, the longest covered a course of seven miles. It may seem hyperbole, to those who did not see it, to say the Shriners' procession in Los Angeles during the early days of May "skinned" the coronation pageants to the bone. The electric pageant in Los Angeles covered five miles, and there was nothing in London, not merely to match it, but to be compared with it for the gorgeous splendor of the various floats. As to the city decorations, those of London compared with those of Los Angeles were as a crow among a flock of birds of paradise. This is the testimony of those who saw both processions.

In Memory of the Days of Eld.

VINTURA-BY-THE-SEA lay originally right on the old Camino Real. The E.C.O. Club of the city is determined that the memory of the days of old shall not perish amid all the bustle of the twentieth century. They have taken in hand the restoration of the old Mission cross on the hill with a new one thirty feet high. It is to be constructed of pine trees from the Topanga Mountains, where the Indian neophytes in the days of Junipero Serra got the timbers out of which the mission church was constructed.

Comparing Los Angeles.

THERE is scarcely any kind of artistic architecture known in the world, of which excellent specimens cannot be found in the homes and other edifices of Los Angeles. The Italian Renaissance style is seen as distinctly true as anywhere along the Riviera. In the church edifices may be found German, English and Spanish Gothic as well as temples of the Renaissance style. Among the residences of the city appear excel-

lent specimens of Old English Gothic as well as of the houses of the Queen Anne reign. And now comes a German architect with a plan for an apartment hotel which will present a modification of the Astec architecture existing throughout the Great Southwest before the days of Cabrillo or even of Cortez. This structure will present a style absolutely unique in the architecture of the day, here or elsewhere.

Hermosa Beach Peerless.

HERMOSA in the Spanish means Handsome, and the beach that bears the name deserves it. Its citizens claim that it is peerless. They propose to build a pier. The work will cost about \$60,000, a mere bagatelle in so enterprising a community.

Another Pipe Line.

THE Esperanza Oil Company is reported to have floated a \$4,000,000 bond issue to finance a pipe line 170 miles long, of eight-inch steel, to run from Bakersfield to San Pedro, and to carry crude oil from the fields where it is produced to the harbor.

Los Angeles County Taxes.

THE Tax Collector of Los Angeles county has made his collections for the year ended March 1, 1912. The total taxes charged to his account amounted to \$6,485,532.35. On the last day of April when the account was closed this vast sum had been paid within about 2 per cent.

A Yearling Town.

ON MAY 23, the town of Stanton will celebrate its first birthday. The town is called after Hon. P. A. Stanton, manager of the Taft campaign in Southern California. It is a lusty youngster, and decidedly progressive. The Board of Trustees has levied a tax which will amount to about \$700 to put the main streets in order.

Nothing too Beautiful for Santa Barbara.

THE trustees of Trinity Church in the city of Santa Barbara are moving for the erection of a church building which will be very beautiful, but none too much so for its beautiful surroundings in beautiful Santa Barbara. The edifice will seat only about 500, but its cost alone, exclusive of all fittings, will run to \$50,000.

Things Are Active by the Western Sea.

THE month of April made a new record for bank clearings in Los Angeles. The total for the month came to a little over \$104,000,000. For the four months of the year to April 30 the clearings ran to over \$377,000,000, an increase over the same period of last year of about \$77,000,000. The increase was about 30 per cent. for the year.

It Just Means Growth.

THE capital stock of a Los Angeles bank having a par value of \$100 has been sold recently at \$700. This is an increase in value of \$600 a share in the last four years. It just marks the growth of the city in population and wealth. The new influx of people brings a continuous stream of new money into the country, and with an increase of deposits in the banks, and an increase of demand for business purposes, the banks naturally make larger profits.

Busy Old Wilmington.

WILMINGTON is the inner harbor to Los Angeles, or to speak more correctly, one of the inner harbors. It used to be the only one in days long gone, and then was largely a dream. In these days of development along the Western Sea it is fast becoming a reality. The Home Telephone Company is stringing it with wires, and the Southern California Edison Company is doing the same thing. Then the city authorities are setting up notices to grade Canal street. At Seventh street a thousand foot bridge has been built to connect with the old Anaheim road. Wilmington is to be a modern city, and so J street is to be a "jay" no longer, but will be developed into a boulevard. The Southern Pacific Company is putting the final touches to the drawbridge at the entrance to the west basin, and the United States government officials will soon be at work dredging the west basin at a cost of over \$500,000.

The Shriners and the Flowers.

HOW like a kaleidoscope the streets of Los Angeles looked during the visit of the Shriners and their friends. It was a dead heat between the gorgeously arrayed members of the different temples, the beautifully decorated city, and the floral display our glorious climate made, to welcome the guests. There was not a color of the rainbow, nor an intermediate shade that was not displayed in the toga of the Shriners. The city was in its gayest attire, but artistic old Mother Nature outdid them all. Her conceptions of beauty were better and her skillful fingers mixed the colors more radiantly and spread them more lavishly. The guests of the city had seen beautiful landscapes before. Their eyes had feasted on the Indian Paint Brush in western prairies, and on peach and apple blossoms down by the Potomac and Chesapeake. Some of them had seen the hawthorn in the British Isles and magnolia bloom in Maryland. But they never saw anything half as splendid as the popples and lupins and the Spanish bayonet that cover the mesas and hillsides of Southern California.

"Men and Religion."

FOR more than one year the "men and religion" movement has been carried forward all over the country in the larger cities and towns. Its purpose was to connect religion closely with social reforms. It summarized the situation when it said: "One-quarter of the churches are growing, one-quarter are standing still, one-quarter dying, and one-quarter dead." Its aim was to raise the dead ones, to restore the dying to health, and to cause those which were stagnant to "get a move on." It realized that the usefulness of the church as a vital force for good had been greatly lessened of late years. Its purpose was to make religion once more a powerful practical force against evil. It made special effort in the direction of guiding boys and girls in the direction of righteousness, in making religion pleasant, in dispelling the gloomy and forbidding doctrine that religion was designed solely for spiritual development and must not be brought into social life. The old-fashioned church socials, where games and music—even ragtime music—made the function joyous and eagerly sought for by young people, was as potent an influence for good as gloomy prayer meetings, where converts with tear-stained faces gave an itemized account of their sins for the edification of their neighbors.

"If young people are not guided in the right direction, and life within the church made attractive to them," says the Indianapolis Star, "they will wander away to find their pleasures, and their wanderings will not take them far until they encounter evil. To take care of these young people and to suppress the evils surrounding them are therefore religious duties. The two things go together, and when once the eyes of church people are open to these duties it is difficult to see how they can be closed again."

The men and religion movement has certainly lifted many churches out of the swamps of apathy and introduced them into a new and vigorous life. Having accomplished its purpose it held its final meeting and left its work to be carried on by the churches it had spurred into action. The responsibility is now definitely placed on the churches. Will they realize this fact and meet the duty thus imposed or will they lapse back into lethargy? Only time can answer.

Co-operative Production.

THE two great commercial powers of the world are labor and capital. Without labor capital can earn nothing. Without capital labor can find no opportunity to earn. A conflict between labor and capital is an injury to both; a strike suspends the earning power of capital during its continuance and absolutely destroys the entire estate of labor. The capital consisting of goods, or grain, or money, which labor has created, may be preserved in warehouses and banks, but the creation of more goods ceases when the laborer drops his tools. The work which might have been done, but was not done, on Monday is of no value whatever on Tuesday morning. It is as valueless as the ungathered, unharnessed dynamic force of the cataract which tumbled over the brink of Niagara a hundred years ago.

The prevention of conflicts between labor and capital, the bringing them together in harmonious adjustment, is one of the problems of the day. It is a problem that cannot be solved by labor leaders who find profit in trouble-breeding. It cannot be solved by appeals to capitalists to refrain from forcing the laborer to accept less than his due. It cannot be solved by asking laborers to refrain from demanding more than their due. Capital masses itself in gigantic corporations to decrease the cost of production and increase the prices of the products. Labor has thus far neglected to avail itself of its right to similarly combine for the purpose of producing and marketing its own products.

The first need of a combination of laborers for the purposes of production is sufficient capital to rent buildings, purchase raw material, and supply themselves with the necessities of life while the product of their labor is being marketed. There are two methods of procuring the necessary capital to carry a co-operative producing combination in its early life. One is by state help, the other is by self-help. Socialism proposes the former, common sense suggests the latter. There are many co-operative manufacturing establishments not requiring expensive machinery or costly buildings which might be launched with six months' savings of the workers who should get together for such a



purpose. Both state help and self-help have been tried in Europe. The former has always failed. The latter has often succeeded.

In February, 1848, the French government organized a number of national workshops and voted 3,000,000 francs for their use. Three-fourths of these societies perished after a short term, because the recipients of government charity lacked the stimulation to industry, to honesty and to foresight which self-help would have given them. Truly has it been said that "the Lord helps those who help themselves."

The doctrines of socialism and communism were aided by state help in Paris, but the state lost its money and the workers were not benefited. Upon the wreck of the state-helped institutions many industrial partnerships were established by self-help and co-operative production is now a prominent feature of the industrial life of Paris.

The workingmen's guilds in the Middle Ages made great cities of Venice and Genoa, and the industrial centers of Holland. The Hanseatic League dominated the cities of Northern Italy although its members were obliged in the first instance to buy the privilege of organization from aristocrats. Leagues of artificers have advanced human freedom.

The Barons at Runnymede could never have wrested the Magna Charta from King John but for the backing of the workingmen's guilds. These guilds were co-operative producers. Their work was done by themselves for themselves, and the capital necessary for their operations was contributed by themselves.

If fifty or one hundred house carpenters in Los Angeles would with \$100 each—which they could easily save from three months' wages—organize themselves into a co-operative society they could take contracts for the construction of bungalows. They could own their own lumber yard, and planing and turning mill. Their solidarity would give them such a credit that they could borrow enough money of the banks to acquire the plants necessary for the successful conduct of their operations. The members of other building trades would be inspired by their example to similarly organize. The industrious and the skillful would earn more than the slothful and the slow. The walking delegates would lose their jobs and the dynamiting fund would cease to exist.

#### A Problem in Division.

IT WAS a simple breakfast. It consisted of an orange, a salt mackerel, bacon, bread and butter, doughnuts and coffee. Yet its constituent elements were gathered from the four quarters of the globe and it probably represented, directly and indirectly, the labor of a thousand people.

The orange was picked from a tree planted ten years ago. To bring water to it gangs of men worked in the construction of an irrigating ditch. During the ten years twenty different men worked with plow and harrow and cultivator upon it. It was nurtured with fertilizers made from guano brought from Peruvian islands, from sulphate of ammonia imported from great chemical works in England, from the offal of Chicago stock yards and from nearby stables. The crews of Pacific sailing vessels, of Atlantic steamers and of railroad freight trains manned and guided the instrumentalities of transportation. The fuel for the boilers of steamer and locomotive was produced by the labor of miners and of workers at the oil wells. The ripe orange was wrapped in paper made from wood pulp produced in New England. It was packed in a box made of lumber hewn in the California mountains. It was sliced with a knife made in Pennsylvania. It was sweetened with sugar made in Hawaii. It was served on a porcelain plate made in Massachusetts which rested upon a tablecloth woven in New Hampshire, spread on a table constructed in Los Angeles from hardwood imported from Mexico.

Peru, Mexico, Hawaii, Illinois, England, New England, New York and Pennsylvania workmen on land and sea all contributed to the production of the orange alone.

The cup of coffee represented workmen in Brazil, in Arabia and in Orient isles. The mackerel was captured on the banks of Newfoundland and cured with West Indian salt. The bacon, if it could have spoken, would have repeated the expiring squeals of a Chicago hog. The doughnuts were raised with baking powder made in New York, and fried in cottolene made in Alabama.

It is an intelligent and not an unfounded esti-

mate to say that the work of a thousand men and women in South America, in Mexico, in Europe, in Asia and in Africa, in production, in transportation and in buying and selling, went to make up that Los Angeles 50-cent breakfast. Probably the transportation expenses and the profits of middlemen constituted more than a majority of the cost.

Socialism claims that there should be no middlemen, and that each worker should receive his exact proportion of the results of his labor. How would Socialism divide the 50 cents paid for that breakfast? How much to the farm laborer who planted the orange tree in 1902, and how much to the cook who sliced the orange and sprinkled the sugar on it? How much to the Peruvian who gathered the guano? How much to the Chicagoan who cleaned up the stock yards? How much to the Englishman who stuffed his nose to avoid the stifling fumes of ammonia? How much to the orange picker? How much to the maker of the box in which it was packed? How much to the Gloucester mackerel catcher? How much to the assassin who slew the pig that yielded the bacon? How much to the Japanese workmen who cultivated the sugar cane? How much each to the Brazilian, the Batavian and the Arabian who cultivated the coffee berries? and how much to the grocer who roasted and ground them?

Maybe the propagandists of Socialism can answer these questions—and "then agin" maybe they cannot.

#### Occupation the Best Conservator.

A DELIGHTFUL lady of Southern birth and breeding said to the writer many years ago: "You northern people in your superabundant energy nearly always forget that toil was imposed upon mankind not as a blessing, but as a curse."

The reply was prompt that the northern people had learned to turn their affliction into a benediction. We had come to see, as Dr. Isaac Watts had put it, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" with the addition that Thomas Carlyle was right when he said there was a new beatitude, "Blessed is the man who has found his work and does it."

That is about the way Dr. E. L. Conger, president of the Humane Society of Pasadena, sees things. On a recent occasion he said this:

"The boys of today in a city like Pasadena do not have enough work to do. I think that this child-labor law is a good deal of a nuisance in many ways. In a city where children are mercilessly worked it is undoubtedly a good thing. But here in Pasadena it is different. Even if they are the sons of millionaires I can see no reason why they should not have some light employment during the summer months. The boys would like it, and they would be better off, too. They have too much time to themselves in vacations. I think the city should provide some occupation for them."

"Of course they go into the mountains and kill birds. They cannot help it, and their elders are partly to blame. Boys are like small dynamos. There has got to be an outlet for their energy, if not in one way, then in another. Work is a good healthy thing, and they should have more of it."

So say we all of us, who have sense enough to be permitted to speak. God help the man who is born not only without the necessity of working, but the opportunity of keeping himself busy in a proper way. Youth is overflowing with energy, and will be busy in a good way or in the other way. Why is it that fathers who have a head full of hard common sense and a heart full of rugged morality, bring up sons who have neither sense nor morals, who do nothing for the general good or for their own, but who on the contrary are a menace not merely to the progress of the community, but to its peace, who are a public nuisance in the eyes of the world and a menace to their own liberty, often to their life? Who will ever forget the excesses into which the late Edward VII rushed when a youth as the Prince of Wales? He was a boy of most amiable disposition, and as a man was none the less so. He simply went half-way to perdition because he had nothing to do, and was saved from going all the way and reaching the lamentable terminus, by his own innate goodness. How different he was as a man when he had found his work and was doing it!

He is selected as a conspicuous example of what happens to multitudes of the sons of rich men who had plenty to do because they had their fortune to make, and in making it blessed the world by the things they did.

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#### Shall We Encourage Race Suicide?

TAXING incomes is no new device in statesmanship. It has existed for generations in some European countries, and it is not new in the policies of certain commonwealths of the American republic. The practice is growing among our States, and the idea is spreading rapidly throughout the nation. It was proposed twenty years ago in an act of Congress to apply it in the administration of the Federal government. This act was defeated by a decision of the Supreme Court. It was revived recently in Washington under a somewhat modified form, and passed the scrutiny of the court of last appeal.

Fundamentally we have been opposed to this policy in our Federal government for two reasons: First, it seemed to us to be best to leave this means of raising revenue to the separate States to be used as might seem best. Secondly, from the beginning we thought we saw in it a surreptitious way of attacking the protective tariff policy which has always seemed to us not merely wise but necessary for the prosperity of our industrial enterprises. Now we know this to be so. Free trade has never had any footing with our people as a whole. But a certain school of political thought among us has held that a tariff was justified only for the purpose of providing revenue to defray the expenses of the government. Now as things are today, a tariff schedule whose primary purpose was to produce sufficient revenue to carry on the government can be so levied as to furnish adequate protection to each of our industries not able, like a tub, to stand on its own bottom. The so-called tariff-for-revenue-only people appear to see this, too. So the income tax was resorted to in order to provide a considerable portion of this revenue and leave less to come from customs duties and so make possible a nearer approach to free trade.

Whatever may be the outcome of this advocacy of taxes on incomes, either in the State or nation, there is one point of view that seems in danger of being abandoned, which is important enough at all times to take cognizance of. At the moment we only recall one State in which this matter is held in full view. It is not often we find it possible to agree with the new notions prevailing in the State of Wisconsin, or to commend any view fathered and advocated by Senator La Follette. This disagreement between the Wisconsin legislator and ourselves makes it particularly pleasant to be able to agree with him whenever possible.

What we refer to is that in levying taxes on incomes, discrimination between the married person and the unmarried one should always be maintained. Briefly, whatever tax is levied on the man with a family to take care of, ought to be doubled in the case of the one who has only himself "to look out for."

#### Lady May.

You will know her by her bonnet with the strings a-blowin' out,  
An' a laylock she's a-wearin' in her hair;  
You will know her by the sunshine she's a-castin' about,  
An' her whistle in the birches over there.

You will know her by her slippers, an' the color of her eyes,  
An' the kisses on her pretty, poutin' lips;  
You can tell her by her giggle, an' her look o' glad surprise,  
An' the dewdrops on her rosy finger-tips.

She's a-comin' up the medder, don't you see her jell gown?  
She's a-tiptoe, an' a-trippin' right this way,  
With a trail o' joy behind her, an' a new moon for a crown,  
An' a—bless your heart! why, howdy, Lady May!

—[Herbert Randall, in Youth's Companion.]

#### The Empty Room.

I found me standing at your door,  
Beloved! having come in sleep.  
Dreaming I yet had watch to keep.  
And all was as it was before,  
When the dim hours my care outwore.

Your little room so very still,  
Beloved! still, and sweet with you;  
My senses, tranced, such balm indrew:  
Yet my feet stayed upon the sill,  
For something held my clouded will.

The moonlight lay along the foot,  
And—soft as is the swan's soft breast—  
On your smooth pillow, aye unpressed,  
Beloved!—moonlight and no more!  
I waked and found me at your door.

—[Edith M. Thomas, in Atlantic Monthly.]



## Men and Women.

**G**EN. HOMER LEE is well known in Los Angeles and throughout Southern California. A dwarf in stature and a cripple through paralysis in childhood, there persists in the tortured little body a courageous heart and a great soul. As a mere boy at Stanford University he conceived the idea of freeing the Manchus in China from Manchu tyranny. When the dream seemed realizable, he went to the Flowery Kingdom to help direct the course of the revolutionists. It is pain and grief to his many friends to learn that he returns home a hopeless invalid.

Island B. Harvey, not long since appointed by President Taft as Secretary of the American Legation in Paris, has been Secretary of Legation and Consul-General to the Balkan States for a couple of years past. He has acted as Charge d'Affaires for the United States in Bulgaria, Roumania and Serbia, where he made himself persona grata in diplomatic circles. His new appointment is a promotion.

Lucius Tuttle of the Boston and Maine Railroad, at an annual dinner, told the Traffic Club of New England some pretty plain truths. He said: "Not only is the railroad the foundation of all business, but it is the subject of attack by all business men. At times we reach the very verge of despair over the antics of the government, but always the common-sense of the people comes to the surface, and we get along until the next time."

Sir Hudson Maxim is an American by birth, but a subject of George V by adoption. He is a man of wide experience and close observation. In view of these facts the following prognostication of Sir Hudson's is interesting: "In a short time there will be only three countries in the world. These will be the United States of Asia, the United States of Africa, and the United States of America." The fate of Europe is to be that prophesied a century ago by Napoleon I. It is to be absorbed by Asia. Now what is one to think of Tennyson's inspired vision of "The parliament of man, the federation of the world?"

William II, the German Kaiser, is a man of observation, quick to form a conclusion, and always with the courage of his convictions. The American consular service has been faulty to a most detrimental degree until quite recently. In the last twenty years it has been much improved, and more so since Mr. Taft became President than before. Now on the other hand, the German consular service has been known as most efficient. Over against these two facts the following words are uttered with great prominence. The German Kaiser has issued a circular letter addressed to German consuls all over the world, marked "confidential," in which the consuls are admonished to keep their eyes on the American consuls, and govern themselves accordingly.

Mr. Tuttle's remarks recall those of Gen. Schwerin, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, when speaking recently before an assembly of lawgivers. They opened their eyes very wide when this over-sea traffic manager told them traffic rates did not affect to any appreciable degree the cost of commodities to the ultimate consumer. Bewildered, they inquired if he really meant what he said, being evidently suspicious that he was talking for effect. But the man of experience in affairs persisted in his views, and decided them to figure into the retail cost of a pair of shoes or of a bar of soap the difference in freight rates between the highest demanded by the carrying companies and the lowest clamored for by the politicians, with the cry of the mass of the people behind the latter.

Gov. Marshall of Indiana had his dander aroused not many days ago at a Chicago hotel. The chief executive of the Hoosier State, accompanied by his better half, called briefly up to the desk to register. "Where is my baggage?" asked the clerk in suave tones. "We intend to stay only a few hours and left our baggage at the station," was the direct reply of the Democratic politician. "Sorry," replied the clerk, "can't accommodate you." So the Governor took himself away in high dudgeon, adding as he went, "Young man, I would have you understand I am the Governor of Indiana." He could not change the rules of the hotel. This recalls another story of Chicago, where a high ecclesiastical dignitary remonstrated with a baggage handler at the depot who was knocking his trunk around worse than the Taft regulars treat the Colonel's baggage. Even a minister of the gospel lost his balance and bawled out "treat that trunk with more respect. I am the Bishop of Wisconsin." Then the baggage handler coolly looked him over and replied, "The hell you are."

### Thrasher's Nests on Car Trucks.

[Western Gazette:] An interesting discovery has been made on a siding of the Great Western Railroad at Midland Station. A train of some seventy cars was here, during the strike, stood in the siding, and this morning, in the wheels of five successive cars, divided by a plank, eleven thrasher's nests were discovered. In one the hen bird is sitting on four eggs. The nests are in successive wheels, and all face the same way.

## Industrial Progress.

**M**ONEY makes the mare go, and money is the sinews of war. What is the matter with the sinews of peace? A plentiful supply of money vivifies human muscles, and makes possible the plans conceived in the fertile brain of man.

Of course Los Angeles, moving so rapidly along the paths of progress, must have plenty of motive power to move on. Motive power is money.

During four months of the current year the increase of deposits in Los Angeles banks has run to a little over \$22,000,000. There are in the city thirty-six banks of all kinds, and the total deposits fall just below \$175,000,000. It is kept busy, too, for the loans and investments amount to just a little less than \$137,000,000. Add to the deposits the capital of nearly \$50,000,000, surplus and undivided profits of much over \$10,000,000, and the total resources are \$305,790,695.14.

Among the important developments of the last few days the following are notable:

The school trustees of Van Nuys, a city a few months old, have let a contract for school buildings amounting to \$75,000.

Down in Imperial Valley, the Imperial Canning Company is turning out 700 cans a day of canned vegetables. During April the asparagus growers were shipping 500 crates of asparagus a day to Coast markets. Cantaloupe growers in that section, with 5500 acres planted, think their crop will aggregate 50,000,000 melons.

Work on the New Rosslyn Hotel will be in full swing after a while. The contract for the iron work has been let at \$140,000. The total cost of the hotel will come to about \$1,000,000. It goes on Fifth and Main streets, on a lot 153x120 feet, and will contain 430 guest rooms. It will be the largest hotel west of Chicago.

The Pacific Sewer Pipe Company has purchased a tract of thirty-two acres at Los Nietos to be used as a new site for the plant of the company, which will cost \$350,000.

The energetic people of Prescott, particularly the Auto Club of that place, are planning a branch of the transcontinental highway to start at Westgard, in Eastern Arizona, parallel the Santa Fe to Flagstaff and thence run northward to the Grand Canyon, turning southward by Ash Fork to Prescott, then over the State highway to Phoenix.

Fullerton has sold its Good Roads bonds, amounting to \$146,000.

Oxnard is about to have a fine hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity. John Boschard, a rancher of the place, has given a site estimated to be worth \$10,000. A temporary building is to be constructed at once at a cost of \$25,000.

A great reinforced concrete warehouse building, four stories high, is about to be begun at the corner of Ninth and Wall streets. The building will cost \$150,000.

The Los Angeles County Medical Association Building Company has absolutely secured the southeast corner of Sixth and Olive streets at a cost of \$528,000, for the purpose of erecting thereon an office building for the exclusive use of members of the medical profession. The building will cost about \$500,000.

The Wright ranch, 841 acres, between Main street and Central avenue, a mile south of the city limits, has been sold to a syndicate, probably for subdivision purposes. The purchase price was \$924,000.

The month of April made a new building record for the city of Los Angeles, with the issuing of 1439 permits at a value of \$2,640,461. In four months of the current year to April 30 the permits amounted to 4923, at an aggregate cost of \$8,948,076. In the same time a year ago the permits numbered 3597, at an aggregate value of \$4,850,563.

Out in the desert at Nipton Lake, 1250 acres have been located said to contain potash for many years to come.

The transfer of eighty feet north of Fifth street, on the west side of Spring, completes the deal by which the Commercial Fireproof Building Company acquires the whole of that corner on which a skyscraper will be erected at a cost of a million dollars as soon as the leases now on the property run out.

From the United States in the year 1911 there were exported 159,000,000 eggs, or in dozens, 13,250,000. The export value was \$2,700,000.

In The Times on a recent Sunday morning was printed a page of skyscrapers in course of construction, or plans for the present year, numbering twenty-two edifices. The aggregate cost is about \$15,000,000. The building record of the current year will probably amount to not less than \$30,000,000.

Southern California leads all other sections in the use of automobiles of all kinds. Automobile motor trucks are coming into use very rapidly for the transportation of all kinds of heavy material. The supervisors of various counties are somewhat disturbed about the danger of carrying these over ordinary bridges. The bridges were constructed to carry wagons seldom weighing over two or three tons, load and all. Some of the automobile trucks carry a much heavier load.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company and its allied Pacific Electric Company are reported to be studying a project to run electric cars directly to Santa Monica over the old steam railroad track. This will give an air line to the beach with a half-hour service, and stops at Palms and one or two other places. It would not take much longer to come from Santa Monica to the center of the city than from many other points within the city boundary.

A new pleasure pier is to be built at Ventura at a cost of \$80,000 raised by the business men of the city.

A big slice of the Mojave Desert of 100 acres on the Rancho Verde has been planted to sugar beets. If the experiment succeeds it will be the beginning of another section that will call in time for a sugar factory.

Livestock industry is growing rapidly in Imperial Valley, where there are already about 200,000 head on irrigated meadows. About one-half this number are sheep, 20,000 beef cattle, 15,000 dairy cows, 50,000 hogs and 15,000 horses and mules.

The City Council of Pasadena have put their stamp on the contract for the building of the Colorado-street bridge over the Arroyo Seco. It will cost \$300,000.

The consent of Mrs. Charles Shepherd to the improvement of First street between Hill and Olive will be welcome news to her neighbors in that vicinity. There is considerable activity thereabouts and the removal of Mrs. Shepherd's objections will probably bring about the removal of the hill north of First street, and the improvement of the property.

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## Walt Mason The Poet Philosopher.

**A**H, MY weary heart is reaching for nepenthe sure and true, for so many men are preaching that I don't know what to do! Tired and stricken, I determine some fat novel to peruse, and the book turns out a sermon, and my soul contracts the blues. Worn by worldly strife and hounding to the show I go and find that the actors are expounding doctrines that disturb my mind. And the daily prints are screeching sermons on the nation's crimes; and the magazines are preaching on the evils of the times; all the doctors are discussing health rules till they bring the tears, and the scientists are fussing, pounding texts into our ears. Every one is bent on teaching, teaching us with voice and tongue; every one is bent on preaching till the last lone dog is hung. It would make the world less solemn, make our journey far more nice, if we once could read a column that contains no good advice; if the speaker in the forum and the writer in the prints, wouldn't nag the folks and bore 'em with a string of Helpful Hints.

WALT MASON.

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### Home.

'Tis not alone for memories  
Of childhood and of mother,  
Those reasons do us credit, still  
We love it for another;  
We love it as the hallowed spot  
That nothing ever falls from;  
It is the dear, the sacred ground,  
The place the home team hails from.

'Tis not for oaken buckets green.

'Tis not for milk pails foaming.

'Tis not for peace we used to know

Before our days of roaming.

We cherish it because some day,

Some day they can't say "no" to,

It is the quiet restful spot

The Congressmen must go to.

—[McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.]

### The Bitter End.

[New York Sun:] You have probably often heard a person say: "I will follow it to the bitter end" or something to that effect, but very few persons know that this is a nautical term and is borrowed from a ship's cable.

If you have ever been on a big ship you must have noticed two big pieces of wood sticking up out of the deck forward, alongside each other. They sometimes have a windlass between them and they are used to secure the cable that goes to the anchor. These pieces of wood are called the bits.

When the ship comes to anchor and the cable is paid out all that part of it which is abaft or behind the bits is called the bitter end of the cable. In a storm or in poor holding ground for anchors the more cable that is paid out the better the anchor will hold and when the captain is at all doubtful he pays out his cable to the bitter end sooner than risk any harm to his ship.

### Dividends From Smuggling.

[London Evening Standard:] Italian customhouse officials have just discovered a large contraband "company," with headquarters in Milan and Lucerne, which regularly pays dividends secretly and whose field of operation extends across a large tract of the Swiss-Italian frontier, from the shores of Lake Maggiore up to Lugano. Over 1000 persons are involved in the operations, and there have been many arrests recently, though a number of those implicated have escaped from Italy by crossing the frontier into Switzerland, where of course they cannot be arrested. The contraband goods consisted chiefly of saccharine, sugar and Swiss watches, which were smuggled across the frontier in trucks with the connivance of several railway employees.

### Tacoma Figures of Speech.

[National Corporation Reporter:] A Tacoma lawyer, arguing a divorce case recently, closed his address to the jury as follows: "My client is a beautiful woman, so beautiful that the sun seems to stand still while the stars gaze at her. Truthful! Falsity flies from her even as the jack rabbit flits from the greyhound. Sweet! Gentlemen, honey would freeze in her mouth. Tender and slender! My client could bathe in a fountain pen."

### THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "net" California weekly instead of the more ephemeral sheets of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.50, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 2000 large, handsomely-printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.

From and after this date, every person, whether a new or an old subscriber, who signs a contract subscribing for the Daily and Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly, for one year—all costing \$9, payable quarterly in advance—will receive an EXTRA COPY FREE of the Illustrated Weekly; and for \$9 cash in advance, the Weekly will be sent free for twelve months.



# Cost of the Canal. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## Total of \$400,000,000.

### THE GREAT CONTRACTS AND HOW THEY ARE LET.

DO WE GET OUR MONEY'S WORTH—THE COST OF PANAMA VERSUS THAT OF SUEZ—WATCHING THE CORNERS AND SAVING THE SCRAPS—HOW MEN AND MACHINES EARN THEIR WAGES—SOMETHING ABOUT UNCLE SAM'S BOOK-KEEPING.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

**C**ULEBRA (Canal Zone, Panama).—Four hundred million dollars! That is what the Panama Canal will have cost when completed. You need not question the figures. They are dead right and I will give you the items farther on.

But stop first and think what \$400,000,000 means. Suppose you had to earn it and your wages were \$2 a day. How long would it take? It would take 200,000,000 days, or more than 600,000 years. The history of man goes back only 6000 years, and you would have had to work 100 times the life of this world as far as history is concerned to have done this job.

Four hundred million dollars! Suppose it were all in silver coins, such as are now paid to the men who are doing the digging. What a pile and what a weight!

we get through. Moreover, we have agreed to pay Panama \$250,000 a year, beginning with nine years after the treaty by which we took the canal. Eight years have already gone, and a year from now we will be spending that quarter of a million, which will be a fixed charge upon the treasury for all time to come. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the annual interest on more than \$6,000,000, and so we must capitalize that six millions and add it to the cost of the canal. And so you have the \$25,000,000 without going farther, making, as I have said, a total of \$400,000,000.

Now let us see where the money has gone. We shall first take it in the rough. We spent \$50,000,000 at the start to get control of the canal property. The French company received \$40,000,000 for its rights and the work it had done and Panama got \$10,000,000 for the canal zone and other right. Then we began to clean up the canal, to organize the work and to dig. We spent less than \$1,000,000 in 1904, the year we bought the canal. We paid out about \$5,000,000 in 1906, \$11,000,000 in 1906, \$21,000,000 in 1907, and from then on have steadily increased until we are now spending millions a month. By the 30th of June next we shall have used up the total appropriations so far made by Congress, and they now equal the vast sum of \$293,565,872.76. At the beginning of this year we had already expended

while the dredging cost at the Atlantic end of the canal is less than 25 cents. Does it not seem as though Uncle Sam is getting the worth of his money?

The Suez Canal cost all told about \$100,000,000 to build, and the original excavation was 80,000,000 cubic yards. The cost was about \$1.25 per yard or just twice what we are paying now for taking the rock out here at Culebra. This is so notwithstanding Suez was a ditch through a desert without hill or hollow where the sand could be shoveled out on the banks, and where thousands of fellahs were furnished by the Khedive to do the work at practically nothing a day.

The Chicago drainage canal cost a little over \$11,000,000, and its excavation amounted to over 42,000,000 cubic yards, of which, however, only about 12,000,000 were rock. At that rate the digging there cost an average of 80 cents per cubic yard, or 30 cents more than that we are now paying at Panama.

*Watching the Corners.*

It is only by watching the corners that Uncle Sam has been able to cut down the cost of the work to these very low figures. You must remember that he pays the best wages on earth, and that he houses his men free of charge. Nevertheless, the cost is about as low as it could be on any great work of this kind almost



*Gates of Gatun.*



*Saving the Lumber from Gatun Lake.*



*This dump spreader does the work of a thousand men.*



*Concrete mixers.*

One thousand such dollars equal fifty-five pounds, and the whole sum would weigh in round numbers 22,000,000 pounds, or 11,000 tons. At a ton to the wagon it would be enough to load a train of two-horse teams, making a single file over sixty miles of roadway, and the noses of each team might rest on the tailboard of the wagon in front of it.

Indeed it is a goodly sum! Where has it gone? And is Uncle Sam getting the worth of his money? These are some of the matters I have been looking into this week. I have gone over the canal work and hunted for leaks, and have also made notes of some places where Uncle Sam is using the principles of scientific management and modern economy. I had a look at the books in the administration building here at Culebra, and with the clerks have gone over the ledgers to learn how Uncle Sam counts the cost and to show you what has already been spent and what we must spend in the future.

*Our Four-Hundred-Million-Dollar Ditch.*

But first let me satisfy you as to the total. President Taft and Col. Goethals have estimated the cost of the canal at \$375,000,000. In one way they are right, but there are other items which will amount to at least \$25,000,000 more. These are the extra charges entailed by the annual sum we pay Panama, and the fortifications. The first estimate of the cost of the latter was \$19,000,000, and Congress has now cut it down to \$12,000,000. We have already spent more than \$3,000,000, and we will run up to \$20,000,000 before

more than \$260,000,000 and the remaining \$33,000,000 is the cost of the current six months.

*Uncle Sam's Money-Worth.*

Is the job a cheap one and is Uncle Sam receiving the worth of his money?

The job is not cheap, and nevertheless Uncle Sam is getting the worth of his money. He is getting more than any other great company or government has had for similar work. Let me give some comparative figures. When the French started this canal in 1879, it was planned to build it at sea level and at a cost of \$240,000,000. The first company continued its work for ten years, after which time it became bankrupt. In that time it spent \$260,000,000 and excavated about 66,000,000 yards of earth and rock, so that the average cost of digging was about \$4 a yard.

Uncle Sam, with all his preliminaries in the way of sanitation and getting ready for work, has been on the job less than eight years, and at the end of last February he had taken out over 160,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock. He has been able to use a little less than 30,000,000 yards of the French digging and has now a total excavation all told of a little more than 200,000,000 cubic yards with something like 30,000,000 yet to dig.

The French cost, as I have shown, was \$4 a yard. Uncle Sam's cost was at one time \$1 a yard, but it has been steadily cut until, on the Culebra division, where it is almost solid rock and the expense is the greatest, the total average per cubic yard is less than 64 cents,

anywhere in the world. The reduction is made by stopping every leak and by using every available bit of material. The French houses were repaired and used. Two million dollars' worth of the French machinery was modernized and put to work, and every bit of French scrap not in use was sold for what it would bring. The French buildings altogether saved us \$1,000,000, and every old French shack that has been torn down has found a place in other buildings.

Indeed, I have never seen so much care taken in saving the scraps anywhere as right here at Panama. Lumber is used over and over again. The buildings which form a part of the Gatun Lake basin have been torn down by carpenters, and all the materials shipped to other stations in the Canal Zone. The windows and doors and even the galvanized roofs were preserved.

Right here at Culebra they are now moving the buildings in advance of a great slide, which is expected taking in the ground where the penitentiary stands.

It will all be bare by the time the slide comes. In doing such work the men save every hinge, nail, and every board and stick that can be used for any construction, and then set the Jamaica negroes to cutting the scraps into kindling wood for the employees. Uncle Sam furnishes free fuel to his men, and kindling is expensive.

*Millions Saved From Old Material.*

Indeed, it is wonderful how much Uncle Sam saves by the sale of old machinery and various kinds of material. The moment he gets through with a machine,



to the close of the work there will be some mighty sales of this kind. So far more than \$5,000,000 has been turned into the treasury from the sale of government property down here, and an additional \$4,000,000 has been received for services rendered and material supplied to individuals and companies.

Everything is watched and there is nothing too small to be picked up and cared for. Going through the Colón cut Sunday one may see a gang of men gathering up the old bits of iron to be shipped off and sold, and every piece of old piping is straightened out for new work. The bad joints are thrown away, and new joints are made on that which is left. It is the same with brass, copper and old rubber. It is all saved and cleaned to be sold as junk. There is a car filled with rubber hose and rubber piping on the side tracks here now, and in this is a large quantity of worn rope and wire cable, and also of lead pipe, steel chains and other material of various kinds.

Talking with Col. Devol through some of these buildings covered with wire netting I asked as to the effect of the climate upon the metal cloth. He replied:

"This woven wire lasts only about two years. It then begins to have holes and we take it off and replace it with new. The old netting we bale up and ship to New York, where it is sold at fixed prices. We made a shipment last week which brought in \$7000, and we have sold many lots which brought more."

It is the same with the galvanized roofing. Some of that on the French houses built twenty or thirty years ago is full of holes, but nevertheless it does for the walls of buildings where such holes do not matter. It is the same with everything. The machines are used for as though they were race horses and everywhere economy and efficiency march side by side."

#### Uncle Sam's Labor.

I have already written something about the labor of the canal. Uncle Sam pays bigger wages and gives longer vacations than any other employer on earth. The men here get from 25 to 50 per cent. more than in the States, and they have free quarters, free medical attention and free fuel. They can buy eatables at a half price cost and each of them has six weeks' vacation, with his high rate of pay during the year.

In return for this Uncle Sam sees that they do their work. There is mighty little loafing on the canal, and every working hour every muscle is put to its highest efficiency. There are detectives who go about to see if there is any scamping the job or padding the pay roll, and the poor workman is pretty sure to be caught.

This is especially so of the men handling the machinery. A careful record is kept of the amount of work that each machine performs, and from week to week the engineers know just what every steam shovel and every dredge is doing. There is a great competition as to which machines and which gangs do the most work, and as a result we have had some surprising results. The outputs of the steam shovels have been doubled, and a single shovel has excavated about 4000 cubic yards in one day, while another has a record of having loaded more than 58,000 cubic yards in one week. That first shovel did the work of over 600 men. Now when it is remembered that we have something like 100 shovels on the isthmus you can see how much it means that all should work well. Altogether the shovels alone represent a force equal to the labor of 5,000 or 10,000 men, and the same is true of other great machines on the isthmus, such as the track shifters and spreaders, each of which does the work of hundreds.

#### Scientific Method.

Indeed, the amount of labor saved at Panama by the use of machinery is enormous. Uncle Sam is doing things that he can get steam, electricity or compressed air to do, and he finds that it pays. Scientific studies are made of blasting and drilling, and the men know just where to use and where to save dynamite. In connection with the steam shovels, the government employs 30 or 40 men in drilling and blasting. If the work were done by hand it would have to have two or three hundred men and use about three times the amount of explosives. The track shifters and spreaders, which are handled by three white men and six laborers can move more than a mile of track in a day, and they can spread down an eighteen-foot dump to a wide road of nine feet. It is estimated that the nine men so working are equal to a gang of 600, which would need nine hundred men to handle them. The Lidgerwood unloaders, which require twenty-eight white men and forty-two laborers to operate them, each do as much work as 300 laborers with the necessary white foremen, supervising the work to be done otherwise. The dredgers are also of enormous saving in the way of efficiency, and we have many other machines of similar economical nature.

#### Uncle Sam's Bookkeeping.

I wish I could show you the books that the government is keeping down here at Panama. They have a system of accounts which shows just what everything costs down to the lifting of every pound of sand and down to the making of every cubic yard of concrete, and I might say, as to the labor performance of almost every man. If the concrete in one division of the work is costing more than that of another Uncle Sam knows it, and his books show just how much the cement and sand in each yard of that concrete cost. It is the same with the dredgers and with every bit of machinery, even to the oil used in greasing the same.

The cost of excavation per cubic yard is figured out to the hundredths of a cent, and the variations from month to month are estimated. This is per cubic yard of work done, and it shows just what we are getting out of the men and machines.

Take, for instance, the Gatun locks. I am looking at the records of last year. During the months of July, August and September the average cost, per cubic yard, of work there was a little over \$2.96. In September it was about \$3, in August almost \$6 and in July only a little over \$2.

This was made up of items like the following: Cost of drilling, 30 cents; blasting, 23 cents; loading by power, 5 cents; by hand, 77 cents; track transportation, 23 cents; tracks, 1 cent; division expenses, 13 cents; and so on, making up the total that I have given. I would say, however, that I have only quoted the round numbers, and that each of these calculations is carried out to the hundredths of a cent.

#### Where Sixteen Cents Goes.

When you divide a cent into a hundred parts and make your calculations on a job of \$400,000,000 you are getting things down to a pretty fine point. But this is done as to everything. In each cubic yard on the Atlantic, where the dredging costs 16 cents, they know to this fraction of a cent just what the cost of the use of the pipe lines is. They know the repairs of the dredges, the cost of operation of the dredges, the cost of the tugs, the cost of the barges, the rock breakers, of the big boats and the little boats, and of everything that can possibly enter into that work.

On that division there are fourteen different items which form apart of the unit cost of getting one cubic yard of earth out of the sea and landing it and the total cost is only a little over 15 cents. In addition to this is the administration and general expense account, which is a little more than a cent and which must be added.

In getting out stone from the quarries, the stripping, drilling, blasting, loading, transportation, tracks, power and maintenance of equipment are taken into account, and in the concrete comes the sand, stone, cement the mixing and other things. Similar work is going on in different places all over the Canal Zone, and if one part of the work goes much ahead or behind the others in cost that part is investigated and the reason is known.

#### How Uncle Sam Buys.

A great many have wondered that there has not been some scandal connected with the canal purchases. They cannot see how \$400,000,000 can pass through the itching palms of thousands of weak, avaricious human beings without a large percentage sticking thereto. Indeed, it would be risky were it not for the safeguards. Uncle Sam has his purchases well watched, and there is an army of detectives always on the outlook for frauds. One great protection is the method by which purchases are made. This provides that every contract for work or materials to the amount of \$1000 or over can be awarded only after bids for the same have been advertised for, and then only to the lowest bidder. The bids are made upon plans and specifications and upon accurate descriptions as to the machinery and material of which the goods are composed. Every bidder has to send in a bond with his bid or a certified check of not less than 15 per cent. of its amount for his faithful carrying out of the same if it should be accepted, and if he backs out he loses this money, and if he starts and fails to complete the work he is liable for damages.

Bidding of this kind is done as to small contracts as well as to large ones. I have before me the circular which gives the proposals for the great lock gates which it will be remembered were awarded to Pittsburgh parties at a cost of over \$5,000,000. It fills many pages, and it is accompanied by designs which show just what the locks must be. The provisions state how the steel must be made, how tested, what the constituent elements of each part must be and also such an infinite number of details and provisions that a full page of this newspaper would not contain them all.

After such contracts are made the government sends its scientists and engineers to the various shops to watch the construction and to see that all the details of the contract are carried out. These men make chemical and other tests from time to time. They assay the metals which go into the various parts and measure to the thousandth of an inch every piece of the machinery. The least variation may destroy a contract and the result is that Uncle Sam usually gets what he orders, although the contractor may go bankrupt in furnishing the same.

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#### Growth of Dining Car Service.

[New York Sun:] Different railroads have different ways of managing their dining-car service, but one of the important eastern lines, which was a pioneer in this field, places its service under a superintendent of dining cars and restaurants. His office is in New York and he has charge of all lines of the system east of Pittsburgh.

Under his supervision there are forty-eight steel dining-cars, ten wooden cars and six station restaurants. The normal force of employees working under his direction is about 1120. Last year there were 1,130,000 meals served in the dining cars on this road alone.

In the same period 1,993,000 meals were served in the restaurants; a total of 3,123,000, every one of which had to be duly recorded and checked against the amount of supplies given out and the cash receipts in the office of the superintendent.

## Statesmen, Real and Near.

WASHINGTON (D. C.)—Though he never played a game of craps in his life, Representative Underhill of New York has always regarded seven as his lucky number.

Underhill is proprietor of a prosperous little Democratic newspaper at Corning, N. Y., and has been drafting men for years to fill out the Democratic ticket, even when everybody knew there was no more chance for them to be elected than for a rich man to drive a tandem of double-humped camels through the eye of a No. 60 needle. You see, the community was strongly Republican, but a Democratic editor has to lay a whole lot of stress on the good of the party, and able-bodied men laid aside their legitimate tasks, at Underhill's behest, to make campaigns that were analogous in their futility to the pursuit of a high-power automobile by an optimistic shepherd dog.

When the campaign season rolled around two years ago, all the men whom Underhill had persuaded to go on the ticket for the good of the party at one time or another, formed a committee, or mob, that waited on him and gave him to understand that it was time for him to swallow a nickel's worth of his own pellets. In other words, he must run for Congress and try to prune away part of the usual Republican majority.

"Oh, now, see here," pleaded Underhill, "a joke's a joke, but you're carrying this too far. I couldn't possibly give the time to such a fruitless job. I'm willing to write some dandy editorials about the good of the party, but as for doing the running myself, I never thought of it in just that light. See if there isn't somebody that enjoys that sort of thing. If it were hunting for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or something where a man had a little chance I wouldn't mind; but—oh, I just can't think of it."

As he issued this ultimatum his eye rested on the calendar, and he noted that it was the seventh day of the month, and seven had always been his lucky number. Moreover, it was his birthday, and he recalled that he was just seven times seven years old. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 7 p.m.

"Wait a minute, boys," said Underhill. "Something tells me I'd better run, after all. I guess I'll do it."

And the seven charm worked like a rabbit's foot.

William L. La Follette, who represents the Third Washington district, says he never had any idea, until he tried it, how much fun a person can have with an old outfit of whiskers.

La Follette's brother, whom he hadn't seen for years, was coming here for a visit a time ago, and the Congressman thought it would be a huge joke to remove the whiskers he brought to town with him. He clipped them off, and his brother didn't know him from a load of wood. Then he went up to the House chamber, and nearly started a riot when he undertook to walk in and all down.

Just when the door-keepers had got accustomed to him without all his facial fernery, La Follette carried the joke further by waxing off his heavy mustache, and that changed his appearance more than ever. Once again he had to show his diploma and give the grips and passwords before he could enter the House chamber.

A few weeks later he made a speech introducing President Taft to the people of Pullman, Wash., and not a soul there knew him. Let's get that straight. They knew who Taft was, but did not know their Congressman, though he had lived in Pullman most of his life.

Congressman John E. Raker was traveling home from college on a stage line some years ago. He had run out of money and was going back home to earn funds to take him the rest of the way through school. On the way he fell in with a stranger who asked him a lot of questions. They came to a transfer point, and Raker prepared to continue on the next stage.

"Here," said the stranger, pressing a roll of bills into his hand, "you turn right around and take this same stage back to your school. Pay me back when you can."

Raker did so. A few years later he was handling all the legal business of that stranger, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

Representative Fowler of Illinois broke into Congress by insisting always on having the last word. He had noticed in appearing before juries that the man who had the last say seemed to have a shade the best of it, and he resolved to work on that basis when he opened his campaign for Congress. Instead of mapping out a speaking tour and billing himself in the various towns in regular order, he flitted from one point to another like a fly-up-the-crick—always striking a town where his opponent had recently spoken. To prevent his opponent from dodging him, Fowler never announced himself more than a few hours in advance. He would be speaking in the northern end of his district, and all of a sudden would dispatch a messenger to a point in the extreme southern part with handbills bearing the tidings that Fowler would be there ere nightfall. And these unexpected swoopings down into their midst caused the people to turn out in greater numbers than if the candidate had been billed for weeks ahead, like a circus.

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**W**HAT a brilliantly witty, humorously whimsical race we are! Can there ever have been a time when there were brighter, keener wits than ours? There is such a polished finesse about our modern comic songs, for instance. They simply teem with sparkle, ooze subtle, droll humor in every line.

Each and every comic song one hears nowadays is a gem of its kind and so very original! That delicate little piece of composition wherein a somewhat avoirdupois lady of brilliant coloring sings in soft melodious tones about having "Rings on me fingers and bells on me toes," and that other hilariously funny one about "Quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Doubtless it is our ultra-refined tastes which call forth these inspirations of genius, for it is the same with the modern sentimental ditty. What, I ask you, could be more soulfully, sublimely moving than "I care not for the stars that shine, I only know I love you, Love me, and the world is mine."

Perchance my instances are not absolutely up to date; perchance, I am quoting last season's overwhelming delights. My only excuse is that they are the last I heard, since when I have been too completely overwhelmed with emotion to risk hearing any others. My highly sensitive constitution does not permit of my indulging myself too freely in such exquisite joys.

#### Extreme Humor.

**B**UT it is our keen sense of humor with which I am most persistently impressed. Aren't we, oh, aren't we just too funny for anything? The way we always lead off our humorous stories, so neat and spontaneous. "Talking at a banquet the other evening, Senator B— drew attention to the large number of pamphlets issued

by the government. 'They are like Mary's garden, you know,' he said. 'Mary lived in the country and was accosted one day by an inquisitive stranger'—"

Oh, you know the sort of thing. All our stories of exuberantly sparkling wit begin like that. It is a modest little shy way we have of saddling some other poor idiot with our effort. And our childlike love of wordy explanations. But that is exclusively an American trick. We are apt to regard the Briton as entirely lacking in humor—and he certainly is in our kind—but we must give the poor devil his due. He certainly does plunge right into his story without prefacing it with an entirely irrelevant reference to the last poor mistaken wretch that uttered it.

Then again, we mustn't forget the Briton does not think us funny at all. He has the audacity to describe our screaming jokes as sledge-hammer exaggeration, or childishly obvious. Yes, really. He even goes further and claims that his jokes, like the French variety, are invariably rather subtle, with a fine epigrammatic point, and the reason we fail to see the humor in them is because we always fail to see anything subtle and witty anywhere.

But of course it doesn't in the least matter what he thinks. We know how dashing brilliant we are. We know how we simply bubble over with scintillating humor. We know that our wit is as keen as a razor, and as for subtlety, why it is so dashed subtle we often can't even see the point ourselves.

#### The Elusive Orange.

**I** WENT on a visit to Riverside lately. And I have a passion for oranges. So all the way up in the train I was recalling the large, luscious Riverside oranges I had eaten in Paris, in London, in New Orleans, and even in Los Angeles. But of course we don't get Riverside's best oranges in Los Angeles—we are like the mere relation who can safely be fed on the leftovers in order that the aristocratic stranger may have the pick of the larder.

But do you suppose I could get an orange to eat in Riverside? Not one. Oranges to the right of me, oranges to the left of me, permeating the whole of every day, and not one blessed one to eat. If you ask for oranges at Riverside they think you are joking. They can understand you wanting to buy a whole ranch, wanting, in fact, to grow and to sell oranges, but that any conceivable soul should desire to EAT oranges in Riverside is unthinkable.

My hosts were all too charming, and prepared to fetch me delectable fruit from the other side of the world if I wanted it, but oranges—how silly!

No, the only person in all Riverside who is prepared to believe that you want an orange is the tourist agent, and he will sell 'em to you at 10 cents apiece. The next time I go to Riverside it is my firm intention to buy a dozen oranges for 15 cents in Los Angeles before I go and have a secret gorge in my room when I get to the orange city.

niches between the pilasters have been perfectly restored.

But nothing perhaps is so wonderful as the restoration of the famous masterpiece of Sansovino, the terra cotta group of the Madonna with the infant Savior and St. John. This was shattered into 1600 fragments which had to be picked out of the heap of dust and broken stone and brick and the pieces have been marvelously pieced together again, all but the irrevocably lost head of the Virgin.

There were of course innumerable photographs and plaster casts to guide the artists in the work of reconstruction, but their achievements are none the less wonderful, whether in the patching of existing fragments together or in replacing those irretrievably lost.

In the purely architectural features, such as the columns and pilasters, the material rescued from the ruin has been skillfully adapted with as little waste as possible. In several cases one column has been made up from the fragments of a pair, its companion being replaced by new, carefully matched material. Thus the remains of three of the original African marble columns went to the reconstruction of two, one being made of thirteen fragments and the other of thirty-two. Some remaining pieces were used for making two smaller columns for the niche of the Madonna.

Nothing is now lacking but the patina of age to make the new Campanile an exact replica, with its pristine beauty unimpaired, of the famous old edifice.

#### Low Pay of Paris Police.

[New York Sun:] The Paris police who risk their lives in trying to arrest the members of the automobile bandit band are not overpaid.

The chief inspector, Colnard, receives \$340 a year and has reached the highest rate in the service. Sergt. Fleury has \$600 a year. After him comes Inspector Rohr, who arrested Carony, for which day's work he got \$1.50.

Inspector Leroy has \$1.34 a day and inspectors Sevetre and Huet, who after watching for seven consecutive nights arrested Raymond la Science, do not receive quite \$1.25 a day.

Inspector Naessens, who arrested one of the gang, Paul Doebol, gets the same amount.

It is true that pensions are paid after a certain length of service, but it is not surprising in view of the scale of the pay that good men in the Paris detective service should be attracted by private work.

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#### The Specialist.

**A** LADY correspondent writes to the Lancer in mild protest against my criticism of the canonical scandal. She maintains that cooking should be done by professional specialists like every other branch of labor, and that the wives should be free to do any special work for which they are better fitted. She excuses the "unskilled amateur cook" and thinks that she would frequently be far better employed writing mushy stories for a second-rate magazine or trimming \$25 hats for \$24.98.

Which, of course, is the feminine argument per excellence. But in the meantime they continue to marry men under false pretenses. They enter the marriage state, knowing full well that the man wants a home with all that that entails, and children—all decent men want children—and that the men are making a generous contract on that understanding. And later, when the poor deluded husbands discover that all they have really acquired is an incubus, a parasite, a selfish, greedy, and utterly unscrupulous creature, they very naturally wonder just what they married for. They can get that sort of lady without the fetter of marriage, and they are free to transfer their affection. The mere fact of a man marrying shows his desire for a proper home and for children, and so long as women become wives and dependent upon their husbands for housing, food, clothes and luxuries, they are not playing the game if they do not fulfill their part of the bargain. If they really feel themselves incapable of learning to cook, which even our dear illiterate Bridget of hallowed memory achieved, and that writing mushy stories is their proper vocation in life, then the only sporting thing to do is not to marry. Play fair, my lady, that is all the men ask.

#### The Mormon Idea.

**O**R ELSE accept the alternative and allow your husband to marry a variety of specialists. One wife could be exclusively a mother, one exclusively a cook, one exclusively a dishwasher, another the family dressmaker, and one—she should be very beautiful or very captivating to get included—should be allowed to write her mushy stories, so long as she contributed the proceeds to the upkeep of the household.

But at all events, just so long as hubby pays, hubby should have his money's worth—otherwise reform the marriage contract. At present it is heads you win, tails he loses.

Of course, a woman has equal cause for complaint when hubby appears to require her exclusively for a cook and a nursemaid, and she can then reasonably kick that he is not fulfilling his contract either. But such cases are rare, dear ladies, as you well know, and certainly all the wives of my acquaintance who can both cook and bear children, and who do so with grace and intellect, are invariably rewarded by a deeper love, a wider respect, and the tribute of a fathomless loyalty that no beautiful parasite could ever hope to understand, much less inspire.

#### Call of the Sierras.

You may sing your song of beaches and of ocean's dashing foam,  
You may love to while your summer at a staid country home,  
But the lowland of the country or the tumult of the sea  
Though in you they cause a longing, they have sent in call for me.

Take me back in the Sierras, well beyond the common trail,  
Where the earth and air are pure and Nature puts aside her veil;  
Where the very groves are sacred, joy of living all she seeks—  
Take me to the mountain meadows nestled deep among the peaks.

Green round meadows fringed with fir trees, warm and filled with faint perfume;  
Ankle deep in luscious grasses where a hundred flowers bloom;  
Silver streamlets running through them, bubbling down the slope beyond;  
High above them pine-clad ridges in the sunlight embalméd.

Where the sky was never bluer nor the water half so sweet,  
Where each living thing is satisfied and happy and complete;  
Where you hear the soft winds sighing through the swaying tops of trees,  
And you smoke a pipe and ponder over cherished memories.

So I'll pack it to the meadows with a comrade—make a camp,  
And there without a worry we can fish or loaf or tramp.  
Yes, I'll give the clasp of friendship and of joy to him who seeks  
Just a little mountain meadow nestled deep among the peaks.

JOE HILSON

Apropos of the unsafe shipping laws that made the Titanic disaster possible, Jerome S. McWade, millionaire Duluth collector, said the other day: "We all, lawmakers and lawbreakers alike, are under the dominion of the dollar. Men with convictions no longer exist. In fact, in this insincere age, the only place to find men with convictions is in prison."

## The New Campanile. AN EXACT REPLICA EXTERNALLY OF ITS FORMER SELF.

[Venice Correspondence New York Sun:] The Campanile stands today, ten years after its collapse, an exact replica to all external appearances of its former self, but within there is a strange mingling of the old and the new. Right through the center of the mighty shaft there runs today a well-appointed passenger elevator.

The cost of reconstructing the Campanile has been \$440,000. In the building of the brick shell 1,204,000 bricks were used. In addition to these 1530 meters of new and thirty-five of old Istrian stone were employed. The total weight of the structure is 12,970,000 kilograms.

These figures convey little idea of the enormous labor, the ingenuity, artistic skill and mechanical dexterity devoted to the work. The old Campanile was built in part of indifferent material. The superstructure was far too heavy for the foundations and the masonry. The vibration of the five colossal bronze bells was a constant danger to the stability of the building.

The difficulty then that faced Signor Marangoni, the architect of the new Campanile, was to insure against any possibility of a repetition of the disaster and yet retain an exact semblance to the original structure. This, with much ingenuity, has been accomplished, but what is of greater immediate interest to those who knew the original Campanile is the exactness of its reproduction and the wonderful work that has been done in the way of using and restoring the original material and works of art.

When the huge tower collapsed in July, 1902, it buried in its debris the shattered fragments of Sansovino's wonderful Loggetta with all its sculptured details in marble and bronze. Today statues and reliefs, multi-colored marbles and carved capitals stand as they did. An architectural gem has been raised from a chaotic heap of ruins.

The marvelous bronze gates of Antonio Gai, a triumph of eighteenth-century Italian craftsmanship, bent, twisted and battered by the collapse, now show scarcely a trace of the damage. The equally injured bronze figures of Apollo, Mercury, Minerva and Peace in the

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# Mrs. Potiphar's Many, Josephs Few.

By George W. Burton.

## A CASE IN POINT.

"ALL'S well that ends well," then Col. John Jacob Astor did not live in vain, for, to quote Shakespeare again, "he made a good end."

I am very little of a scandal monger, and therefore without a blush that I am densely ignorant as to the trouble between the late head of the Astor family and his wife—who was a Miss Ava Willing of Philadelphia—which led to her obtaining a divorce from him on the ground of desertion, when as a matter of public knowledge the desertion had been on her part.

I never had an overweening admiration for any of the Astors, from the founder of the tribe to Willie Waldorf, who so apes English aristocracy in a very polite manner. Brought up as I am in New York, and knowing a good many persons of the Knickerbocker strain, and of other Colonial families, it was not strange that a good deal of talk about the Astors should have reached my ears. The original John Jacob Astor was a worthy Dutchman of common origin and little education. He married a woman of his own class, and they came to America with all their little savings invested in a few flutes. He was a musician of low degree, the only redeeming quality in his character that has survived. The wife baked pretzels which the husband hawked around the Bowery with a tray on his head, and sold in the streets or at the doors of the Knickerbockers. If he had been given an empty plate at dinner time he would have saved half the contents and grown rich. He lived and died a money-grubber and to the end did nothing but poke his nose into pigeonholes plethoric with bonds, notes and mortgages. If from that day to this the family has done anything noteworthy, excepting holding on to the millions accruing from the "unearned increment" in New York realty, the fact seems to have escaped the eyes of the world.

But it seems as if a good word ought to be said in behalf of the man who showed more manhood and civility than all the other members of his family put together have ever done. In expressing a word of admiration for the chivalric courage of Col. Astor, I have been met with frowns and humps, dropping of the eyelids, sneering curls of the lip. Why? So far as we are made out, the man who died that steersman on the Titanic might live, was somewhat too good of "female society." Is that correct? I confess, not to know.

But let us assume that this is the truth. There shall

appear no word here of exculpation for the Lothario whether gay or grave. There was something fascinating to some minds in the career of "Don Juan." When Col. Astor came to wed he found it difficult to get a clergyman to solemnize the marriage. So far as the churches are concerned, that was perfectly right. The Christian churches are founded on the Christian Scriptures, and the Master whose teachings are found in those writings is unmistakably on record against polygamy, whether synchronous or progressive. But while this is popularly known as a Christian country, all dwellers in America are not Christians. While, therefore, the churches generally prescribe progressive polygamy, the State which is forbidden by the constitution to take cognizance of religion as a State, permits divorce and remarriage ad libitum, and then some.

Now this is written for a secular journal, not negligent of its duties to religion, but at the same time in accord with the views of the State as patriotic Americans should be. Another word of explanation. The writer yields to no man in his devotion to the cause of woman, and has earned a right to speak in condemnation of the man who enters into the marriage contract and then breaks it for almost any imaginable cause.

Now we are ready to proceed with a word that will justify the heading chosen for this article. The story told in the Book of Genesis about Potiphar's wife and the young Hebrew slave, Joseph, is unique in literature, sacred and profane. It is an epic sweet as the morning air, and brilliant as the sunbeam. It is as artistic in its conception and literary execution as almost anything that ever came from the pen of man greatly inspired or less so.

But rare as the episode stands in the literary production of the human mind, it is thoroughly typical of life. The Mrs. Potiphar of the world have been multitudinous, and the Josephs so rare that perhaps the Hebrew slave boy may be assumed to stand in an absolutely unique position. No, St. Anthony is not forgotten, but do you know, that many worldlings not obsessed with the authority of sacred traditions, that story appears very apocryphal?

Shakespeare took in the conditions of human life in a view much more correct than the average. So did Goethe, and so did the Greek dramatist Sophocles. These dramatic artists all tried to write down life as they knew it to be rather than as they conceived it should be. Do you think Mme. Cleopatra of Egypt was tempted or temptress when she leaped into the

arms of Antony returned as a very Mars from the shock of arms? Does it appear to you as if Mme. Medea, who ran away from father and family with Capt. Jason, the first of the Argonauts, and to throw the pursuers off their track cut the bodies of her children to pieces and scattered them over the waves of the Euxine, resisted the attack of the raptor, or willingly eloped. Did it ever occur to you that in that beautiful story of Young Lochinvar who came so debonair out of the West had a tryout with the lady he swung to the saddle behind him? Is it not a fact that Lord Ullin's daughter "fled before her father's men" a willing captive, and perished in the waves of the lake while "one lovely hand she stretched for aid and one was around her lover?"

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, is a great character, but like all her type a little bit blinded by over-enthusiasm. I read a diatribe of this lady's in a magazine the other day in which she tells a story of young girls led astray by "Lotharios" and "Don Juans." She mentions one in particular who, after being mistreated by some military officers in the vicinity of her home, was discovered weeping and counting her beads while she moaned "O Mother of God, what have I done?"

Now that is very pathetic and very wrong, and ought to be prevented in all possible ways. But Miss Addams gives the case of her erring sisters away when she tells us that these girls, after pretending to go to bed under the family roof-tree, surreptitiously, veiled in the shadows of the night, let themselves down out of bedroom windows by ropes made of their bed sheets, and went, willing lambs to be sacrificed upon the altars of the goddess Venus.

The man "who lays his hand upon a woman except in the way of kindness" deserves condemnation. But the other quotation is just as true that "woman is fire and man is tow, and the devil comes and blows." All I desire to set forth is a few reflections to bespeak some leniency for a man who falls as David fell, as well as for the Magdalens of society who in spite of the very popular impression, are not entirely lost to all sense of right nor to all power of pure love. Was it not the Magdalen who washed the Savior's feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head? And was not David in spite of that episode with Bathsheba, "a man after God's own heart?"

Let us therefore not judge too harshly the man who went down with the fated Titanic. He never pretended to be a Joseph, and who knows how many Mrs. Potiphar's he may have encountered in the world.

## Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

A CHILD is fearless, knowing nothing. The old man is timid, knowing too much. He knows that he burns the hand like fire.

A womanly man is as rare as he is gentle. But a womanish man is as common as he is weak.

A woman's love not only heals the wound the man has on himself. If it is a deep hurt, she makes a dimple of the scar.

When a man makes a fool of himself he usually overlooks the startling fact that sometimes the thing missed is greater than the creator.

If I were you, young convert, I wouldn't try to do very much for man. God looks after the race. That's an infinite contract. Do you do your best for men? That's your job.

Unsinkable ships, invulnerable armor, incontrovertible arguments, incontestable facts—you will find them at the bottom of the sea, full of holes, answered and blown away, and in obsolete theories.

Prudent people laugh very little. A simper is not a smile and a giggle is not a laugh. Frivolity indicates emptiness. But there must be something in the eye or just to create a laugh.

Love is the best teacher because it is most patient. The race of men is wise and learned as it is today, because 7000 years of our stupidity hasn't wearied God.

"What have you under your arm?" asked the radical on his way to the ball park, meeting the conservative on his way to church. "My prayer book," replied the conservative. "Got 'em all printed, eh?" asked the radical. "Got your opinions stereotyped, eh, I reckon, so they'll last forever?" "You find the commonplaces form more varied?" asked he of the radical. "I do." "I failed to notice it," replied the other, for it was he. "I went to the ball game with you last Monday, and for two hours you said: 'Good eye, Bill!' and 'Rotten umpire!' al-

ternately, without changing a vowel. People with good memories do not need the Book, I am sure." And it occurred to the radical as he tried to think up a new mortice, that extemporaneous expression and originality are not synonymous.

Sometimes it is well to adapt your gratitude to the importance of the benefit. A man got up at a convention and made a speech of thanks and appreciation forty minutes long. He was still talking when a delegate arose and made a point of order. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "the gentleman appears to think he was named for the President of the United States. We only nominated him for hog reeve."

The baby slams its milk bottle on the floor because it can't have the moon, the boy won't play marbles because the other fellow won, the little girl takes her dolls and goes home because she can't be "teacher" all the time; the big boy leaves school because he is at the foot of his class; the disappointed fan hurls a pop bottle at the umpire because the decision doesn't please him; the defeated candidate bolts the convention, and in course of time there is a party whose platform is "recall of the judges." Just before the flood, the inhabitants of the world tried that on God. But the recall turned into a recoil and its voice became a babel.

As they were walking home after the commencement exercises, Old Age, who was leaning on his arm in order more easily to keep step with him, said to Buoyant Youth: "I think I heard you remark in your masterly oration on 'Life,' that it is a river?" "Just that," replied the Buoyant Youth, who had just taken his A.B., "and we drift adown its tranquil stream with high hope and lofty aspiration, 'youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm.'" "Good many sand bars in it, aren't there?" queried Old Age, who had recently taken his A.B.C. "No," replied Buoyant Youth, A.B., "the government dredgers working all the open season keep the channel of the stream reasonably clear." "Some snags?" asked Old Age, stubbing his toe against an uneven plank in the board walk. "Very few," said Buoyant Youth, A.B., "the government snag boats and wrecking tugs drag them out of the stream." Pretty

bad crossings and dangerous bends in it here and there, I reckon?" the inquisitor went on. "Not to speak of," replied Buoyant Youth, A.B., "the river is lighted at every twist and turn, and is as safe as a country lane." "Lots of traffic on its tranquil stream, I suppose?" "Comparatively little," informed Buoyant Youth, A.B.; "railways parallel it from fountain head to mouth, and have taken away all its freight business; trolley lines on either bank have robbed it of its old-time passenger traffic, and only a few slow-moving cotton boats and barges and coal fleets trouble its slumbering eddies." "Ain't much of a river for practical purposes, after all?" "Not in these days." Just then they paused to listen to the shrill piping of a newsboy shouting his "uxtree! Great floods in the Mississippi! River fifty miles wide at Memphis! Farms destroyed; houses swept away; many lives lost; levees torn away for miles! Loss of property fifty millions! Thousands of people homeless and starving!" "Life," as you say," remarked Old Age, "is considerable of a river. Just about the time that government, steam, electricity, chemistry, levees, rap-rapery and artificial channels transform it into a safe and sane combination of canal and sewer, it suddenly stretches its arms, shakes itself, and resumes State-wide business on the age-old principles. Yes, son, as you say, Life is a right considerable of a river, and many there be who get snagged therein."

A man in Pasadena went with his wife to the Browning centenary observed by her club, and found himself the only man among 300 ladies. "And how do you like your isolation?" one of the Sordello analytic chemists asked him. "Oh," replied the man, who was earthy in his composition, "I feel like Daniel in a den of lionesses." And then the first smile of the session, a sad, sweet smile, drifted across his face, not at his own joke, but to hear a stammering woman trying to express her emotions on reading "P-p-pip-p-p-pa p-p-p-passes." "She'll go pop in another syllable sure, said the man to himself. But she didn't. Being a frugal woman, she wrapped up her quart of peas in her programme and carried them home. And yet there are persons who maintain that Browning has no sense of humor.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



# Who's Who--And Why.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

## MAN WITH MAGIC NAME.

**A**FTER the headline there is no necessity of writing the name. There isn't one person out of a thousand who reads this article who will not know at once that it refers to Henry Edwards Huntington.

The subject of this sketch was born at Oneonta, N. Y., a little more than sixty years ago. He was given the best education possible in his native town, and then went straight into business, and continued doing great things until quite recently, when he retired from active management of his affairs. During all those years he was intimately identified with a large number of very important enterprises in the North, Southeast and West. Many years ago he came to California and became identified closely with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

In October, 1898, Mr. Huntington sold out his interests in the street-railway system of San Francisco, and immediately organized a syndicate which acquired the street-railway system of Los Angeles. The city and the country around here had gone through a premature boom which had collapsed, but they never stopped growing. With the advent of Mr. Huntington and his associates began the real boom for which things were perfectly ripe, and from that time to this the development of Los Angeles and the country about has surpassed anything in history and is the wonder of the whole wide world.

At once under Mr. Huntington's direction the street-car lines of Los Angeles were extended until they formed a network completely covering the city as it then was. Under the same efficient management as the city has grown, the street railroad system has been kept just a little ahead in every section of the municipality. This has not been an easy thing to do. When Mr. Huntington began here the population of the city was about 75,000, growing in 1900 to 102,000. When the census of 1910 was taken, Los Angeles contained a population of nearly 320,000. The area of the city, expanded until, with additions made to the city by annexation, it reached pretty nearly twenty miles north and south, and but a little less east and west. In spite of this wonderful development in population and in territory no new subdivision has had to wait for street-car service, nor has any bungalow dweller in any part of the outskirts had to walk to reach the business center of the city. Today by the common consent of all observers whose experience in such matters makes their opinion worth listening to the city of Los Angeles has in all respects the most perfect system of street railroads to be found in any city of its size in the civilized world. It is no rare thing for Los Angeles people to be able to boast with absolute truthfulness and without fear of contradiction, that they have a city in various ways unmatched among even American municipalities, and in very few things surpassed. The very acme of our pride and the thing we may boast most fearlessly about, is the perfection of our street-railway system.

Mr. Huntington has been like a good many others to whose name the epithet great has been applicable, unsatisfied while there was something still great to do. Simultaneously with the development of the intra-urban system of street railways he conceived the great scheme of the interurban system and carried that to completion and to perfection with the same courage, energy and success that marked his handling of the system within the city. As the city lines are unsurpassed by those of any city on the American continent, so the Pacific Electric system which connects the many cities in Southern California with a rapid-transit service, is unsurpassable anywhere else in the country.

H. E. Huntington's views reach far afield, and embrace in their scope a very wide area of action. His idea in organizing the Pacific Electric system was that eventually it should reach San Bernardino and Redlands, sixty miles east of Los Angeles, San Diego, 100 miles south, and Santa Barbara 100 miles north. He and those who succeeded him in the control of this interurban system have carried it very far toward completion. In a few months San Bernardino will be connected with Los Angeles. The line southward reaches a third of the way toward its final terminal, and the northern branch within a few months will be operating to San Fernando, twenty miles northward. All the coast cities from Santa Monica to Balboa are reached and served with frequent trains, making it almost as easy for dwellers by the seaside to reach the city center as those on the outskirts within the city limits.

Simultaneously with these great enterprises H. E. Huntington has taken hold of numerous great land projects. He owns a principality in the San Gabriel Valley, the most beautiful spot on the whole round globe, where he and other members of his family have erected beautiful homes, and where many thousands of the most wealthy people in America have either secured homes or are expecting to do so. And nothing has Mr. Huntington touched, and lent his magic name to, that has not gone forward, figuratively speaking, by leaps and bounds, reaching ultimately the highest degree of success.

Henry Edwards Huntington is a Huntington in very truth. His stock is Puritan, and their original home

was in Connecticut. It has given to America many men highly distinguished in affairs, in literature, in ecclesiastical circles, in fact, in many things that concern the material enterprise of the country, and in quite as many that concern the finer side of life. And whether occupying high dignities in the church or sitting among the millionaires of the country, the distinguishing characteristic of the Huntingtons has always been their unassuming manners, their approachableness, the absence of all snobbery and in a word the most democratic in habits of all democratic Americans. It would be saying too much to credit this Mr. Huntington with being the most democratic of the Huntingtons, but he has certainly lost none of that admirable trait of American character.

## A Millionaire Not Ashamed to Work.

Howard Huntington (his name is Howard Edward Huntington, but that is so much like his father's that he generally drops the initial,) is a millionaire, and comes from a family of millionaires. That is not what distinguishes the young man so much as the fact that he is a worker, and here the similarity persists, for he comes from a family of workers. When the writer was getting a few data for this sketch the phrases "worked for," "went to work," and others of the same tenor were encountered more frequently than any other expressions. The very words used indicate a most democratic temperament and an utter absence of the snobbery that marks too many rich young men, albeit the descendants of fathers or at the most of grandfathers who sprang directly from the people. Here once more family traits persist, for of all the very wealthy people I ever met, the Huntingtons were and are the most democratic.

Howard Huntington was born February 11, 1876, at St. Albans, Vt. Yet he might almost set up for a native son of the Golden West, for his parents brought him to San Francisco while still a youth, and he was educated in the schools of that city and Oakland. Having passed through the primary schools he devoted his attention chiefly to engineering, and in 1894, when only 18 years old, he was doing engineering work on the Coast line of the Southern Pacific. The next two years he was employed in the same capacity for the same company in Southern California, and for the two years following these he was still engineering for the Southern Pacific in Arizona. In 1899, when but 23 years old, he was appointed to the responsible position of assistant engineer on the Coast line, still sticking to the Southern Pacific Railroad. He had had a good deal of practical experience in his profession, and this had impressed upon his mind the desirability of a little more "book learning." So he went to Harvard, where he spent the two following years in a study of the science of engineering in its higher branches.

Having acquired the technical skill desired, in 1903 he came to Los Angeles, and was appointed assistant general manager of the Pacific Electric Company. In January, 1904, J. A. Muir, the general manager of the Los Angeles Railroad Company, passed away, and Howard Huntington was appointed to this very important position, which he has filled with marked ability and to the entire satisfaction of the company and the public from that day to this. It is no small achievement for a young man to accomplish, and his success is due to the very sensible way in which he was brought up by his father, a sketch of whose career accompanies this one of the son. Howard Huntington has succeeded in life because he was brought up to study and work, and devote his time and attention to serious things worth while, and was not permitted to fritter away his time in idleness, thus exposing himself to temptations which if they did not lead to excesses would have led to nothing.

Mr. Huntington is married, assuming the responsibility of family life at an early age, and has a beautiful home in the San Gabriel Valley at Oak Knoll, close to that of his father.

## Miner, Stage Driver and General.

In 1883 the writer was employed on an evening paper in Los Angeles, when many dull days for news gathering put the reporter on his mettle to fill his space. There was only one reporter to cover the town, and at that time Los Angeles was geographically practically of the same area as today. One day, after the paper was printed, the reporter started out to skirmish for news. Out on Pico street (and the reporter in those days had to travel on "Shank's mare," however far the journey,) a half dozen carpenters under the direction of the late A. F. Mackay were found erecting what at that time became one of the largest residences in the city. The first great boom had hardly begun. The size of the house made it news worth "playing up" on the top of a column if not on the first page. Upon inquiry it was learned that the house was being rebuilt of timbers brought down by train from Virginia City, Nev. There were no such things as two-column heads in those days, but the story was a first-pager all right. The house was of about twelve rooms, and the timbers had required about ten cars of the largest capacity to transport them from Virginia City to Los Angeles.

In answer to the question as to the ownership of the

house, the contractor said it belonged to Gen. Charles Forman. The house and its story became secondary to the owner and his career. The reporter happened to know who Gen. Forman was. He is still in Los Angeles, and a brief biography of him is full of picturesque incidents and startling facts.

Charles Forman was born at Owego, State of New York, January 14, 1835, and was educated there in the public schools and the local academy.

He was 13 years old when he came to California and settled at Sacramento, where his uncle was postmaster, who made the young man a clerk under him. At the end of a year the boy returned East and then coming back to Sacramento at the end of another year he found his uncle Secretary of State, and was appointed deputy under him.

In 1859 Charles Forman went to Virginia City, about the most alive mining camp in the country. He stayed there for the next thirty years, and did other things besides. In the Virginia City mining camp he became well acquainted with men like Mark Twain, Sam Davis and Tom Fitch.

Along in these years of mining Forman paid a visit to his old home in the East, and on his way back he met Butterfield, who with Kenyon managed the Central lines of stages. The mining venture had paid, and Mr. Forman invested quite a little money in the stage line. He knew Los Angeles in the early days when he was down here once, and found Kenyon in a beautiful state of mind because the Mexican horse traders were trying to palm off on him a lot of what he called "inferior horses" for the stage line. The old stage people hated these horses, and Kenyon complaining to Forman about it, the latter went out and picked up a big bunch of the best stock he could get, but a good many of them were of the wrong kind and Kenyon was unhappy.

On the occasion of another visit here the Indians in the San Joaquin Valley were on the war path and it was impossible to route by the usual line of travel. In the prairie schooners had to be shifted onto a route up the coast following closely that followed now by the Southern Pacific Railroad. Here was another difficulty for in changing from one route to another, drivers were scarce, but Charlie Forman was always ready for an adventure, and could be relied upon in an emergency.

Gen. Charles Forman is no carpet knight, nor has he faked his titles. He was appointed general of the State forces in Nevada in very "palmy times." The old mining camp was full of the toughest gang of toughs in the Far West, flanked by another of the roughest gang of roughs. The militia could not be relied upon, as is the case with all soldiery who are universally recruited from the people, and can rise higher than their source, like all streams. There was one company whose members were patriotic and had regard to the obligations of their oath. The gun fire at Virginia City is historical. The leading citizen went to the Governor and asked him to appoint Charles Forman major-general of militia. The Governor made the appointment, and Forman picked a man who had gone through the Civil War, and told him to take command of the trustworthy company. That was all toughs and roughs knew they had a master, and they were under cover.

Gen. Forman is about as ready with his pen as with any other thing he uses. On a given occasion an important bill was pending in the Legislature of Nevada, which was very unpopular with those who at that day were the forerunners of the I Won't Work of today. They had a good many votes, and the Governor was a candidate for re-election. He said he would veto the bill, and Gen. Forman remonstrated. The Governor's courage was that of a typical coward. He could face the few if he had the many at his back. So he refused to listen to reason. Thereupon Gen. Forman said a few things to the Governor, and resigned his position. Then he went back to a quiet place in his office and penned an open letter to the Chief Executive which filled about two columns in the local press. It was plain talk, or to use a metaphor, a straight from the shoulder. He not only said what he thought but expressed regret that the rules governing printed precluded his saying things he would like to say. The Governor vetoed the bill, and the people went to the polls and beat him for re-election. Charlie Forman did it.

In 1887 Gen. Forman followed his house, which he came here four years before, and became general manager of the street-railway system of that day in Los Angeles, a position he held for a considerable time until with a change of ownership came a change of management. The general and his wife and two daughters, consisting of two daughters, are still most highly respected and influential people in the great city of Los Angeles has become.

Gen. Forman when general manager of the Los Angeles Railway, accomplished a bit of engineering that matched in history. For a viaduct over the tracks at River Station there was no room to build standards to carry the tracks and then Gen. Forman suggested to the engineer that a single standard be placed in the center of the viaduct, well anchored at its base and do. It was the only one-legged viaduct in the world and it did do.



# Among the Moslems in Tlemcen.

By Paul B. Popenoe.

## A DAY IN ALGERIA.

**T**HE wind blew a cold gale, raising a dust that had not been moistened in four months. There were few loafers in the streets as I stepped into the principal boulevard of Tlemcen on the Moroccan border, chief of the Arab cities of Algeria.

It was the first day of Beter.

I had considered it the 21st of January, 1912, but my companion, as we staggered into the wind with our eyes shut, explained that we were in the year of the Hegira 1330. The reason for such a discrepancy in our views was that he, as a good Mohammedan, dated everything from the flight of the prophet from Mecca; I did not.

"You must know," he continued, "that during this month 350,000 different evils descended from heaven to harass the earth. Pestilence, sudden death, wounds, accidents, earthquake and storm—all are to be expected."

experiences often in Algeria; European civilization is marching in too rapidly.

"He has many shrines in this neighborhood," Abderrhaman interrupted my thoughts. We were passing the shrine of Sidi Bou Djema, which undoubtedly suggested the idea to him. These little white chapels, called marabouts by the French, are a familiar sight to travelers in any Moslem land.

"But the order of Mulai Taib is stronger in Tlemcen?" I asked, continuing his line of thought.

"Yes," he answered shortly. It was evident that he was a partisan of Abd-el-Kadr.

These religious secret societies are spread over the whole Moslem world; that of Mulai Taib originated in Morocco, which explains its predominance in Tlemcen, on the border of Morocco. His adherents are bound to repeat 300 times a day the formula: "O God, prayer and peace upon our lord Mohammed and his companions."

But I cannot write a history of these Mohammedan

I should explain that, although the Jew is despised by the Mohammedan almost as much as the Christian is, yet the former has always been allowed to live in Mohammedan communities, whereas Christians have not been tolerated in places where piety reigned. Every good Mohammedan hates them alike.

"Examination of the plans of these architects showed the two masters to be absolutely equal. Unable to decide between them, the King finally conceived the happy plan of dividing the work.

"You shall design the outer half of the minaret," he said to the Arab, "and you, Jew, shall design the part that faces the interior."

"The competition produced a marvel of beauty such as Algeria has never since seen. When it was finished, the Sultan dedicated it with pomp never equaled. Then he called for the architects.

"Your work is so beautiful that I know not how to reward you," he said. "But for the Moslem, here is a bag of gold."

"As for you, dog of an infidel, I should take your life for having dared pollute, by your presence, our place of prayer. Nevertheless, as I am pleased by your skill, I have decided to extend mercy to you, and I shall content myself with imprisoning you in the top story of the minaret.

"But take care that you are not found there after the setting of the sun tonight, or, by my father's beard, your life shall pay the forfeit."

"The Jew, from his elevated prison, surveyed the situation coolly. He was a man of energy, and it never occurred to him to resign himself to the fate which the treacherous Sultan had designed for him.

"Soon he gathered up material which the woodworkers had left, found a chest of tools, and feverishly began to manufacture a pair of wooden wings. It was slow work, and he finished just as the sun was sinking to rest.

"Remembering the words of the Sultan, he did not stop to inspect and test his handiwork, but rushed to the balcony facing on the inner court, for he had seen a squad of soldiers in front of the portal. He fitted his arms to the straps and jumped over, just as the executioner opened the door.

"But in his haste, he had overlooked some details. The wings flapped uselessly and he crashed to the ground, dying before he had time to utter anything except a curse against Mohammed.

"Yet this was enough. As the words left his lips



Shrine of Sidi Bou Djema, Tlemcen.

"bear a heavy load for the human race to bear this time. But you don't seem worried."

"He can change what is written?" he responded, regarding my face. I repressed all signs of levity and he continued seriously:

"But the Rout bears three-quarters of them."

"The what?"

"The Rout. Each year some man is chosen by God to bear this burden; in our language he is called the Rout. He has but forty days to live after that, and then he passes in suffering that no human mind can conceive."

Very likely, with 345,000 maladies, I thought.

"Half of what remains is distributed among twenty cities whom we call Akiah. Thus only one-eighth of the evil is disseminated among the people."

I looked easier as I figured my chances out of 345,000, and replied: "The Rout is undoubtedly a man of exemplary piety?"

"Yes, as Sidi Abd-el-Kadr el-Jilani was a Rout."

But said no more—the secret religious brotherhoods of the Moslem world are not discussed with "Romis," as the Algerians designate all the despised Christians. But I had heard that the Sidi, a native of Bagdad, was one of the oldest of these existing in Algeria, and was held in great veneration by the faithful. His body even now reposes in a particularly brilliant sphere between the third and fourth heavens, to which point it was carried by angels. Since then he has shown a most unusual tolerance, never failing to answer all who invoke him sincerely, whether Christian, Jew or Moslem. So I have been told.

Tlemcen is better fitted than any other city in Algeria to evoke contemplations on the Koran and its sciences. Its mosques, some of them coeval with the Alhambra, in a similar and scarcely inferior style of architecture, are in daily use and perfect preservation. The inhabitants still retain an amount of piety not even in most of the Frenchified cities of North Africa. Even the smoking of tobacco is looked upon by many of them as intemperance. The women, if asked to leave their proper abiding place, the house, are completely veiled. There is even a big Medersa, a Mohammedan university.

There was no reason for surprise, then, that my companion, Abderrhaman, should give me a lecture on each point of his faith as could be properly condensed in a *Narrative* dog. But one does not have such



An Algerian coffee house

fraternities, for Abderrhaman and I have already reached the ruins of Mansoura, one of the sights of Tlemcen, in our walk. They now consist of a ruined old mosque, the minaret of which, still standing, shows it to have been a wonder of architecture; and around it a huge wall which once inclosed the camp of a besieging army. The remarkable preservation of the stonework is alleged to be due to the fact that olive oil was mixed with the mortar, binding the stones together indissolubly.

Every tourist is told the story of its origin, how Abou Yacob constructed it in 1303, A.D., during his eight-year siege of Tlemcen, then one of the most important cities of Africa. The wall incloses 240 acres of ground; the minaret of the mosque is forty feet high. Abderrhaman recalled these details to me and then proceeded to supply the imaginative element which every recital of a Mohammedan demands.

"When the Sultan had decided to build this mosque," he explained, "he called for the most distinguished architects known, and two were presented to him, a Jew and a Moslem."

the earth trembled, thunder boomed deafeningly, and a bolt of lightning struck the tower.

"The beautiful structure was cleft in two from top to bottom. The outer half stood intact, but the inner portion toppled to the ground, burying in its ruins the infidel who had bulidit it."

## A Massachusetts Game Farm.

[Springfield Republican:] A game farm of between 5000 and 6000 acres in Carver and Plymouth has been acquired by the American Game Protective and Propagation Association on a ten years' lease, with option of purchase and elaborate experiments are proposed for conserving the wild life of the New England forests and waters.

It is stipulated that after the expiration of the lease the farm shall continue for twenty years to be a sanctuary for game, whether or not the tract is bought. They do these things rather better in the old country, and it is proposed to import a Scotch game-keeper to start a line of expert natives in the calling.



# Great Sky Army For Uncle Sam.

By John Elfreth Watkins.

## Enlargement Proposed.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY AEROPLANES INSTEAD OF SIX IS NOW.

CORPS OF MILITARY AVIATORS TO BE ENLARGED FROM 10 TO 255—SKY FORCE TO BE ORGANIZED INTO SQUADRONS, COMPANIES, PLATOONS AND SECTIONS—“AVIATION CENTERS” FOR OUR FOUR COASTS AND CENTER OF CONTINENT—FIVE GREAT AVIATION SCHOOLS—PHYSICAL PERFECTION DEMANDED OF STUDENTS.

YOU may now get your first definite idea as to how our sky army is to be organized and equipped. It is ready to pass from the experimental to the practical stage.

The general of our aerial forces has explained to me his plans and ambitions for the new arm of the service. This officer is Brig.-Gen. James Allen, who for a number of years has been Chief Signal Officer of the regular army. He is a practical man. If he dreams dreams he does not confide them to the hungry journalist. He sees no visions in the empyrean. He will draw you no word pictures of tilts between aerial cruisers and winged torpedo craft, nor will he tell you how many pounds of dynamite, flung from the heavens, would wipe Greater New York from the face of Mother Earth. He attacks his problem as would the chief engineer of a railroad or a telegraph company. He knows of all the sky doings of every military nation on earth, and while his plans for our future air force combine the chief virtues proven by foreign experts, they also include many original ideas of his own.

### Platoons, Companies and Squadrons.

In the first place, Gen. Allen will organize his sky soldiers into sections, platoons, companies and squadrons. In the air each section will consist of one aeroplane with two aviators. Two of these sections will compose a platoon; two platoons, a company; two companies, a squadron. In other words, a squadron will consist of eight aeroplanes, to which sixteen aviators will be captains or lieutenants of the regular army. Each squadron will be in command of a major, who will have on his staff two commissioned officers in addition to the military aviators assigned to the machines. He will also have under him a force of forty-eight “aeroplane mechanicians”—mechanics and assistants—all en-

despite the fact that our army was the first in the world to develop practical aviation.

France will spend a total of \$6,400,000 for its aerial fleet this year. John Bull in the same time will spend \$1,610,000 on his aviation school, and Germany will buy \$620,000 worth of military aeroplanes before the year is over. Within a month the Kaiser will have 350 military aeroplanes, while we now have six. France, in her army alone, has just a hundred times as many of these machines as have we, and England has more than thirteen times as many military aviators as we can boast of.

schools, officially known as “centers of aviation,” from which our sky soldiers will be continually making test and instruction flights. One of these points will be upon the Atlantic Coast, one on the Pacific, one on the great lakes, one on the Gulf of Mexico, and one at some central inland point. In addition, there will be as many auxiliary centers as it may be possible to organize. It is the general's ultimate ambition to have such a school of instruction in each State.

### How a “Center” Will Look.

You are wondering how these principal aviation

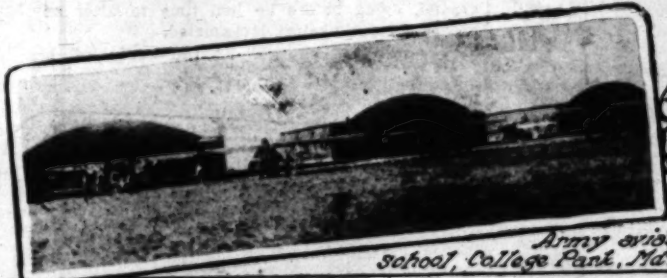


Capt. C. de F. Chandler, Chief Aviator, U.S. Army.

Brig. Gen. James Allen.



Burgess-Wright biplane at army aviation school.



Army aviation school, College Park, Md.



Hydro-aeroplane



Curtiss biplane at army aviation school

listed men. There will be five mechanicians assigned to each aeroplane and four extra ones for each company.

To one field army of regular troops there will be three aviation squadrons—one assigned to each of the two divisions and one to the headquarters of the field army's commander. The squadron assigned to headquarters will be equipped with aeroplanes of extra power for long-distance reconnaissance. And there will also be special machines for the field artillery. In addition there will be sixty-four machines and 152 aviators, distributed among fourteen of our continental coast-defense stations. So far we have been considering only the regular army of the United States.

In the Philippines Gen. Allen wants two squadrons, or sixteen machines; in Panama and Hawaii, each one squadron, with eight machines.

### Fleet of 120 Machines.

All told, he wants, for the regular army alone, 120 aeroplanes in charge of 255 aviators, and 720 enlisted mechanics. This great establishment would be headed by two colonels, under his command, besides two lieutenant-colonels and eleven majors. At present he has only ten officers for aviation duty, while France already has 800, or three times as many as he asks for—and this

Our militia, according to Gen. Allen's programme, must be equipped with machines distributed among its mobile troops in proportion to one squadron for each division of men, and the militia aviators will receive diplomas from the regular army's aviation schools.

### Machine Shops on Wheels.

Other machines besides aeroplanes will enter into the equipment of each squadron, which group of eight flying machines will be the unit of our sky force just as the regiment is the unit of our land force. There must be great trucks to carry whole aeroplanes and tractor automobiles to haul these trucks, as well as transport the aeroplane crews in the field.

These heavy automobiles and trucks will carry aeroplane tents for temporarily sheltering machines separated from the hangars; also repair tools, spare parts and additional supplies of gasoline. Gen. Allen says that it will also be necessary to have attached to each of these squadrons of eight aeroplanes a self-propelled repair shop which can be moved to any place in the field where a machine may be in distress. This would be always equipped with reserve supplies and a complete set of spare parts for machines in use.

Distributed over the country are to be five training

schools will appear. There will be a wide, level field edged by a line of low-lying hangars—or stables in the aerial steeds; sheds, workshops, storerooms and barracks.

At these centers officers not only of the regular army but of the militia, will be trained as aviators, and enlisted men of both forces will be instructed as “aeroplane mechanicians.” As inventors turn out new aviation devices they will be brought to these points for test. The officers and mechanics will also be systematically employed in studying weather conditions and other atmospheric phenomena in their relations to aviation; in sending wireless telegrams from the clouds; in sketching, map drawing and making reconstructions from aircraft; in dropping projectiles from the heavens and in accurate firing of rifles and machine guns at aeroplanes.

### Hydro-Aeroplanes Also.

Hydro-aeroplanes—machines that will alight and skim over and fly from water as well as land—are proposed as part of the army's equipment. So far these vehicles have been adopted only by the navy.

The five “centers of aviation” described are to be called schools, because they will be points for the



construction of squadrons as well as for the instruction of officers and mechanics. No new land and few new buildings will have to be acquired for them.

Our existing army posts will supply all of their needs except those of the eastern center, which will probably occupy the College Park field, near Washington, already equipped as an aviation school for the army.

This, the first of the series of aviation centers, is now being taken possession of by ten military aviators lately moved north from the temporary winter school at Augusta, Ga. The school is in command of Capt. Charles de P. Chandler, the army's chief aviator, who has also won honors as a balloonist. He now has in charge one captain and seven lieutenants of regulars, as well as one lieutenant-colonel of the Ohio National Guard.

**Our Major Equipment.**

The army now has only six aeroplanes in use, but Gen. Allen tells me that he has six more ordered and hopes to have four others, making a total of sixteen by July 1. The Wright, Burgess-Wright and Curtiss machines already working were bought at an average cost of \$5100 apiece, but the new machines will be much more power-

ful and will have an average cost of at least a thousand dollars more, each. The last five contracted for will be known as "weight-carrying military aeroplanes." They carry two aviators, and before they will be accepted they must prove by trial flights that they can ascend 2000 feet in ten minutes while carrying a weight of 450 pounds, in addition to four hours' supply of fuel; that their planes will insure a safe gliding angle in case the engine stops, and that they can alight upon or arise from plowed fields. The speed of these heavy machines, with the weight mentioned, must test up to forty-five miles an hour.

More than a mile-a-minute speed, or sixty-five miles an hour, must be attained by a class of "light scouting aeroplanes," for which the general has had specifications drawn. These will carry only one aviator each.

**Must Be Physically Perfect.**

Physical perfection is demanded by the general of men who seek admittance to the College Park aviation school or who will apply for training at the four other schools projected. Only commissioned officers of the army and militia need apply, and before they can be admitted these must undergo a rigorous physical exam-

ination, proving beyond a doubt that their eyesight is normal, without glasses; that they can estimate distances accurately; that they are not color blind for red, green or violet; that their ears are as sharp as their eyes; that their wind is good, their lungs and hearts perfectly sound, and that they have no diseases of the nervous system or digestive apparatus.

You will be surprised as well as amused at some of the tests prescribed for these candidates. Here, for example, are some devised to detect diseased conditions of the internal ear:

"Have the candidate stand with knees, heels and toes touching. Have the candidate walk forward; backward and in a circle. Have the candidate hop around the room. All these tests should be made with the eyes open and then closed, on both feet and then on one foot, hopping forward and backward, the candidate trying to hop or walk in a straight line. Any persistent deviation, either to the right or left, is evidence of a diseased condition of the internal ear." Intestinal disorders tending to produce dizziness are also looked out for very carefully. And there is an elaborate test for precision of the limb movements.

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# Uncle Sam's New Gas Plant.

By William L. Aldorfer.

## BOTTLED HEAT AND LIGHT.

**B**OTTLED heat and light and a whole gas plant in miniature, so small that it may be carried in a suit case, is the latest invention of Uncle Sam's oil experts of the Bureau of Mines. The discovery will make possible the commercial use of millions of cubic feet of natural gas that now go to waste every day of

the year in the petroleum fields of the country. Waste gas, sometimes called "wet gas" is found in all oil fields, and with the aid of the new process a liquefied gas can be made that may be used for heating and illuminating purposes anywhere. The invention will reduce the price of heat and light, and be of vast service to small cities and towns all over the country where there may be no gas plant. It will also

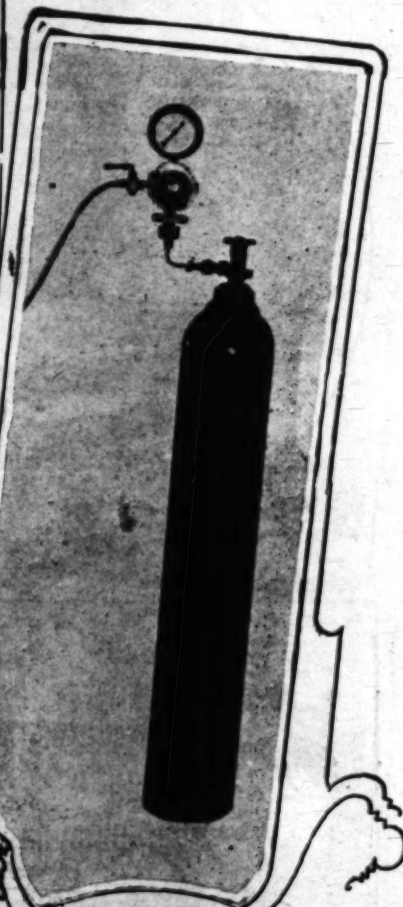
help to reduce Uncle Sam's own gas bill, as it will be of invaluable benefit to light-houses, light-ships, and other public works usually located some distance from a commercial supply of gas. An entirely new industry valued at more than fifty million dollars per year is the promise of the oil experts.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.]



Whole gas plant in a suit case, ready for use anywhere.

Steel tank attached to ordinary gas fixture



Dr. Walter O. Snelling



Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, Director Bureau of Mines.



Shows new gas plant attached to rear of house.



# Recent Cartoons.



Cleveland Plain-Dealer.



Chicago Post



Indianapolis News



New York Herald



Philadelphia Record.

(774)

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## Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

## Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

Editorial of the Standard.

**M**RS. ELEANORA BEARS is as witty as she is a Scotch, and Boston has recently been smiling at one of her "mots."

One day, so the story runs, was discussing at a tea the strange, softening effect upon the heart that the members seems to occasion.

"This effect was amazingly brought out," she said, "at Coronado Beach in March. There was a house party there including six young men and six girls. I hardly believe it, but—"

"I hardly believe it," she said, "but on their departure from Coronado there were thirty-six engagements in the party."

A New Student.

**T**HE late John R. Arbuckle, the coffee king, who left an estate of \$100,000,000, often said that a part of his success was due to his knowledge of human nature.

"In selling coffee," Mr. Arbuckle once said to a New York coffee broker, "you should exercise the same keen observation which the druggist showed."

"A woman, you know, a woman well on in years, entered a druggist's and said:

"Have you got any creams for restoring the complexion?"

"Restoring, miss? You mean preserving!" said the druggist heartily.

"And he then sold the woman \$17 worth of complexion cream."

Auctioneers.

**C**HARLES HENRI, the famous artist, said in New York that a bogus "old master":

"Some of these experts must be very ignorant, judging from the facility with which they are duped. They are ready to swallow anything. It's like the Velasquez story."

"An auctioneer, you know, put up a picture, saying: 'Here we are, ladies and gentlemen—this exquisite Velasquez—'Battle of Waterloo'—what am I to do? One million, nine hundred thousand—"

"No," interrupted an expert, in a puzzled voice—"but I thought Velasquez died before the Battle of Waterloo!"

"No he did, sir," explained the auctioneer; "so he is; but this, you see, is one of dear old Velly's posthumous works."

Stick.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE E. W. TOWNSEND of "Chimney-Pot Fiddler" fame, said in Washington, apropos of the misery of the poor:

"On the one hand we have this misery, and on the other hand we have a wealth that is often coarse and vulgar."

"They tell of a New York woman who once asked her maid:

"This person who called without leaving her name—was she a lady?"

"Oh, yes, madam; a perfect lady," the maid replied. "Her hair was dyed the loveliest gold, she was covered with pearls and diamonds, and she smelt of Egyptian cigarettes and champagne, madam."

Jury Box.

**J**UDGE J. M. JOHNSON, in the Court of Appeals of Kansas City, said recently that if a man made a fortune of his wife she was entitled to a divorce.

"There's a type of man that marries a woman because he loves her," Judge Johnson said the other evening at a banquet, "and then he proceeds to make her a slave. These honeyed words of love, followed by this story, call to my mind a little Kansas City girl."

"She stood before a window, watching a fly that buzzed on the pane."

"Fly," she said, "does 'oo love heaven?"

"And impersonating the insect, she answered the question with a whispered 'Eas.'"

"Fly, would 'oo like to go to heaven?"

"Eas," and another whispered 'Eas.'"

"Then—Bang! The poor fly was crushed on the pane, and the little girl said triumphantly:

"Now he's there!"

Milkmaid.

**M**AYOR SHANK of Indianapolis said to a woman in an interview the other day:

"You women who must fight the economic battles of the future. The men are so busy earning the money that they have no time to give to the campaign for cheaper living. This must be a woman's campaign, and women will fight it best with the ballot."

"That's why, when I hear men laugh at the thought of women's suffrage struggle, I'm disgusted and ashamed. Such laughter seems as inopportune as a fly on the wall."

"Well, you know, laughed loud and long on the way home from his wife's funeral."

"Henry," said his mother-in-law severely, "I'm surprised to hear you laughing like that when you've just buried your dear wife."

"Smith with a guffaw replied: 'Oh, I can't help laughing when I remember all the jolly times we used to have together.'"

The Task of Hand.

**T**HE late Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, was a Christian in perhaps the best sense—the practical and unselfish sense.

Miss Barton, in an interview in New York about the tenement-house laws, once said to a reporter:

"I'd neglect church, I'd neglect religion, to get our vile and unwholesome slums all swept away."

She paused, then added:

"We ought not to consider the mansions awaiting us on the other side of Jordan, you know, while there's an unsolved housing problem so near home."

Too Slow to Live.

**G**OV. DIX, at a dinner in Albany, was congratulated on his veto of the milk bill. Of this bill, which would have permitted the lowering of the standard of milk purity, the Governor said:

"The bill would be a long step backward in the fight for pure milk, and he who can't see this must be as slow as Cornelius Husk of Quag."

"I always said old Corn Husk was slow," said one Quag man to another.

"Why, what's he been doin' now?" the other asked.

"Got himself run over by a hearse!"

The Oriental Dancer.

**C**HARLES FROHMAN, at a dinner at the Metropolitan Club in New York, condemned a certain outrageously immodest Oriental dancer.

"She must have a nasty mind," Mr. Frohman said, "to dance like that."

"Oh, don't be too hard on her," said a playwright. "She may not understand, you know. Consider how young she is."

"I deny," said Mr. Frohman, "that she's as young as you imply; but I'm bound to admit that, even though not young, she's certainly a stripling."

Local Realism.

**J**OHAN G. JOHNSON, the famous lawyer and no less famous art expert, was talking, at a dinner in Philadelphia, about some of Sargent's cruelly realistic portraits.

"Sargent once painted a Philadelphia woman," Mr. Johnson said, "and when the work was finished, the lady's coachman called for it."

"As the coachman was studying the portrait, Sargent said to him:

"How do you like it?"

"The man answered thoughtfully: 'Well, sir, ye might have made it a little better-lookin', mebbe; but if ye had, ye'd have spoilt it.'"

One Didn't Count.

**M**AYOR BLANKENBURG, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised the Quaker City ardently.

"I must even praise," he said with a smile, "our exclusiveness—we carry it so far, you know. Birth is not enough with us; residence is equally important, and they who live above Market street are doomed. Here, surely, is exclusiveness with a vengeance."

"They tell a story about a dinner in Rittenhouse Square. At this dinner, as the fish course began, one woman whispered to another:

"Dear me, there are thirteen at table!"

"But the other woman smiled and answered calmly: 'Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. Chadbiddleer Waddle. Mrs. North-Broad is not really one of us. She lives uptown, you know.'"

Making Room.

**D**ISCUSSING the universal condemnation heaped upon Bruce Ismay and the White Star Line over the Titanic disaster, a sea captain said in New York:

"Bruce Ismay must now be remembering a speech he once made in Belfast, a speech about persecution, ending with the words:

"When a man's down his enemies stop kicking him—to let his friends begin.'"

Country Billiards.

**W**ILLIE HOPPE, the billiard champion, was discussing in New York the question of summer vacations.

"I like summer vacations," he said, "in the heart of the country. The only trouble with the heart of the country is that you can't get a good game of billiards there."

"Maybe you've heard about the two chaps, summering at Sunapee, who complained that they couldn't tell the two balls apart, as neither of them had a spot. But

the proprietor explained to them that it would be easy, after a little practice, to distinguish the balls by their shape."

"Another chap up at Sunapee asked for a game of billiards, and when the balls were brought, gave a loud, bitter laugh of disgust."

"Look here," he said, "it's balls I asked for—not dice."

Very Sinister Indeed.

**T**HIS bill was innocent on its face, but beneath there lurked a most sinister significance."

The speaker, Senator Clarke, was discussing in Little Rock a measure of which he disapproved.

"The bill reminded me, in fact," he said, "of a Little Rock urchin's question. His question—innocent enough in appearance, dear knows—was this:

"Would you mind making a noise like a frog, uncle?"

"And why," said the uncle, with an amused smile—"why, Tommy, do you desire me to make a noise like a frog?"

"Because," replied the urchin, "whenever I ask daddy to buy me anything, he always says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

Too True.

**T**HE Rev. Dr. Aked, in an address on generosity in New York, said:

"A woman remarked to me the other day: 'Mrs. Blank is very shabby this spring. Mr. Blank adores the ground she walks on, yet he won't allow her enough to dress decently.'"

"Ah, madam," I replied, "it isn't always the devoutest worshiper who puts the most money in the collection plate."

The Adapter.

**D**AVID BELASCO, at a dinner in New York, condemned certain playwrights who steal shamelessly from their foreign confreres' successes.

"I sprung a fable on one of these scoundrels the other day," said Mr. Belasco. "I told him that a playwright of his type awoke in the dead of night, and saw a masked man with a dark lantern bending over his dressing table."

"What are you doing there?" the playwright thundered. "Stealing?"

"Oh, no," replied the robber. "Oh, no, sir. Merely adapting."

Cash and Credit.

**C**HARLES M. SCHWAB, in a lecture at his native Loretto, praised the cash-paying man.

"At the same time," said Mr. Schwab, "I have no praise for the man who pays cash because he has no credit—this chap can't help himself."

"Pay as you go—that's my rule," such a chap said to me the other day.

"Yes," I answered; "so many people refuse to believe you, don't they, when you say you'll pay as you come back?"

The Far Tat.

**T**HE late John Arbuckle, Coffee King Arbuckle," said a coffee broker, "was very charitable, but he administered his charity with rare delicacy."

"Coffee King Arbuckle used to assert that the poor were as sensitive as the rich, and he would illustrate this assertion with an apt anecdote."

"One of his anecdotes was about a rich lady who, while calling on a poor woman in a slum, said:

"Does your husband drink?"

"No'm," said the slum woman quietly. "Does yours?"

Country Week.

**M**AYOR CRUMP of Memphis, in a recent address on behalf of children's country-week associations, said:

"Astonishing is the ignorance of nature shown by these little, pale, lean slum dwellers. One child, whose knowledge of trees and grass and flowers was derived from the early-closing city parks, said, as she gazed with delight on a green rural scene:

"What time does the country shut up?"

"Another child watched a farm hand digging potatoes, and said:

"Is this where you keep your potatoes, sir? I should think it would be handier to keep them in bags in the cellar."

"And I know of a third child to whom a farmer offered a superb ripe peach."

"Let me pluck this peach for you right off the tree," he said.

"But the child, a little girl, turned up her nose and answered loftily:

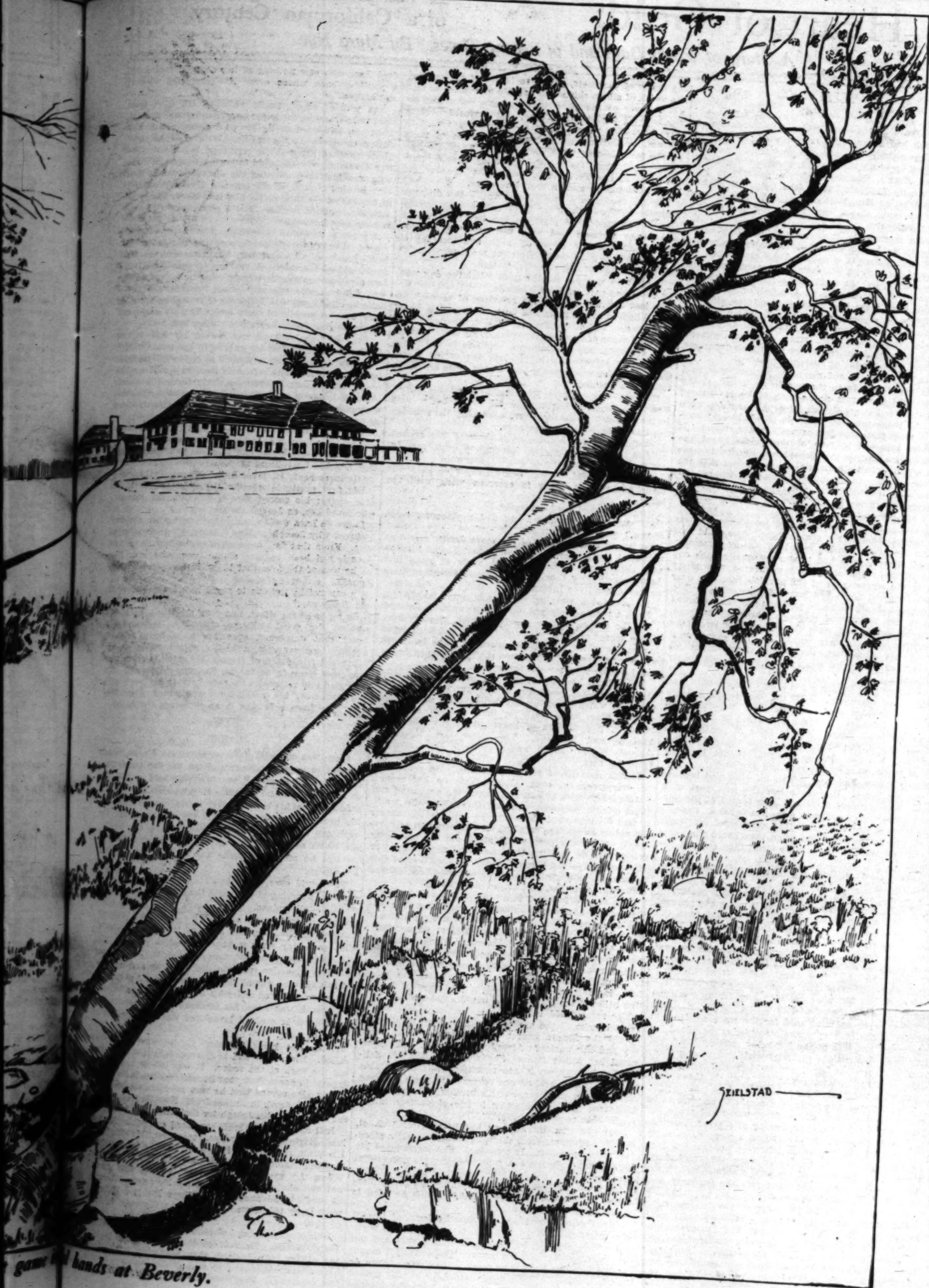
"No, thank you. I never eat them till they're canned."





The ancient hand.





game and hands at Beverly.

[777]

The Colorado River, swollen by floods from melting snow, yesterday ripped out concrete wall at Needles, Cal., and was threatening the town.

...over the advisability of interfering as recommended by the commis-

...dustries, meanwhile taking forcible possession of all the

My son Vincent is too busy



# Heart of Gold:

A Pen-pictured Pageant  
of a Californian Century.

A Story of Early Days and of Recent Times. By Myra Nye.

## XIII.

### THE RODEO.

FOR years the Carew rodeo was remembered. Joseph had secured the rancho which he desired and the acreage was surprisingly cheap. The gold had weighed up to his expectation; so with his mother's share and Ruth's, together with the jewels, he had realized nearly \$100,000. With land only "eight shillings" an acre, as Mrs. Harbin put it, and less for the hill and mountain slopes, the rancho now in Joseph's name was extensive.

To make memorable their acquisition, they could celebrate in no better way than to invite the whole Heart of Gold Valley to a rodeo. They established no precedent; nor, in its character, was the rodeo in any way unique; but the number of cattle to be branded had seldom been exceeded in all Alta California. Never had there been more lavish appointment for pleasure and comfort of vaquero, caballero and Indian helper; and never had sumptuous entertainment of guest been equalled. More than this, much interest centered around this young American whose romantic adventures had stirred romance-loving Andalusian hearts.

Joseph's picturesque and magnetic personality gained for him many friends in the pueblo as it had at the mission; but a man is not a man if he is without enemies; he is but a jelly-fish. Joseph's enemies were limited by the number of Laura de Lara's lovers; however, in most instances it was not a bitter rivalry. It was soon apparent to men of the saddle about the Pueblo de Los Angeles that Joseph was admitted to the De Lara patio when others attained no farther than the position outside the Senorita's window where the earthen walk caused the unaccustomed to stumble in the depression made by the constant wearing of serenading suitors' feet.

The senora herself had counseled Joseph most wisely as to the purchase of the great rancho. She could look back to the time when her own land was in possession by royal decree. She had known personally each one of the original pobladores; she remembered, with misty eyes, in the second year of the pueblo's life, how dear Father Junipero Serra had honored them with a visit, and henceforth all places he trod were to her, hallowed ground. She understood thoroughly how her husband, before his death, had made their home and stretching acres more securely their own by a proper grant; so it was by her suggestion that the Mexican grant for Rancho Corazon de Oro was secured most expeditiously and legally.

The months of Joseph's dwelling in adobe-built Los Angeles had extended, till all the vast fertile country about the mission began to diminish. Secularization had begun. It was the black mill-stone of Senora de Lara's declining years. But in spite of political turmoils of church and state, Los Angeles went on wooing, marrying, bringing dark-eyed children into the sunlit world, dancing, playing and working.

Now Mexican, Spaniard, Indian, all were glad because of the big rodeo. It was to last the best part of a week. The branding irons had been forged at the mission's great forge; and they were heart-shaped. Spaniards smiled a little at this unexpected sentiment in a "frío Americano;" but when they heard the name of the new rancho "Corazon de Oro," they enjoyed the fitness.

"Like a Heart of Gold, truly," they said, "all flaming with poppies."

It was a splendid sight, this spectacular custom of California. From beginning to end it was a gay pageant of riotous coloring and mutable action. Down in the oak grove spits were dug for the barbecue. There were to be roasted whole, oxen and sheep; even a bear and much venison, capons, plump and luscious, so that each might be satisfied with his favorite meat. Strings of shiny peppers, like coral, hung from the oak branches; golden-skinned onions and garlic were the fruit that the big aliso yielded; and tortillas crisped and browned on the out-of-door ovens.

Tables were manufactured for the more aristocratic portion of the guests; a whole oak being sacrificed for one table, one side of the log being roughly hewn and flattened. Well might posterity wish that among other good gifts of these happy people there had been knowledge of forest conservation; for even in those days there were none too many trees.

The vaqueros and some of the caballeros were to be served farther back, where sheep-walks had made distinct terraces. It was the feeding of a great multitude in a most satisfactory way and on a picturesque scale, with always the basketfuls left over. It was one long colossal picnic. By day there were the troubadours strolling in the shade of the wild walnut, the oak and the sycamore. At night there was the fandango with the graceful Spanish dances.

The curious and quaint steps of the "Sardanas," a dance already centuries old, was a balanced and equable happiness. More blithe and gay and inconsequential was the "Andalusian." They even ventured the cold "Leonese," changed to suit his sensuous Southland. The music varied with the dances, now sobbing with yearning, now rhythmic with the joy of childhood, now alluring and seductive.

Through it all was the dzing-dzang of guitars, volley-

ing snaps of castanets, primitive tinkle of tambourine, the swish of silken skirts and bacchic movement of feet which never paused after the first bar's welcoming invitation, till the strains ceased, and partners became mere strangers where but lately they were a unit in rhythm, oscillation and movement. Perhaps of them all the favorite was "Jota de Aragon." Then the provocative, stirring "Tango," the rollicking almost romping "Jota de Los Toreadores," where the toreador and his querida told in motion their love story.

For the fandango a space covering all the distance from the arroyo bank to the terraces had been leveled, cleared and sanded. A platform, too, had been put up, and nar-by torches, vied with the moon to illumine the kinemacolor. In sheen of fabric and blending of hues, even Broadway today, after the matinee, would in comparison be but a Quaker procession.

Thus there was joy for the night; but the day was, for the most part, serious business. The last day was left for the branding of horses. So far all honors of the reata had been to Gaspar de Lara, the youngest son of the Senora. The marvelous speed, skill and grace of lassoing, throwing, tying and branding of a steer was his pre-eminence. No one in the whole region was his equal. On the last day of the rodeo, Gaspar rode as one wearing laurels, but quite idle as to that day's business.

"No one will be safe for a moment off his horse. You and Senorita Harbin and all would better stay in the canyon," he said to Laura soon after the noonday meal and short siesta were over.

"But we can see nothing from there," she argued.

"And this is the last day," interposed Ruth, eagerly.

"Well there is nothing to see," Gaspar said.

"Oh, no," teased Laura, "Senor Gaspar de Lara has made his record; today is common work with the horses."

Gaspar laughed good-naturedly.

"If you insist, perhaps I can find a place for some of you."

So it was that a group of the more daring senoritas rode forth from a secluded canyon into the open. Joseph saw them from a distance, and knew at once that Laura was among them. More vaguely he noted Ruth on her queer little Indian pony.

He shouted a warning which was not a restriction.

Ruth waved a reply and the group cantered forward.

To the eastward were clouds of thick, choking dust. There scores of Mexicans, and Indians had been lassoing and branding since early morning. The inclosure, where was repeatedly imprinted the heart-shaped brand could not be seen for the thick dust.

The intense heat of the day was over, and still there remained almost four hours of daylight for this daring work, for which a number of caballeros had saved themselves. They were fresh for their venture, and they loved it, this picking of horses from the wild herd, lassoing and breaking. The latter task would be scarcely begun; but it was possible to show mastery from the first.

Joseph rode about giving directions. He seemed to be everywhere at once. Laura, safe on her mount, watched him with pleasure, noticing the command and grace of his presence. So far, throughout the week, he had distinguished himself by no achievement unless the ability to manage so great an affair was an achievement. If so, the people had given him no particular credit, and he was the last one to be conscious of it. The thought passed through Laura de Lara's mind that never to her knowledge had Spanish rodeo been so well managed; and that, too, by an Americano.

Now as she followed him with her eyes, she noted the absence of silver trappings, the conspicuous severity of his costume. Where other sombreros were high and much decked, his was lower and plainer; where others wore gay sashes, already bedraggled and soiled, he wore some sort of a curious belt. All this made him appear, not less elegant, but distinguished, and, she had to admit it, foreign looking. She knew that he loved her; for she was well versed in the ways of lovers. She believed too that soon he would avow himself.

Her reason told her that this foreign aspect was a great barrier to the successful culmination of his suit. Would the Senora consent? What would her father say and her uncles? Already Asa Harbin had importuned her father twice. She was sure that his half-brother had known it and now she decided that that was the reason he had not ventured to press his own claim. He was ashamed of his brother. Perhaps, also, he feared that the objection to one of his own family might hold good for himself.

She was thus thinking as her horse circled about, a little withdrawn from the rest, when she felt a steadfast gaze upon her. It was Asa. She intercepted his lustful look before it had time to change to differential courtesy.

"A jewel for just one of your thoughts, lovely Senorita," he called in halting Spanish, which he tried to make graceful.

"That price would not pay for the least of them," she returned, coldly.

He rode close to her now. He leaned over and put his hand on her horse's mane. The beautiful mount veered quickly; but not so much as to change Laura de Lara's position. She leaned gracefully as she guided with the rein, riding directly away from the discom-

fited Asa, who saw nothing of her scornful face, only a youthful back whose every line expressed disgust and dislike.

Asa whirled about, madly swinging his quirt from right to left venting his anger on whomever was nearest. That one happened to be his own sister. Ruth was sitting carelessly in the saddle. With childlike negligence she had dropped the rein from her hands. She was dreaming, her thoughts following Gaspar de Lara, who was just then entering the distant cloud of dust. Her brother's quirt struck smartly across the flanks of her horse. With a rocket-like leap he was away before she regained the line. For a moment of wild dash- ing she kept her seat.

A senorita screamed shriekingly. The nearer vaqueros closed in, only to frighten the pony the more. Bucking bronchos were all about her, but none with so frail and frightened a rider. A low cry escaped Ruth. Before a vaquero or caballero could come to her rescue she was down on the ground; falling forward, she lay a little huddled heap with hundreds of trampling hoofs all about her. A maddened horse broke from its mates and bore with thunder of hoofs down upon her.

"Oh, oh!" she moaned and buried her face in the dried grasses, covering her eyes with her arms. "Oh!"

A rush, a fierce clasp, a wrench of her body, and Ruth found herself high and safe, held close in a saddle. The rough texture of stiffened buckskin bruised her soft cheek, a fringe of leather obscured her vision. Then in a moment she saw, close, the face of Jim Harria, eyes as always inscrutable, face like a mask.

"Jim—oh, Jim!" in hysterical gratitude she flung her arms around his neck. At that moment Joseph dashed up on his horse, and when he saw them locked together, his heart-beats of thankfulness quickened.

"He loves her! He loves Ruth! Thank God!"

His first gratitude was for the safety of Ruth, his dear sister; his second that it was Jim, the rescuer, who loved her, as Joseph thought.

Laura de Lara was correct only in part when she conjectured why Joseph so long delayed his declaration of love. From that first meeting at the mission, long ago, Joseph had been as sure of the impression upon Jim as he was of the love that began in his own heart for Laura.

"I can not be the one to stand in his way—never in old Jim's way."

So he had kept silent, had even tried to help, in his wooing, Jim, great awkward, silent Jim Harria with a heart that outranked even his huge body, with a nobility immeasurable, a fidelity unfathomable, an expressed friendship of fervor! but now Joseph's own way was clear in so far as Jim was concerned. He was glad and relieved. He rode back to his work with the vaqueros, his enthusiasm augmented, glad that Laura de Lara, safe now in an inclosure, looked on.

## XIV.

### DIABLO.

There was one wild horse of all others Joseph meant himself to lasso and mount. Even the day of his purchase he had singled it out from the herd as the one to replace his lost Princess. He was glad now for the saddle days of his boyhood over Massachusetts hills, and his practice in the meadows. He was glad, too, for each day of lassoing since he had come to this valley, his Heart of Gold. Now on his own Rancho Corazon de Oro he meant to make use of his skill and his knowledge.

The world over, there has been no more expert and graceful handling of the reata than that done by native Spanish-Californians. Two things they lacked when competing with men of Joseph's and Jim's caliber: breadth of shoulder, and steel of muscle as tempered that each tiny fiber responded invariably to the will. Joseph possessed an accurate eye, the infallible instinct for time of action, unparalleled coolness and courage. At this time he was at his best mentally and physically. His muscles flowed under his skin as those of a leopard, his breath was even, his forehead was not fretted by heat. And best of all incentives was the presence of Laura de Lara.

Every one knew "Diablo," as the wild horse was called. His points had been repeatedly discussed during the days of the rodeo. It was the opinion of the experts in horse flesh that he was faultless as to points. It was also agreed that he was unbreakable, possessed not of one devil, but a hundred. Now they were eager for the chase with Joseph for their leader.

Just as a band of bronchos raced across the flat land, diagonal to the arroyo, Joseph sent his spur home. His pinto responded. In the lead of the herd led the big bay, Diablo, his coat gleaming like polished copper. When the vaqueros saw Joseph's dash, they spread out and circled the bunch in a wide sweep. A score of yards in advance of the others Diablo held to his swift away till he was checked by a horseman in front of him.

This strange being before him was horrible to behold. He slackened. He reduced to a trot and fell back to the others. An instant, then a blaring neigh about his nostrils. He surveyed, then dashed on again toward the mountains. Every canyon he knew, every deer and



best trail, every leap; once there he would be safe from those men whose every shout caused him to quiver.

His nose in the wind, ahead he smelt no taint of the enemy. He kept to his course with the bronchos massed dashing behind him. All at once another rider bore down from the front upon them. They parted as though cut by a huge cleaver, the bay swinging into a tangle of grasswood, snorting; wheeled to the left, to the right; only to meet at each whirl a new enemy. As if by magic, springing from the ground, there was a vaquero always before him. They were closing him in. Then closer than any, Diablo saw an unknown pinto with its rider bearing down upon him.

Joseph waited his best chance, then with a quick change dashed at right angles across the nose of the bay. He wheeled in his own radius and then cornered the wild horse in a V of waiting vaqueros. Not a loop-hole for escape; cut off from his comrades, Diablo plunged and snorted. Always the shouts, always the stinging of quirts and reatas, he was at last driven right up to a seeming way of escape. Diablo dashed in blindly only to find himself fenced in an inclosure. Desperately he tried to escape. Now the circumference of his wheelings was narrowed.

He soon recognized that others of his herd were comrades of his frightened misery. He fell to his knees as though to go under. He leaped as though to go over. Of no avail were his struggles. Ever nearer was the dreaded man on his horse, the very center of his circlings. Joseph sat quite composedly, studying Diablo's every move. The vaqueros outside were coiling reatas ready for action. Joseph was the center of attention.

"Senor Carew!" "Jose Carew!" "Bueno!" came the encouraging shouts of caballero and vaquero alike.

Some cow ponies outside trotted meekly about and joined the spectators around the inclosure, curious of these wild range roamers, these creatures who had never known anything but freedom. They were prisoners, caught by a trick in a trap of a corral. Of all, the bay was the most frenzied; but Joseph never let his eyes wander from the gleam of his satin coat, the flow of his mane, or his foam-flecked flanks. The horse proved like a caged creature from the wilderness. Suddenly he dashed at top speed into the bunch of his friends who huddled frightened in a corner.

Joseph lifted his reata. A whir, a whine! straight as an arrow, forward sped the winged reata! The bay broke from the jam. He was struggling at the end of some snake-like thing. Choking but superb in the confidence of his strength, he again made a rush. Half-blind with an awful terror he bellowed with rage at restriction. Joseph gave a pull so deftly that it looked easy. The bay was jerked into the air. He fell back with a horrible thud on his side.

"He's done for," shouted Senor Enrique de Lara.

Joseph never turned a hair's breadth. He waited, his mount standing with feet braced. Joseph slackened his reata. Even downed, the bay felt courage as the air poured through his nostrils, and he lurched to his feet. Again his gaze became terrified as he beheld there before him this masterful being. He bolted sideways to feel again the pull of reata. For years a free rover, then this!

Over and over he tried to tear free. He reared, he fell backward. He plunged to the end of the reata. He pulled till he was thrown off his feet to the ground not once, but repeatedly. For fully a half hour Joseph never relaxed, and finally, with tail stiffened, nostrils snoring, the horse, with some show of docility, obeyed the pull at his neck. Once he circled the entire corral without wheeling or kicking. The show was beginning to lose zest. The vaqueros moved off to put the thrall of their wills on others of the horses.

"Why don't you hog-tie him?"

"In a moment I'll mount him," Joseph answered.

"Not today! Wait till he has felt the reata for twenty-four hours," warned Senor de Lara.

"I think I'll try it today," Joseph answered evenly. "He's beginning to know me. I'll follow my advantage."

"Oh," sneered Asa, "maybe tomorrow my brother would lose courage."

"You have none to lose, that is certain," Gaspar made bold to taunt.

"I guess not," Isidro Arrillaga, the bull fighter, added. "Senor Barba would as soon ride a wax-legged ox through hell as to follow his brother and mount this Diablo."

Asa's knowledge of Spanish did not allow him to catch the full significance of this remark; but his look darkened toward Joseph.

## XV.

### THE VICTORY.

The word passed around that Joseph would mount, now, with no further breaking. In a moment the line of onlookers about the corral deepened. All were agitated in anticipation of skilled horsemanship. Yet every man knew that Joseph took his life in his hands.

"I wouldn't mount him for all the gold in California," said Gaspar, and Gaspar was no coward.

"You would!" said Isidro. "That bay has a million devils. See how his eye blazes red."

"He is mean, no mistake."

Joseph heard them and said, "It's not meanness, it's nature. He will make a good horse yet. Just watch him." He approached the now tethered horse. Jim had led Joseph's pinto mount from the corral. Alone and on foot Joseph cautiously advanced, hand over hand along the reata, talking gently the while in low, even tones. He was speaking in English. Few understood; but all knew the purpose of soothing.

"So you'd do me, old fellow, would you? Well come on!"

The bay stood stock still, ominous.

"Then I'll come to you. How you tremble. Gently, old boy!"

By now Joseph's hand was up to the nostrils. The bay stood quiet. It was the quiet of a cat watching a mouse, all static energy. His legs were wide apart. Then the fingers touched his nose. Soft rubbing up and down lulled his fears. It was soft but the touch of a master. Diablo knew it.

Joseph held out his left hand for the saddle. At once a half dozen vaqueros were by him to help. He drew the saddle through the air as though it was velvet. It touched the back before the horse saw it. Instantly he swerved. He began kicking persistently, steadily.

The vaqueros placed another reata about his neck, dropped it behind his left leg and drew that up close to his belly. What new ignominy was this? Diablo's head went between his knees, then up went his heel. It was powerless to do harm. Squalls of rage rent the air. The onlookers laughed.

Then they cinched him. He went up like a rocket. His descent on three legs was awkward. After more efforts at kicking and bucking they let free the bound leg. Then they loosed the reatas. The bay rushed for the fence. Diablo was free. With a twirl of his head he surveyed the strange thing on his back. Then into the air again, head and forelegs to the left, his rump to the right, down he came with fearful pact. Around the corral he dashed; but ever the same, cruel thing on his back stayed with him. It was gripping him savagely. He ran till he was breathless.

With a light run and a jump, Joseph was down from the fence and into the corral of the frenzied animal. Diablo lunged. Then he stood while one might count five. His ears lay flat to his head. His forefeet were well forward. Joseph had his quirt dangling from two fingers. He looked at a bronze statue. Suddenly the statue was vitalized. The horse emitted one sharp sound, then leaped with legs stiff, straight off the ground. He was down at such angles that a double shock was Joseph's first portion, but he sat firm.

Then began such pitching as the valley had never beheld. Over and over again the bay sprang up, heels frantically lashing the air. Suddenly without warning the motion reversed. The bay threw back his head, reared, and toppled backward. Joseph slid slightly, then stepped to the ground as easily as from a rocking chair. Before the precision of heel work began he was again in the saddle. For the first time he used his spur. The bucking became leaping with twistings creditable to a snake.

Again and again Joseph touched first with quirt then with spur. The beast's strength seemed limitless. A slight pallor of fatigue crept up under the tan of Joseph's cheek. Laura de Lara was the first one to notice it. Then some one shouted:

"Get down! Get down! He'll kill you."

"Not yet," Joseph's reply came sharply. Already, by an indefinable change, almost imperceptible, in the movement of his mount, Joseph knew that he was master.

One more buck, a mad dash, and in a moment the horse was running evenly around the corral, only now and then showing an arch in his insulted back.

Finally, with Joseph still on him, the vaqueros tied him. He stood panting, his well-ribbed sides moving like waves.

"It's only a beginning," said Joseph. "Tomorrow it must be done over, but—Well, I've got him. I think he will know me."

Joseph walked through the crowd with no after-math of fear, but his knees trembled from the cramp and muscular exertion. The one look of appreciation from Laura de Lara was well worth it all. He mounted his pinto and started with the rest to the oak grove for the barbecue.

At noon the next day when all was over, a group of the gay young people stopped at the new mill near San Gabriel for coolness and rest. The late popples that Joseph had gathered opened wide to the noon day. When Laura de Lara made them into a garland and wore them, wreathlike; in her blue-black hair, she said as plainly as by so many words, "It is Senor Jose Carew I favor."

## XVI.

### AN EVENING AT THE HACIENDA.

In spite of the message of the popples in the senorita's hair, events did not move rapidly in Joseph Carew's love affair. There were many things to hinder its culmination and no one was more aware of the obstacles in his way than Joseph. Yet there came an evening, in the week after the rodeo, when he purposed to make at least one advance, to win the consent of the senora. Senor Enrique de Lara was away on important business for the Church at Monterey and Joseph; impatient for his return, but not knowing the time of his coming; was sure that the favor of the senora would help him in his interview with Laura de Lara's father. That evening was one long remembered by Joseph; for it was a solemnly beautiful postlude to the excitement and pleasure of the rodeo.

At the close of the afternoon he clattered on Diablo up to the window of the little adobe on Main street, drew rein, and throwing one knee over the crupper with reins lying loose as Diablo now would allow him, he made known to his mother his plan to go up to the hill to the hacienda and promised her the presence of Jim in his absence.

"Oh, Joe, let me go with you." Ruth left off her warm struggles over some Mexican drawn work she

was trying to master, "Senorita Laura can show me how to finish. Just see how I have snarled it."

"Why, I thought surely you'd stay if you knew that Jim had consented to sit within four walls for the whole of two hours, and all for you."

"Why, of course I'd like to see Jim, but I must finish my pattern. Besides mother can make him more happy than any one else. Jim is homesick, Joe, that is why he is so quiet."

"Not Jim, Ruth! he likes this place better than you do and even more than I; and that's saying much. But hurry up if you want to go with me." And Joseph intent on his own errand and its significance, forgot his surprise at Ruth's readiness to leave Jim.

This preoccupation was with him as he guided Diablo up the hill westward from the Plaza with Ruth on her pony beside him.

They knew they were early so they rode leisurely following a path flanked with high mustard where now are paved streets and tall buildings, winding over knolls and hills where now the sky line is serrated by derricks of oil wells, already old and abandoned.

It was dusk; that hour of unspeakable charm in the Heart of Gold Valley, when the sun has become less ardent and glaring; and yet is still blessing, when sweet odors are released from petals and leaves to delight all the senses; for they set one to dreaming. Joseph and Ruth drew rein when they reached the heights overlooking the Plaza; and turned in their path to the view that each day grew dearer.

They could see the river taking its shilly-shallying course to the ocean, gleaming in its silver sands. This Los Angeles River which once had born the brave and portentous name Porciuncula. Keeping it company as lesser sisters were the Santa Ana and the San Gabriel. All three shone for these young New Englanders' vision in the sunset's glow; and to the far southwest the great Pacific, which was now a silver sea where but an hour before it glowed sapphire.

"See, there is Santa Catalina," exclaimed Ruth. "Senorita Laura told me where to find it. How distinct it is against the sky."

"And there beyond it, barely showing is it's little brother, San Clemente. Can you make it out?"

With this limitless view, the adobes in the foreground and even the church of our Lady Queen of the Angels were only a part of the wide landscape. It was like a park; and the low-lying meadows, now lush with green grasses, on either side of the near river seemed as the meadows of old Spain or of France where cultivation for centuries had possessed the stretches. All-hued flowers as a Syrian tapestry interlaid the vivid green. There were groups of trees, copes of alder and willow, groves of oak, which further heightened the park-like effect; and the deer in herds were feeding.

Diablo sniffed the air and lifted his dainty forefeet higher when they crossed through some sandy stretches. "Look, look, Joseph, there's bear tracks."

"As sure as you live, they belong to old Grizzly, the very same they killed last night near the Plaza."

Joseph was down from his horse in a moment and measured with his reata the width of the print in the sand.

"Eight inches at least; I am sure of it." Then he told Ruth the bit of news he had hitherto forgotten, how a huge bear the night before had walked down past the adobes and had chosen the Plaza itself for a night's sleeping; till the gray of the morning had revealed him to Jim and some early-rising vaqueros, who straightway had great sport with this intruding guest of Los Angeles. Their numbers were too much for even a grizzly and they killed him with the loss of only one horse. They had succeeded in lassoing the bear right in front of the church and now all but Jim claimed the skin and the honor.

"But don't be afraid, little sister, there is no danger so early in the evening. That is all the game we're likely to see beside the deer." And he pointed down the valley where there seemed to be acres of brown moving ground. The effect was produced by countless thousands of rabbits scurrying over the land.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Superstitions of Southern Slaves.

[Southern Workman:] As a part of the folklore of the negro people the superstitions of slavery days are of great interest. The following are some of the negro's beliefs about ghosts:

To feel a hot breath of air strike you at twilight signifies the near-by presence of a ghost. Should you wish to avoid him stop and turn your coat and trousers and hat wrong side out and the spirit cannot encounter you. If, however, he is a pugnacious sprite and approaches malgré the change turn and address him thus: "In the name of the Lord, what do you want?" Whereupon he will tell you his business upon earth, then depart and never, never trouble you again.

If, on the other hand, it is a prowling ghost who crawls under the house, bumps against the floor, makes strange sounds and whispers in the midnight hours you have only to put in a new floor and he will do so no more. Some ghosts are obtrusive and will not only prowl about the house, but creep in through the cat hole or under the crack of the door during the wee sma' hours of the night, and once inside expand to vast proportions.

To spare yourself any disturbance in this way sow mustard seed all about the doorstep just before going to bed or place a sieve on the doorstep. Before entering, the spirit will have to count all the holes in the sieve or all the mustard seeds, and by this time daylight will come and he will have to go. As the counting for one night will not do for another you are always safe.



# Startling Experience of Kate Conaty.

By Amanda Mathews.

## GUIDO NUNCIO'S BABY.

KATE CONATY was at once the joy and the despair of the Health Department. She was everything a district nurse should be and everything which she should not. She had no ability for the work—only genius. She usually brought up at a case with the wrong bottle but the sunshine of her was more curative than many bottles.

Miss Conaty had a figure of matronly curves belying her old-maidenhood. For age, averaging her hair, beautifully fluffy but snow-white, with her young blue eyes and apple-blossom complexion, one would guess about 40 and be near enough.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and a bleak wind not in the pay of the municipality was doing its best at sweeping the tenement street. Nurse Conaty passed along almost at a run. Only one call to show for the whole afternoon! Any of her colleagues would have six or eight.

Her single visit, however, had accomplished what the whole department had been ardently desiring for months. Old John was actually off for the hospital! He was a crabbed ancient, far gone in tuberculosis, who scorned sanitary precautions to the extent that he was an hourly menace to Young John's large family. Moreover, Young John was out of work and the little Johns were getting rickety because the grandfather absorbed the milk and eggs. Katy had blarneyed him from her warm Irish heart and lammed him with her warm Irish tongue. At his first reluctant half-yielding she had flashed the hospital permit before his eyes, rushed off to telephone for the ambulance, and back again to keep his spirit boosted until it came.

While speeding as if she hoped to overtake her well-spent afternoon, the nurse was suddenly confronted by a gnome-like cripple who might have emerged from some underground burrow. He stood directly in her path, his long arms crossed at the wrists and his crooked legs at the ankles so his body was two horrible triangles, set on top of each other and surmounted by a large head with very big light eyes. An ordinary doorknob would have been on a level with his neck. He had stubby gray hair, gray skin, and shabby gray clothes. His features were regular, however, and almost impressive except that his large mouth was crookedly set, giving a wry twist to his smile.

"Ain't you the nurse?" His voice was unexpectedly musical.

"I am that."

"There's a sick Dago baby in my house."

"That's my business. Take me to the baby."

The dwarf darted on ahead, evidently to spare her the embarrassment of walking beside him.

"Not so fast, my man; I can't keep up. I declare, if you don't look like one of the little people my grandmother was always telling me stories about—and a precious lot they were!"

The gnome gave her his crooked smile. It was characteristic of Nurse Conaty that she should speak at once of his deformity. It was also characteristic that to the cripple her pleasantry should be healing balm beside the facial expression he was accustomed to evoke by the first sight of himself.

At a certain corner the nurse stopped and studied the name of the street. It was the boundary of her district. What she should do was to turn in this new case to headquarters by telephone, and proceed with her own rounds. But it was nearly quitting time. The other nurse would not get the call until the end of her day's work and would not attend to it until morning.

"Is the baby very sick?"

"Maybe dead."

Nurse Conaty hesitated no longer. Boundaries were crossed to render "first aid," and anyway, she was no great respecter of regulations.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Dunno—just seems bound to die."

"Are you Italian?"

"Yes, but born here. Vitto is my name, Vitto Cavello."

"You say the baby is in your house?"

"Yes, in my tenement."

Another block and they stood before his building, a gray crooked old wooden tenement, appropriate shell for such a possessor.

"It's been condemned twice," he commented, "but they forget. That is good, only some day they will remember."

"What sort of tenants have you?"

"Any kind that ain't particular where they live and won't pay their rent," he answered grimly. "And I let 'em go and let 'em go, because when they tell big lies about their poorness they look at me as if I was not so ugly. It is nothing, but nothing is something when you are like me."

The interior of the tenement was so dark and dirty that why it had been overlooked thus long both by the municipality and the god of cleansing fire was not to be easily comprehended. All halls, like the filaments of a spider's web, led past the gnome landlord's own room at an inner angle of the building. His door stood open on the uninviting confusion of eating and sleeping con-

veniences. Before the door was a bench littered with paper, evidently his desk. A rawhide-bottom chair had been cut down to his size.

He was conducting her down one of the halls when he stopped before a door and made what was plainly a deliberate effort to work himself into an excitement of anger.

"I got to live, ain't I?" he cried as if he were being contradicted. "Tax day here and my feet in cracked shoes—no rent come in for two months. I'm going to collect! I'm going to collect!"

With this he pounded on the door, which was reluctantly opened by the hand of a curious old Italian, withered and hairy, with huge earrings. The landlord pushed the door wide open and walked in, the old man backing away before him. The room was squalor itself.

"Rent! Rent!" yelled the gnome, fantastically pointing down his own throat and showing his empty pockets. With imploring hands and rolling eyes, the old man mumbled in Italian what was manifestly whining protestations of poverty.

"Rent! Rent!" The dwarf executed contortions of face and body which multiplied his ugliness a hundred-fold. The tenant shook visibly, but kept up his obstinate whining.

Then Vitto Cavello fell on another stratagem. He froze himself into his characteristic standing posture, wrists and ankles crossed, and stared unblinkingly with his owl eyes at the recalcitrant tenant. This proved effective. The old Italian hastily drew a bill from his ragged vest and crowded it into the dwarf's palm with what Miss Conaty judged to be maledictions. The landlord then allowed himself to be pushed out and the door closed upon him.

"That's one way of collecting the rent," observed Katy.

"He's a retired beggar—got his shirt lined with money, but he's economical. Never would pay me except he thinks I've got the evil eye. But I ain't! It's the only curse the good God didn't put on me. I'd think He Himself would hate to look at me after He made me."

"Poor heart! When you're taken up to heaven the angels will turn you inside out, and I have an idea the inside of you's right beautiful. And don't you let the whole caboodle of these tenants walk over you as I see you do. But this isn't saving the baby. Where is it?"

"It is the child of Guido Nuncio. He is one garbage man." Vitto tapped on the door next to the retired beggar's, which was also the last one at the end of the hall. He opened it without waiting for parley and admitted the nurse and himself.

The two-room tenement was by no means cheerless, though the air was hot and fetid from the combination of cook stove and sealed windows. The kitchen in which they stood was clean, and the bedroom beyond was graced by gray carpet and brass bedstead.

At one end of the kitchen stove the grandmother sat on a stool sewing a white baby garment. Before the stove in a low rocking chair was the mother holding a wasted, pitiful mite of a baby, whose wrinkled parchment skin looked older than his grandmother's. Indeed, he scarcely seemed a baby, but some little old man who had shriveled down to this.

The dwarf gave an explanation in Italian. The old woman muttered angrily. She was very wrinkled, with glittering black eyes, few teeth, and the sagging dewlaps of haggard old age, revealed by the black handkerchief which covered her head, but was unknotted at the neck.

The younger one looked up dully. She was pretty both by virtue of olive coloring and the typical Madonna oval of her face. The women were alike in a certain look of impenetrability to new ideas; but the older woman's was hostile, the younger woman's only dull and timid.

"No wanta my baby die," the mother said drearily, looking from the nurse to the mother-in-law's sewing.

"Grandma's making its burying dress," revealed the dwarf.

"Indeed, and we'll have it wearing that burying dress to the park of a Sunday," answered Katy, more reassuringly than she felt, as she divested herself of hat and coat.

Laying a shawl over the baby she flung up the windows and quickly changed the air of the room. This set the old woman to muttering indignantly, while the younger one looked dully alarmed.

"No wanta my baby die."

"He'd die all the quicker for having nothing to breathe. What do you feed him?"

The gnome interpreted. The mother answered by offering him her breast, from which he turned feebly away.

"No wanta my baby die," she said again, but this time with appeal dimly directed to some strength of help in the newcomer.

"The old women say when a mother get sorry heart the baby don't like her milk," said the gnome. "This little woman loved another Italian man back in Italy. Her father and mother tell her better marry with this

Guido Nuncio, and she did. Then he brought her here away from all her folks and that other. She and the old woman don't get along, and her husband's pretty bossy with her, so this baby is most she's got to love."

"What's she feeding it?" was the nurse's practical rejoinder. "Bread soaked in wine!" She had pounced on a cup and spoon. She took from her professional bag a package of the very latest scientific achievement in baby nutriment, prepared a portion, and managed to get a few drops down the infant's throat.

Through the dwarf she asked for clean baby clothes and then dismissed him. She helped herself to a wash basin from the bedroom, warm water from the teakettle, olive oil and absorbent cotton from her bag.

Vitto Cavello, turning back at the door, noted the charm hung about the infant's neck. This object came to view as the nurse unfastened the clothing. It consisted of a tiny ivory hand, closed except thumb and small finger.

"That's to protect it from my evil eye," he observed. "Oh! I'm used to seeing one hand gone of anybody I talk to because they're making that sign behind their backs where I won't know it." Bitterness gave an additional twist to his wry smile. He closed the door before Katy could say anything comforting.

The mother submitted to her bathing the child, though the grandmother kept up her subdued choleric protest. The nurse herself feared the dirty feverish scrap of emaciation would gasp its last there on her lap, but she managed to get it dressed and to administer nourishment, meanwhile estimating its chance of recovery at about one in a thousand.

It was too late for other calls, so Nurse Conaty turned herself homeward. She was exceedingly weary. Few women can stand up to district nursing for long, and Katy Conaty poured out her strength like water. She kept house daintily behind a screen in a single room. Sipping her tea before her grate, she could not keep her mind away from the baby.

"Sure the Dagoes are a queer painted-picture people," she soliloquized aloud, "but they got their feelings same as the Irish. It's only sense they lack. They'll never understand now about feeding that baby; they'll crowd its poor little tum-tum; or like enough they were killing it with bread and wine before I was out at the door—I must go back!"

The department had repeatedly advised Nurse Conaty against evening visits after her day's work. Her friendly landlady would be voluble in her objections; consequently she gained the street by a side door.

It was about 8 o'clock when the nurse again arrived at the tenement. The dwarf had evidently been reading at his bench-desk, but was now snoring heavily, his head down on his arms. Pitiful of him, she stole past without waking him.

Inside the room she heard excited voices. It must be that the baby had already slipped away. With ceremony she opened the door and stood among the family.

No, the baby on its mother's lap was still alive, though moaning as if too weary to draw each succeeding breath. She saw at once the cause of excitement. The grandmother was in the act of feeding the child more bread and wine; the mother was weakly resisting. The father, a new element, towered by the stove, his hands flying in dramatic gesticulation. Katy sensed instantly that he was backing the grandmother.

Her Irish rose to the occasion. She snatched the cup and emptied its contents into the sink. The clamor swelled higher. The grandmother followed her to the sink with angry screeches. The latter roughly ordered his mother to her seat by the stove, this was his fight. He was a wild-looking fellow, with thick neck and fierce mustachios. He belonged to that potentially criminal type which resents a terms of knives.

"What you make in my house?" he demanded furiously.

"I'm the city nurse."

"No city nurse can come in my house! You get out, quick!"

"I'm here to help your sick baby, Mr. Nuncio, and here I see myself staying till I quit of my own accord," retorted Katy.

"You no help—you keel! You open the window—wash the babe—you putta in him the bad American eat—now you go—see?"

He drew a long curved knife from the belt beneath his coat. The nurse swiftly realized her peculiar helplessness. No one knew she was there. She felt the retired beggar next door would not interfere with herself in any outcry of hers. Oh, well—the child had only his thousandth chance at best, and without her it would soon be over. She delayed coolly, however, to feel the pulse. Certainly a trifle stronger. This might indicate that the chance of life had risen to, say, one in a hundred, or it might just as easily be the last flare-up nature is apt to show immediately preceding the end.

Then Katy Conaty, district nurse, deliberately



her desperate chance and threw in her lot with the child's."

"Man, man!" she said soothingly, "you're hasty. Will you be after knitting me before you give me a fair try with the baby?"

Slowly the Italian's hand parted company with the little child.

"All right," he amended. "You stay—you do like you please—the babe kicka the buck, you kicka the buck—the babe getta good, you no kicka the buck."

Guido Nuncio gave his wife a brusque command that she surrender the child to the nurse.

"No wanta my baby die."

Almost before the wall was out of her, the mother was asleep on the floor in front of the stove. She had watched many nights. The mother-in-law forced a pillow beneath her head and returned to her stool, from whence she eyed the nurse unblinkingly. At the other side of the stove, the father sullenly glowered.

Fatigue and the shock of fear had blanched Katy's cheeks to almost the whiteness of her hair and voluminous apron. Her eyes refused to focus on the weakened creature in her arms. She recalled the cutting of her own knives, and pictured the Italian's stab, with its rending sensation of resistant flesh and its accompanying red deluge.

These carnal horrors slipped away in a throb of relief as Vitto Cavello, the dwarf, stepped into the room and stood as usual, his body composed into its triangular shape. He was evidently astonished to find the nurse there at that hour, but he did not address her. The master of the house scowled dangerously. He spoke in English to impress the nurse.

"You wanta my rent?"

"No, Guido Nuncio. Did I ever say that word in anybody's black time of trouble? I come to look at your sick baby."

"The women say you looka too much, signore. Your looka is what makka the babe getta the sick!"

To openly accuse one of the evil eye is a deadly insult. The dwarf waved his apelike arms.

"There is no harm in my eyes, Guido Nuncio!"

"When your eyes no keel enough quick you go getta this city nurse to open the window and waasha the babe, to keel more quick lika you want."

"She is a good lady, Guido Nuncio. She saves many babies of we poor—for this I bring her to save yours—no to please you—but that one." He pointed to the sleeping mother.

"Maybe you wanta getta the smart with my wife. You makka the fool—no man 'fraild his wife getta the smart with you."

The gnome's gray cheeks burned red.

"You're a wicked man, Guido Nuncio, and I dare tell you that without a knife! You wanted a wife and you got her! You wanted a son and you got him! Now God will take away your son for your black heart! Look how mean and bossy you are with your poor little woman. God's taking that in, too. Beware or—"

Vitto Cavello slammed the door with himself on the outside in the nick of time. When Guido Nuncio flung it open, knife in hand, there entered a mocking laugh from far down the hall. Furiously the master of the house locked their door, pocketed the key and returned to his seat by the fire.

"That meana man to come here—no makka the diff, with you," he snarled at Miss Conaty. "I tell him by-and-by you go home—he no wanta the trouble, you bet—his house two times condemn—it getta pull down easy!"

"He wouldn't keep still for that!" declared Katy. The lady rolled its head and moaned.

"No diff—the law and the devil catcha me—no diff—no one die and my woman hate me—no diff—I lika the law and the devil catcha me!"

Katy hunted herself ministering to the child, meanwhile planning desperately for deception and escape when the probable should occur.

The hours passed. It seemed as if such light as there was in the kitchen flowed from the nurse instead of the candle on the table. She crooned the lullabys of this. Although it was the custom of the garbage man to sing classic opera as he emptied the smelly cans of his trade, apparently he glowered none the less fiercely for the melodies of Katy Conaty.

Her was Katy counting upon any softening effect of her music. She was now oblivious of fear; she had passed into a waking dream. She felt the soul of the child as a wild bird, fluttering in her hands. She felt a strange power in herself not to let it go.

At last, long after the turn of the night, the baby nestled eagerly for the nourishment, and having received it, fell into unfevered sleep; the bird had folded its wings.

Katy covered the infant's face from the light and carried him into the bedroom. When she reappeared in the doorway with empty arms, the grandmother broke into a low wall, and reaching for her roll of white winding, unfolded the burial robe across her knees. The mother sat up, gazing wildly, then dropped forward upon the floor. In the reaction of her own relief, the nurse was too dazed to realize for the instant the family's natural mistake.

Guido Nuncio flung his knife under the sink as he looked toward Katy, his face working.

"No keel you! You singa good—you makka the diff with the babe—my son die, but me no keel!"

Then Nurse Conaty understood.

"No!" she cried. "Why, the darlint's forgotten all about dying! He's getting well by the minute!"

She brought the child to confirm her words. Already he appeared less weakened, and when he opened his eyes and managed a smile, he seemed quite like a real baby.

"It's just starving he was. You give him—"

But nobody heard. The hag was now a dear old human grandmother with the tears of joy running down her wrinkles. The wife knelt before a gaudy print of Virgin and Christchild tacked up on the kitchen wall. The father flung open the outer door and shouted down the hall: "Vitto Cavello! Vitto Cavello!"

When the dwarf cautiously appeared, Guido fell upon him in fervent embrace, with voluble Italian speech.

The retired beggar came also. After he had inspected the babe and retired, a gold piece was discovered in its tiny clutch.

Vitto Cavello, with a cautionary glance at the kneeling wife, dropped into the husband's vernacular to make himself better understood.

"Guido Nuncio, now your babe no die, why you wanta be one big fool? Your wife, she gotta love on you all right in her heart. But you all the time by the house bossa, bossa, bossa, bossa. How she makka the love on you and the smile when you bossa, bossa, bossa? You quitta the bossa and makka on her the kees. Gooda night, Guido Nuncio."

The Italian did not look after the gnome; he was already crossing the room to where his wife still knelt below the holy picture. Dropping down at her side, he pulled her into his arms. The pathetic oval of her cheek rested willingly on his shoulder, while he followed the dwarf's advice to "makka on her the kees."

Katy Conaty, district nurse, took her dizzy way homeward when the early milk wagons were clattering over the cobbles. Guido and Vitto, arm in arm, followed at a deferential distance to act as bodyguard.

#### The Ever Grinding Mills.

Shower of rain and shower of sun—

Soul of the soil, awake!

Walls of the seed cell, break!

Strongly the generous juices run

In earth's full veins; each uttermost one,

Glad in the year's glad morn,

Stirs with a hope new born—

Hope that each germinal fiber thrills,

Passion eld as the god of the hills:

God of the hills, eterne,

See how thy creatures yearn,

Being but grist for thy grinding mills.

Grist for the mills that grind: from the seed,

Tiniest seed that lies

Waiting the warming skies,

On to the mightiest breathing breed

Mothered of earth—the wheat and the weed,

Man and his brother beast,

Greatest not less than least,

All to be ground as the Miller wills;

Tell us, artificer of the hills,

Are we but, as we seem,

Parts of a living dream—

Dream creatures dreaming the grinding mills?

Grist for the mills: if the grist rebel,

Bidding the harsh wheel halt,

Is it the Miller's fault?

Giving us mind was cruel?—Ah, well,

Filling the mind with heaven and hell,

Giving the soul a voice,

Dressing up fate as choice

Was perhaps more well-meaning than kind;

What if the will, and what if the mind

(Will that forthbrought the plan,

Mind that it gave to man)

Were themselves—grist for the mills that grind?

Outstreaming sun and downdropping rain—

Spirit of pregnant earth,

Praying to give in birth,

Soon thy baptism of exquisite pain!

Tremulous, burning pith of the grain,

Find in the clod a soul!

Seek, O my heart, thy goal—

Courage! Look up, look up to the hills!

Conviction comes, and God! how it thrills;

Incomplete were the scheme

And imperfect the dream

Save for the grist that feedeth the mills.

—[Owen Terry, in New York Sun.

#### Government Count of Sheep.

[New York Sun:] Government reports show that there are today more than 67,000,000 sheep in the United States. Some one has calculated that if this number were placed in a column, two abreast, they would circle the globe, and still there would be a few left over. To ascertain the cost of producing this vast amount of wool and mutton, the government has spent more than a year in investigation. Whenever the tariff occupies the stage in politics and Schedule K is talked about, the question of the cost of producing wool is one of the chief topics. So many conflicting views have been presented on this subject that the government has employed Prof. E. L. Shaw, a noted sheep expert and corps of assistants to investigate the conditions in the sheep States and to submit a report. Prof. Shaw has been busy since a year ago last October compiling statistics as to the exact cost of sheep raising both in the East and in the West. Some idea of the thoroughness of the work can be gathered from the fact that in Helena, Mont., alone Prof. Shaw and his assistants spent five weeks examining the books of fourteen large sheep ranches.

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#### Men of Wonderful Memory.

##### SOME WHO COULD REPEAT THE CONTENTS OF ENTIRE BOOKS.

[New York Sun:] Rabbis have been known who could repeat the whole of the Hebrew Scriptures word for word. A French marquis made a handbook of France from memory, in which he described every principal chateau in the kingdom. Cardinal Mezzofanti, "that monster of languages," as Byron called him, could give offhand the contents of entire dictionaries and grammars.

A Roman priest used to amuse his friends by an extraordinary feat of memory. Allowing them to designate any line of an Italian poet, he would begin with that line and recite a hundred lines, either backward or forward, according to the wish of his listeners.

Experienced librarians will carry in their heads a list of titles of books, with the names of the authors and even the proper number of the books and their places on the shelves, to an extent astonishing to the ordinary reader. Long practice gives this accomplishment, but it is of course the sooner attained when the person possesses a naturally retentive literary memory.

This faculty was downright genius in Antony Magliabecchi, librarian of the Grand Duke Cosmo III of Florence. For instance, if a priest wished to compose a panegyric on a saint and communicated his intention to Magliabecchi, the librarian would immediately inform him of any reference to the saint, of the part of the work wherein it was to be found, and that sometimes to the number of a hundred writers.

Magliabecchi could tell not only who had treated a subject designedly but also those who had touched upon it incidentally in writing upon other subjects. This information was given with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words and often the very number of the page at which the passage occurred.

Magliabecchi visited other libraries, and his local memory was such that he needed but to see and consult a book but once in its place to fix everything pertaining to it permanently in his mind. One day, the story runs, the Grand Duke sent for Magliabecchi to ask whether there could be procured from him a book that was decidedly rare.

"No, your Grace," answered the librarian, "for there is but one copy in the world, and that is in the library of the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople. It is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right as one enters."

Prescott tells how Macaulay was once caught tripping with reference to a line in "Paradise Lost." In a few days he turned up with the poem in his hand, saying, as he offered it to the gentleman who had caught him, "I do not think that you will catch me again as to the 'Paradise.'" And they did not.

Dr. Addison Alexander of Princeton Theological Seminary had a wonderful memory. It was not only tenacious of words but of facts. For the amusement of young folks he would sometimes say: "Now, I am going to talk without thinking." And he would pour forth period after period of strange words and in congruous images, harmonious and even rhythmical in sound but wholly destitute of sense.

If anyone thinks this an easy feat, let him try to suspend his reason and give free rein to his fancy in periods which shall be grammatically correct and yet without meaning.

Another of his feats was to submit himself to examination and tell offhand where he was and what he was doing on any day or any year the examiner chose to name.

His most wonderful feat was displayed at the matriculation of a class in the seminary. Forty or fifty students presented themselves for admission. Each handed his credentials to the professors, who examined them and, if satisfactory, entered the student's name and address in the register.

When the students had retired the professors began bantering one another as to which one should take the register home and prepare from it an alphabetical roll—an irksome task.

"There is no need to take the register home," said Dr. Alexander, "I will make out the roll for you."

Whereupon he took a sheet of paper and, without referring to the register, wrote out in alphabetical order the full names and addresses of the students, which he had heard once only, when they were recorded.

What makes this still more wonderful is the fact that the entire mass of names and addresses must have been present in the doctor's mind while he was selecting each one in its alphabetical order.

It is a curious fact that extraordinary memories are frequently possessed by those who are otherwise mentally deficient. There is on record the case of an imbecile who could not only repeat accurately a page or more of any book that had been read to him, even though it was a book that had been read days before. In the same institution for the insane there was another imbecile who could repeat backward what had been read to him.

#### Watch Yourself.

[Health Culture:] Watch yourself. If, when you sit, you lean forward, as though you had a joint where your waist is, or if, when you pause to talk with a caller, you unconsciously "flump down," your waist muscles are shirking their work. You cannot take time for any of the exercises that would strengthen them, but you can hold yourself up, keep your shoulders back and your chest forward. You can keep your abdomen well drawn back. A week of conscientious and steady effort will make standing erect possible. A second week will make it easy, and a third ought to make it habitual.



# Prison Reform in the Philippines.

By Alfred C. Pickells.

## Bilibid Bettered.

### THE RESULT OF AMERICAN METHODS OF MANAGEMENT.

ONCE A HOUSE OF TORTURE UNDER SPANISH REGIME. ACQUIRED BY THE UNITED STATES AS ONE OF THE PHILIPPINE INSTITUTIONS—NOW A MODEL PRISON.

IF YOU go sightseeing in Manila the guides do not fail to show you the Carcel de Bilibid. They do so with a great deal of pride. Once Bilibid, within almost a stone's throw of your hotel, was the most hated place in existence to the natives; now it holds no more terrors than the best of prisons in the States. Bilibid, in fact, has been transformed from a house of torture to a model and sanitary prison wherein the convicts are not only kept in good physical condition, but are required to labor at occupations which, in their later life, often prove profitable.

Why the original constructors of Bilibid designed it

Since October, 1898, when the American officials took charge of the prison, Bilibid has undergone a most beneficial transformation. Those quarters known as the dormitories are not the congested cells of the old Spanish regime, but have been cleaned and ventilated until there is now a free circulation of air in each. Looking from one end of those buildings to the other you can see long rows of cots behind sections barred off with thick bamboo rods, and neatness and order prevail throughout. Twelve wide windows line each side of each building, and in the roofs of each there has been built a continuous line of suction ventilators.

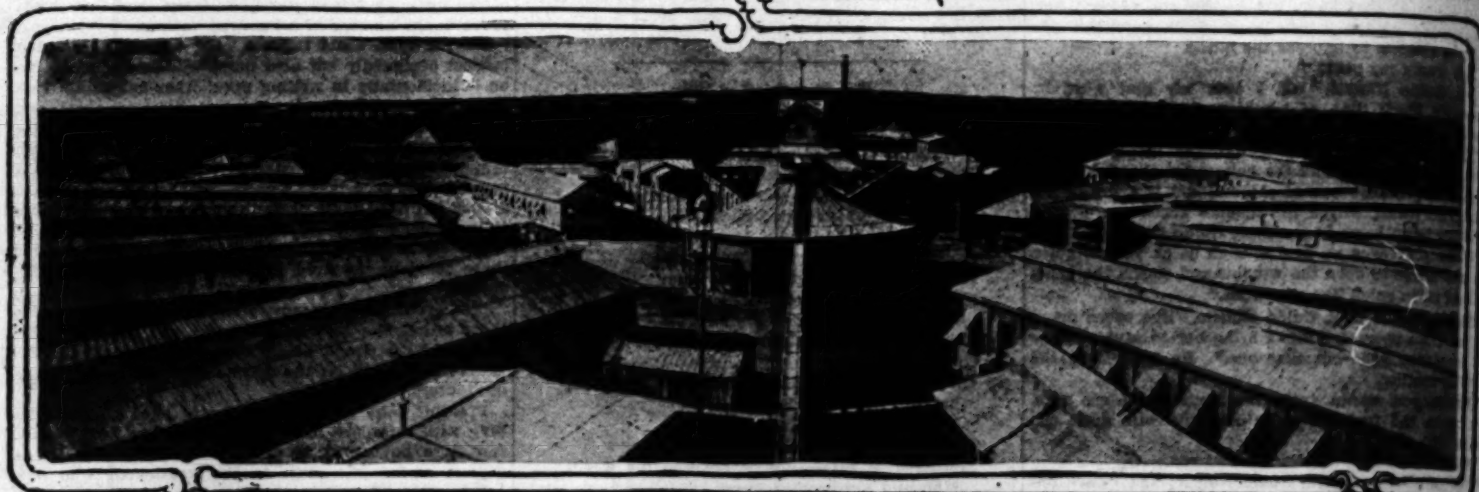
The workshops, kitchens, lavatories and hospitals have been likewise improved, each being equipped with the most modern of sanitary appliances. Bilibid, therefore, instead of being called the "House of Torture," as named under the old Spanish rule, is being looked upon with a sort of pride by the native Filipinos as one of the model institutions of its kind in the world.

Its reconstruction has, in fact, educated the Filipinos

several selections. The Filipinos are naturally good musicians, and it is no trouble to keep the band of forty-five men recruited to its limit. After the roll-call the prisoners remain at attention until the band plays the Star-Spangled Banner, when they are marched to the quarters. Once a week there is review of the whole prison, headed by the band, and the drills often attain an unusual amount of proficiency.

The employment of the prisoners consists of banding, manufacturing bamboo furniture, weaving baskets, curtains, screens and hammocks, making rope, engraving on wood, horn, shell and silver, making fancy and useful articles from horn and shell, and wrapping such whips, and there are also carpenters, wood turners, blacksmiths, stone masons, bricklayers, and tailors, and occasionally an artist or two is found among the number and given a canvas.

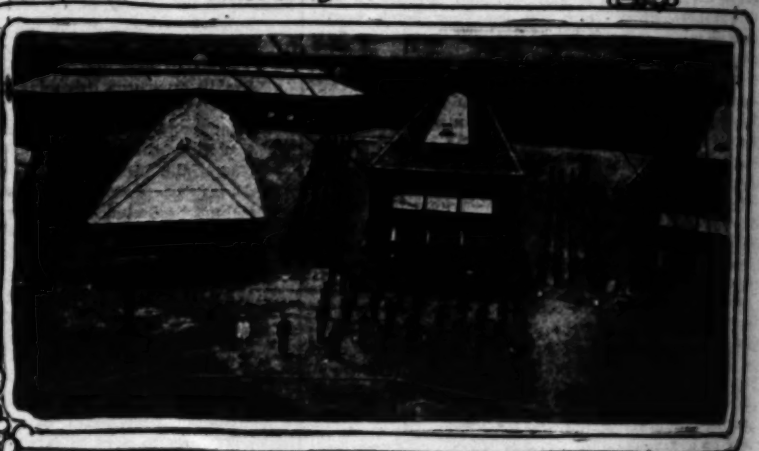
The articles thus manufactured are placed on sale, and from the revenue thus derived the prison often accumulates a surplus for the year. The average



*Bilibid, from the Administration Building.*



*The prison laundry*



*Evening roll-call.*

on lines which suggested the most sanitary conditions and yet turned it into the filthiest of institutions is a circumstance which made the United States authorities ponder. In the midst of the old city, lying within a circle more than a mile in circumference, nineteen long, low buildings converge on an open space surrounding a large circular building and from what is said to be the largest prison in the world. There is plenty of air space between the building. Besides the nineteen prison quarters which radiate outward from the circular guardhouse in the center there are five other buildings, composing the administration offices, the commissary and quartermaster's storehouses, and the ice and electric plants, all within the great circular area.

Topping in height each of these buildings there are guard towers from which can be poured any number of steel death-dealing missiles within the great inclosure and for a great radius without. There is one large tower in the center above the main guardhouse, a score or more surround the inclosure at equal intervals, and there is not a nook or corner in Bilibid which does not come under the eye of the watchful sentinels.

The long, low buildings of Bilibid compose the prisoners' quarters. Since the American occupation of the islands, the great prison has been divided in two parts by a great stone wall. One half is set apart for the American military and civilian prisoners, the remainder for the native Filipino, and the Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and other prisoners of different nationalities. The great prison has therefore been given two names; the former the Presidio de Manila, the latter the Carcel de Bilibid. The whole prison is under military command, but the native section is directly supervised by native officials.

to a considerable degree, because while the discipline of the American officials is strict the method of treating and caring for the prisoners within its confines has done more to demonstrate that the American people are a humane race than all other means.

Bilibid has a daily routine much like other prisons. The prisoners are roused in the morning by the call of the bugle at 5:45. Breakfast follows a certain amount of exercise, and after that the prisoners go to the workshops until the noon hour. Then comes a light lunch, a siesta for an hour, more work until 6:30 p.m., then dinner, and they are locked up for the night.

Twice a week the inmates are compelled to bathe, and twice a week they are given clean clothes, not always secured by many of them while on the outside.

There are four classes of rations issued to the prisoners, depending on their nationality. The Americans receive the ration of the regular army, which costs about 25 cents; the Europeans receive food at the rate of about 14 cents, and the Filipino eats to the amount of 8 cents. This is not discrimination, nor is there partiality shown in the quality or the amount. All of the food is palatable, well cooked and cleanly served, but that which would suit the native element would not suit the American contingent, nor the reverse. Clothing of the regulation prison character is supplied to each convict at a cost of about 60 cents a man.

One of the most interesting features of the prison routine is the assembly for the evening roll-call. The occupants of each dormitory are formed in a large company of four ranks deep, and each section of sixteen men is in charge of a convict of good standing. These stand at attention while the prison band discourses

amount of receipts from this means is about \$12,000 a year.

One of the greatest testimonials to the conduct of Bilibid is the low death rate since the beginning of the American administration. Under the Spanish rule it sometimes reached as high as one in five, while under the American direction it has never gone above one in sixty. Doubtless this is due to the more humane method of treatment, none of the prisoners, even to the murderers, being held in solitary confinement without some exercise daily. The hospital also has every means of treating any disease which may break out, and there is a daily inspection of the men at each morning assembly to ferret out any sickness.

Bilibid has seen many exciting days, and, under the Spanish rule, has had its walls so crammed at times that it seemed as if no more could be forced in. Yet they were. Its capacity was originally designed to accommodate 3000, but the records of its days when revolutions existed against the Spanish government show that as many as 2600 prisoners were confined there at one time.

The prison was, in fact, designed for this purpose more than a hundred years ago, and political prisoners have outnumbered the criminals each year since, according to the captured records of the prison. When Gen. F. A. Hughes took charge of the prison for the United States government in October, 1898, he found over 2000 prisoners confined there against whom no formal charges had been recorded. He found the condition of these men and women most revolting.

"A great many of them," he said, "were heavily ironed—most cruelly ironed. For instance, there would be a



was chained to the wall of a stone cell in which there was no light except through two loop holes high up and about two inches wide and a foot long. We also found some with bars of iron about three feet long to which were attached two iron loops that were fastened around their ankles, and they had to carry those bars every step they made. The flesh around their ankles was worn altogether to the bone in many cases."

In his report of that inspection Gen. Hughes also said that two hours after the prison had been turned over to the American authorities the irons which had been hatched off the prisoners were piled up, and the resulting accumulation measured more than a cord and a half in size.

Gen. Hughes had the authority to release those prisoners against whom there were no criminal charges on the records, and within three days after he had assumed charge nearly one thousand political offenders against the Spanish government had been set free. What followed was a matter of American thrift and energy. The criminal offenders were herded into one quarter of the enclosure, temporarily, while a force of mechanics and laborers were placed at work in the other, and before a month's time had elapsed Hilibid was surprised at itself with the change that had taken place. Other improvements followed by degrees until the present state of well nigh perfection has been reached.

Hilibid has contained some noted prisoners in its day, not only under the Spanish rule but also under the American control. Here it was that the celebrated Aguinaldo rested after his strenuous efforts to drive the American people off the islands. Here it was also that Sukay, the noted Fatalist, and his scoundrel band were hanged after one of the most exciting chases and captures in the history of the islands.

## Uncle Sam's New Gas Plant.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

For many years attempts have been made to liquefy natural gas, but all of these attempts have been unsuccessful, as the terrific pressure required with the old process was so great that nothing could be made sufficiently strong to withstand it and at the same time be light enough to be easily transported. With the new process, natural gas can be forced into a liquid under great pressure, and this liquid in turn can be bottled in steel tubes or bottles, but nothing like the pressure is necessary that had to be used when forcing any quantity of natural gas into cylinders without first causing it to liquefy. And this problem of causing natural gas to first liquefy and then, when wanted for use, to slowly return to its natural state, is the problem solved by the government experts.

It has been common practice for years to bottle gas so that it could be carried from place to place, but the great difficulty has always been to bottle sufficient quantities to last any length of time. The gas itself could be bottled, but this is the first time liquefaction of gas has been successfully accomplished. By liquefying the gas, vastly greater quantities can be stored in the same space—sufficient to last thirty times as long as under the old process.

Dr. Walter O. Snelling, consulting chemist of the Bureau of Mines at Pittsburgh, is the man who made the discovery. He had liquefied quite a large quantity of the natural gas, stored it in a thick glass bowl, and lifted his office in Pittsburgh with it for several months before saying anything about its possibilities. After making sure the discovery was practical, he made thorough tests to learn the cost, and compared it with the price of the usual illuminants, including gas, electricity, petroleum and acetylene. By means of these tests he proved that ten cents worth of the new gas would burn 2200 candle-power hours, as against 100 for ordinary city gas, 790 for electricity, 640 for acetylene, and 465 for petroleum. From this it will be seen at a glance what an enormous saving is possible through the use of the new illuminant.

Through this invention it has been found possible to extract the elements of natural gas, which give the greatest heat and energy, something that has never been done before. Into an ordinary steel bottle fifty-one inches high and six inches in diameter, can be put two thousand cubic feet of the gas, enough to run an ordinary house for a month. This steel bottle can be easily handled by one man. There will be no more piping required than for the use of any other gas, and when used in the house the little plant can be so arranged there will always be a reserve of gas to last a month. The tanks will be replaced once a month, but there will always be an additional bottle to last another month.

Some types of liquid gas are already well known. Pintsch, many years ago, prepared gas in liquid form by heating oil in closed iron vessels to a high temperature. A little later a German chemist named Blau also prepared a gas by heating oil in closed retorts. These processes differed only in regard to the temperature at which the oil was heated, but neither the Blau nor the Pintsch process has been wholly successful, and it was because of this Dr. Snelling began his first experiments with the idea of improving on these two systems. Later it occurred to him that if he could find some way to make use of the billions of feet of natural gas now going to waste all over the country, his invention would be a great boon to humanity.

While the explanation of the new process is more or less technical, a few words regarding the method may be of interest. The gas is prepared from "heavy" natural gas, particularly waste gas, which accumulates in the pipes of oil wells. This raw product has always been a waste material. The natural gas is compressed and cooled, and the heavy fractions which condense

are separated. The lighter fractions are next condensed, and are forced under pressure into a vessel called the "rectifier," where they come in contact with coils of superheated steam, and are completely vaporized. The gases then pass in succession through a series of coils, each heated to a lower temperature than the preceding one and these coils separate the gas into a series of products. The methane is used to operate the gas engines which produce the compression of the gas, and the higher compounds of the paraffin series of hydrocarbons, to which the chemical names of "ethane," "propane" and "butane" have been given, are liquefied. This liquid gas thus produced is a perfectly transparent liquid, which only remains in the liquid form while under a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch. Under less pressure than that it changes to gas. One volume of liquid produces 400 volumes of gas.

The steel tank or bottle holds the equivalent of two thousand feet of ordinary city gas. The pressure upon the container is but five hundred pounds, and accordingly ordinary steel bottles may be used, and experts claim there is no danger in their shipment or storage. By means of a reducing valve the liquid from the cylinder changes to gas at a pressure just about the same as that used in the present system of house lighting. All of the fixtures that are used with ordinary coal gas or natural gas are used with the new gas, with the regular types of Welsbach and other mantles. No special apparatus of any sort will be needed, except the expansion valve and tank, which is placed against the side of the house, out-of-doors, in a convenient position for the ready placing and removal of the bottles.

According to experts there are many advantages in the new gas, but the one that will appeal most to the consumer is that it will give five times the light that coal gas gives and three times as much as natural gas. A much smaller mantle used with the new gas gives a brighter and steadier light than the ordinary-size mantle furnishes with either natural or coal gas. The same properties that make it so much brighter also give it the advantage of superior heating power, with the result that the kitchen stove will be robbed of its terrors, and the back-to-the-farm movement will have another reason. Another thing, the new gas will be safer than any other in the matter of explosion, and it will not be affected by cold except of the extreme sort. Should there be an accident, there is the added feature of less liability to suffocation, because although more powerful, the oil scientists say, it is less deadly and the only effect would be a sort of dream, pleasant while it lasts and leaving nothing worse than a rather bad headache.

Until this new discovery the gas which escaped from oil wells was entirely wasted. Many State geologists of our oil-producing States have repeatedly called attention to this enormous waste and suggested that some means should be found to prevent it. Prof. I. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, has studied the situation for many years, and in speaking of the matter, said: "This waste is one of the greatest sources of potential wealth to the American people. By the new process, from this waste gas, a product of great value can now be obtained. On this very day our precious natural gas, the best and purest fuel that Nature has given to man, is passing into the air unused, at the rate of more than five hundred million cubic feet daily, and possibly much more, and this rate of waste has been going on for the last twenty years. For some of these years it is certain that the waste has exceeded a billion feet daily, so that the estimate of half a billion feet a day for two decades is below the actual amount rather than above it. But these figures are so vast that few can comprehend their real meaning. Suppose we reduce them to more concrete terms.

"Natural gas is composed principally of carbon and hydrogen, both pure combustibles of great heating power, and although we can neither see nor feel it except when it is in rapid motion under pressure, it has considerable weight, since a thousand cubic feet weighs about forty-eight pounds and a million feet would therefore weigh forty-eight thousand pounds or twenty-four tons, while five hundred millions would make twelve thousand tons. If this weight of pure fuel could be loaded into cars of fifty tons capacity it would require two hundred and forty such cars, and form a train nearly two miles long. If condensed into a liquid, our five hundred million feet of gas would make about eighty thousand barrels of a substance much resembling gasoline, a volume equal to nearly two-thirds of the oil daily produced in all the States east of the Mississippi River.

"Think of it; we are wasting the daily equivalent of four million gallons of gasoline, with a value of more than five hundred thousand dollars, or if sold as gas at its average price to the consumer, of twenty cents per thousand, we have the startling amount of one hundred thousand dollars per day. And just figure this amount for a year. Three hundred and sixty-five times one hundred thousand, or thirty-six and a half millions of dollars for each year, a sum less by only three and a half millions than the value of all the coal marketed in the State during the past year. Now, if we multiply this annual waste by twenty, the number of years it has existed, we get the enormous sum of \$730,000,000 as the present value of this wasted resource when marketed, a sum equal to more than two-thirds of the assessed value of all the property in this State."

The inventor of the new process of gas-making is an interesting character. Although a young man—31 years old—he is known from one end of the country

to the other as an authority in the field of high explosives. He invented the waterproof detonator, of which more than a million are used every year in the work of the Panama Canal alone. Before this detonator was devised no commercial detonator would stand immersion in water for a longer period than six to twelve hours. In the work of the Panama Canal it was necessary to leave detonators in wet holes for periods to twelve to twenty-four hours, and the waterproof detonator was invented to meet this condition. Certain parts of the excavation in the Panama Canal would have been much more difficult and expensive had it not been for this invention, and the authorities estimate it has brought about a saving to the government of about four hundred thousand dollars annually on the canal work alone. No patents were taken out on this device and it was given to the people without reserve.

The centrifuge, another invention of this young man, has proven of great service in testing dynamite for use on the canal. It has greatly increased the safety in the handling of explosives in transportation, and more than ten million pounds of dynamite for several years past have been tested by it. There have been but two accidents—both of a minor nature—in handling explosives on the canal since the invention of this test.

This centrifugal test is of more than usual interest. It is the only reliable test that may be applied to dynamite or other high explosives before shipment or being used, and it is now applied to all explosives sent to the canal work. Branch laboratories have been established in all factories making dynamite for the Panama Canal, where the test is made.

When dynamite is tested according to this method, it is first placed into a cup in a carrier which works on a pivot. By turning a crank, the dynamite is whirled around at the rate of three hundred revolutions a minute. This process continues five minutes. The cup is then taken out and weighed. By this means the exact amount of nitroglycerine escaping during shipment or handling may be correctly ascertained. While the nitroglycerine is in the dynamite cap, it can be handled with safety, but when it begins to leak it is as dangerous as pure liquid nitroglycerine. The leaking of the nitroglycerine from the dynamite cap is generally due to bad pulp or other absorbent in which it has been placed, and the centrifugal test tells whether the nitroglycerine will leak in handling or in change of climate. This invention was also given to the government for the free use of the people of the United States.

The densimeter is an instrument which tells the absolute specific gravity or density of black powder and similar explosives. Other instruments for this purpose are known, but they are all large pieces of apparatus, with many complicated parts, and require an air pump to operate them. This one is small and compact, easily operated, and gives results more accurate than former instruments. Its use both in connection with government work and by private manufacturers has led to a better control over the manufacture of black powder and a more satisfactory product. This is yet another invention which was not patented by Dr. Snelling, but true to the same philanthropic spirit which seems to actuate him in all his work, it was turned over to the government without a penny in return.

In addition to these more important inventions this young "Edison" has, at various times during the past ten years, invented many other devices, all in the high explosive line, with a view to making the handling of dynamite, nitroglycerine, black powder, etc., as safe as though one were handling a piece of wood. And all of them have been given to the government for the free use of the people of the United States. Many of these inventions could have been sold for thousands of dollars and in the aggregate their value would have reached the million mark, but this is only another instance of the unselfish devotion of science working for the benefit of humanity alone.

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## How Precious Stones Are Imitated.

[Harper's Weekly:] The makers of imitation gems copy nature with remarkable success.

Zircons are composed of silica and zirconia. Their luster is deceptive, a means having been discovered of extracting the color, thus leaving them diamonds to all appearances, although their falseness promptly proclaims itself under test.

Precious stones are frequently dyed with such thoroughness that, it is said, the stone may be broken without discovery of the process—that is, by the uninitiated.

The village of Oberstein, in Germany, devotes itself to the making of imitation jewelry and the dyeing of chalcedony and other stones. The onyx, carnelian, bloodstone, and agate may be enriched in color by immersion in the dye-pot. The stones are placed in vessels containing the coloring matter and are then subjected to great heat for periods varying from a few hours to a week or more. In the case of chalcedony, which shows bands of different degrees of intensity, certain of the bands take the color and others do not. The stone then receives a further stewing in pots containing other dyes.

Fluorspar is capable of great improvement in tint when subjected to a heating process and crucidolite is given a hue of blood-red by a similar method.

The emerald and the cat's-eye are of all stones the most easily imitated. One family at Oberstein is said to possess the secret of converting crucidolite into cat's-eye. Cat's-eye may also be made of aragonite, some of the hornblendes, and even of fibrous gypsum.



# The Story of a Derelict. By Kensett Rossiter.

## DOWN BUT NOT OUT.

JOHN MURRAY'S face darkened as he tore open the envelope and read the message that had been delivered to him in the rear of the Big Lead saloon. He read it once, twice, then sauntered over to the rail and handed it to Peat, the bartender. Peat, in turn, read it aloud to that strange and heterogeneous assembly of miners, packers and trailers found within the portals of the Big Lead between the hours of sundown and the fading of the morning star.

"To John Murray, North Hamilton, B. C.: Your petition to the board has been duly received and considered. You are hereby appointed to fill the position of mail-carrier and distributor between the towns of North Hamilton and Bivouac. Upon receipt of this you will report at once to Postmaster Galoway and be duly sworn in. Very truly yours, A. L. Harmon, Canadian Supervisor of Rural Districts."

"Hurrah for Murray!" shouted the crowd.

"Go to —!" roared the man at the bar. "Step up and have a drink."

A shuffling of feet responded to this latter invitation. The night was cold, forty-five degrees below zero, and to a man they ordered whisky. Some one dropped a slug in the metal slot, and from the music box the strain of "God Save the Queen" floated over their heads.

"Fill 'em up again," ordered Murray, assuming a reckless bravado.

"Say, you can't keep this thing up on no mail-carrier's salary," put in Ben Thomas.

"I can't, eh? I'll show what I can do, you white-livered cuss." Murray surveyed the roomful of men. A wild look sprang into his eyes. His pale, handsome face showed plainly the marks of dissipation and of a dissolute life, and yet, as he stood there, he seemed little more than a boy. "You white-livered cuss!" he repeated.

The light from the yellow lamp above the bar flashed from a gun that had been hurriedly drawn. Murray turned to face it.

"Put that thing up!" roared a voice from the crowd. "Can't you see he's drunk?"

Murray, his attention diverted, turned savagely on the speaker, and big Bill Trollop faced him without a tremor.

"I'm drunk, am I?" sneered Murray.

"Yes, and you're a fool."

Murray's hand flew to his hip.

"Don't draw, Murray, it wouldn't look good." The voice was low, but calm and distinct.

Murray eyed his man.

Trollop returned the gaze steadily. "You're a fool, Murray," he repeated.

For the space of a minute neither man moved so much as a hair's breadth. Then Murray's eyes fell. Trollop walked slowly toward the door and out into the night. With a man of less courage it would have meant murder, for Trollop went unarmed, and John Murray, though he didn't know this fact, was not a coward. He was a worthless reprobate, a drifter, a derelict, and he was drunk. Another type of man would have stepped up to the bar and ordered more drinks, taking it upon himself to applaud a victory he had not earned. But John Murray was not of this type; besides, he was sullen. He was fully aware of the reason why he had received the appointment of mail-carrier, and every man at the Big Lead that night also knew why. John Murray had caused trouble from the start. He had been "a guest" of the city more times that winter than it had snowed, and it had snowed five times in the week. And being a "guest" of the city meant that he had slept in the lock-up with greater frequency than he had slept elsewhere. Prices on food-stuffs were soaring, and the cheapest that they had been able to help John Murray's body and soul together was \$6 a day. The town couldn't afford it. Finally in desperation, the authorities offered him the alternative of quitting the country alone by the south trail, which would mean certain death, or of assuming the responsibilities of mail-carrier. In either event their end would be gained, for they knew he could never keep sober for long, and thus they also knew that the first time he swung his dog team over the Alma range John Murray's fate would be sealed. As Ben Thompson had once remarked: "A drunken man on the trail at 70 below zero has no more chance than a mosquito under a pile driver," and they knew Murray's weakness.

"You'd better be looking you up a dog outfit, ain't you?" remarked the bartender as Murray drained another glass of liquor. "I heard Hall has a dozen huskies that are goin' cheap."

The boys began to banter him with questions.

"I'll bet you CAN tell a dachshund from a St. Bernard. Ben says you can't."

"Don't you want to hire me to go along with yer and keep the corks in the breakables?"

A laugh went up from the crowd. Deep in his cups as he was, Murray felt the sting. He turned to face them, an oath on his lips. But something restrained him. He would show them. He gave a lurch toward the door, staggered, caught the knob, and lunged into the street. The icy air brought him to his senses, and he started to cross the street in the direction of the Daggett saloon. As he neared the curb he stumbled, and

would have gone to the snow had not a passer-by assisted him to his feet.

"Murray, you'd best go home, the street's no place for you." It was Trollop's voice that he heard, and singularly enough, he did not resent the advice.

"I was goin' down to Hall's to pick up a dog team."

"No you weren't, you were headed for the Daggett saloon."

"Well, I'm going to Hall's now, anyway."

"Wait till tomorrow, Murray; I'll help you."

"No, I'm goin' now."

Trollop started to pass on, then suddenly he turned.

"I'll go with you."

A few minutes later they had paused in front of Hall's cabin.

"Hear you got some dogs for sale?"

"Yep," returned Hall.

"I want to see 'em."

Murray's bargaining was characteristically brief.

"They're in the corral back of the cabin. Here, take this lantern, I'll meet you."

As Murray and Trollop stood by the side of the corral the soft light of the lantern fell on the snow. Over in one corner, snarling, yelping, jumping wildly about, they saw the dogs. Murray drew the bolt and started to enter the corral gate.

"Stand away from there, you!" shouted Hall, who had now joined them. "They ain't done eatin' yet, they'll tear you to pieces."

Murray replied with a laugh.

"Better mind what he's a-tellin' you," put in Trollop.

"Hall knows dogs."

But Murray had already entered the corral. Instantly there arose a savage snarl, and one of the wolf dogs faced him. He was a huge beast, powerful, lean-jawed, and the hair along his back bristled.

"Down!" The single word was spoken in a low, even tone, but there was something in John Murray's voice that made the brute obey. The two men outside the corral watched the dog slink away.

"Gad!" muttered Hall, "that fellow sabs dogs."

Again Murray took a step closer. The fire in his brain still ruled, but the man himself seemed to understand the situation. Suddenly he swung his lantern aloft.

"That collie in the corner, how much?"

Hall named a price.

"He's mine."

Murray advanced, putting out a hand to stroke the shaggy head—and the brute still feeding.

"Get back!" roared Hall. "He'll tear you to pieces."

Murray's hand remained extended. Trollop saw the gleam of fire in the dog's eye, he saw the coarse hair of the back bristle.

"Come away, you fool!" he shouted.

But his warning was too late. The brute made a sudden lunge, and when Murray went down the dog was at his throat. Hall tore back to the cabin for his revolver. Trollop made a dash for the wood-pile and seized a thick billet of wood, but in their hearts they knew it would be useless. They had, before now, witnessed a dog attacking a human being, and they knew that the throat was usually ripped open and the jugular vein severed before the victim's body had time to fall to the ground.

Trollop, who was first to reach the corral gate, saw the form of the man as it lay still and unquivering in the snow. The great brute of a dog was bending over it licking the face, seemingly with no thought of further attack. Trollop's brain reeled. He knew that it was the taste of blood. Presently Hall appeared with a revolver.

"Let me go in alone," he said, and as he advanced Trollop held the lantern high above his head, so that it dazzled the dog's eyes. Hall cursed roundly and tried to drive the animal back into its corner, but his efforts were useless. The hair along the back bristled and the powerful jaws stood in readiness for a second onslaught as they had for the first. Hall's heavy Colt also stood in readiness to send a bullet crashing into the beast's brain. The dog drew back and snarled, and in that brief interval the yellow light of the lantern fell on the man's throat. As he held the light Trollop's hand trembled—the throat was unharmed, it was as white, as soft as a baby's.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "the brute's got him lower down."

When Hall dragged the body to the gate they were unable to find a mark of injury upon it. Trollop hurriedly ran a hand under the coat close to the heart.

"He's fainted."

They began rubbing his temples with snow. Presently Murray opened his eyes and sat up.

"Where is he?" Those were his first words.

"Who?"

"The dog—I want him."

"Be still, man. You're out of your head. Fetch him a drink of brandy." Hall motioned with his hand.

In a moment the spirit was forthcoming.

"Here, drink."

Murray seized the glass in a hand that trembled. He brought it quickly to his lips, then quite as suddenly dashed it into the snow at his feet.

"I'm done with brandy." His words came slowly and

deliberately. "I'm through with drink for now and for ever."

John Murray was by now entirely sober. He rose slowly to his feet and looked at the owner of the cabin.

"I want that dog, Hall; I've got to have him."

"Better come back, and we'll talk it over in the morning."

"No, not tomorrow—tonight, now."

Murray stepped toward the corral. He drew the bolt, and as he did so the big collie, who was pawing at the gate, sprang through it, and when he had singled out Murray from the others, stood licking his hand.

"Strange," muttered Hall.

Trollop said nothing.

"I'm off now," added Murray. "I'll take him with me."

"I'll come for the others in the morning."

"Young feller," said Hall, "I don't sabs why you're set on him. I don't care, either. But as man to man, I'll tell you that dog ain't no use. He's what we in the business call a derelict. He's a wanderer. He'll lay down on you, and he'll quit you the first chance he gets. Once he might have had the stuff in him, but he's the same as a man that's got started down hill; he ain't no use to any one, including himself. You and him got the same number," were the final words that almost rose to his lips, but instead he merely added: "Better leave him alone, Murray."

But the younger man was becoming impatient. "I chance it," he replied. Then to the dog: "Come along, old fellow. You and I are going to start over again. Good-night, Hall."

On the morrow, after Murray had secured his team, he went to the authorities and was duly sworn in. There was not a trace of liquor in his eyes, his step was firm. John Murray was a changed man.

Through the remainder of that winter, with the strange dog ever in the lead, he ran the mail train between North Hamilton and Bivouac. He ran it in all kinds of weather, through storm, through tremendous cold, through the vast and overpowering silence of the north, which are more terrifying to the mind of man than snow and icy blasts, and he ran it alone and at time. That night at the Big Lead saloon was the last time that John Murray touched liquor. In a month he was a different being. His cheeks filled out and caught up the glow of a healthy man. His eye was clear, his brain saw things in a right perspective. In two months his muscles were as hard as a nail. A peculiar, soft look, that was ever kindly, crept back into his eyes, such as one has when at peace with one's own conscience and one's fellowmen. And John Murray was a man. He had amazed the authorities. He had surprised himself.

He began to have friends. No one any longer sneeringly of him; no one dared, no one wanted to see him. Sometimes Murray dropped in at the Big Lead, but he left drink alone. This fact was not overlooked by his friend Trollop. Any man, with a reasonable amount of will power, can steer away from temptation, but not every man can face it and yet still remain what he is. Such as one has when at peace with one's own conscience and one's fellowmen. And John Murray was a man. He had amazed the authorities. He had surprised himself.

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# The Human Body And the Care and Health of It II

## Timely Health Editorials.

NOTE: Nature cures, not the Physician.—Hippocrates.

### Health and Parenthood.

The coming of a new life into the world is a mysterious and a wonderful thing, and preparation for the advent must be begun a long time even before the dream is in the minds of the prospective parents. It must be begun when they are little romping embryonic men and women, and when the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood are no more than tiny clouds as large as the hand on the horizon of futurity. The thought of these things, however, must be in the minds of the parents of these prospective men and women; and be the right of every child to a healthy, normal body—which is its due—is the obligation to the generation to follow—to the unborn.

There are certain beneficial measures in the building up of the physical being, so that it may perform its proper functioning adequately through its natural life, that must be put into practice before the first turn is made from childhood. If they are not, the deficit can never be adequately supplied later on. And it is very easy to make a mistake as to what the nature of these measures should be. Doubtless every parent wishes to do all possible to insure good health to his or her child. A mother's mistakes are sometimes made through her very excess of fondness for her little one. She wishes it to have and to enjoy everything it may desire. She wishes to see it happy and comforted every moment of its life. When she has once formed this habit of over-indulgence, it becomes almost impossible to her to deny her child anything, no matter how disastrous the results or how sententious the doctor's warning, until the final tragedy may stare the parent in the face.

Some little ones, naturally endowed with strong constitutions, may seem to thrive despite the disadvantages of being humored in unhygienic habits; but the final reckoning is inevitable; Nature has been given a mortgage which she is sure, some day, to foreclose. The indulged child is allowed to eat when and whatever it may choose. Alimentiveness is naturally more active in a child than in a grown person. Its desires are the first thing to manifest, for through desire the infant develops its body and its faculties. The child needs no food more than a grown person for two reasons: its greater physical activity, which causes a more rapid wearing down, with the consequent necessity of a rapid building up of the cells and tissues; and because of a lax upon these cells and tissues through constant growth—the supplying of substance not only for the wearing, but also for the constant increase upon themselves.

This does not mean that the child should be allowed to eat indiscriminately, according to his desires and impulses. Desire is so potent in a child that it becomes a habit. Doubtless the reader has noticed that an over-indulged child is constantly whining about its mother, begging her for this or that; and nothing she may give to him will silence his importunities. Aside from the fact that she is taking the very foundations from beneath the child's character by allowing this, she is also paving the way to the absolute destruction of her child's health.

This indulgence often commences with the baby at the breast, with the result of over-feeding, ill-timed feeding, colic, fever, sleeplessness, and all of the ills possible to infancy. Discipline must commence in the cradle. The mother is not showing love to the child when she gives it something which is not good for it, because she "cannot bear to hear it cry." She is selfish. When baby cries because of an actual want, it is a different matter. She must know his needs, and deny herself unqualifiedly to catering to them. Neglect of them is as criminal as is the injudicious indulgence of his whimsical desires.

This continues to be true after the child has arrived at an age when he is able, to some extent, to answer to his own needs. Lay a firm foundation for the child's health by letting him learn his first lesson in the control of unbridled appetites in infancy. Let him cry, kick and scream. If there is no real cause in bodily discomfort for his screaming, it will benefit him to give him rest to surplus energies, just as it will benefit him later when he shall have become a romping child.

A strict habit of regularity of meals should be formed for the growing child. Eating between meals should be discouraged, but not rigidly enforced. It may be supposed that the child needs a greater amount of food than the adult; and to deny him in a moment of temporary hunger would likely cause him to overeat at his next meal. If the between-meal refreshment can be put off with a drink of cold water, sweet milk, or butter-milk, so much the better. If not, it must at least be very simple and very scant. A child's menu should not include any food prepared with vinegar, an over-quantity of pepper or spices; and the tea and coffee which may be made for some adults, is decidedly unsafe for him. All of these things over-stimulate the nerves, have an injurious effect upon the delicate linings of the intestines, and awaken precocious desires.

Of course the child must be kept in the open as much as possible—it will then be likely to find its own exercise. The average child will respond readily to nor-

mal, healthful influences, if continually surrounded by them. But in the case of the child born with physical deficiencies of constitution, a special course of training becomes necessary. It will not be benefited by allowing it to languish about in the house, nor by being especially petted, indulged, or cried over. These things develop an unhealthy sentimentality in a child concerning itself, and act as a hindrance to its attainment of normal bodily conditions. Set about finding the remedy for the difficulty, and keep the child's mind off of itself. If there are some diseased parts that demand the care of a specialist, at the same time these are being treated the child's health generally must be built up. The languishing habit must be stopped. The staying-in-doors habit must be stopped. Put the child out in the fresh air, bed and all. Keep him warm, and gradually build up his physical activities. A system of simple calisthenics which will reach every muscle of the body, commenced gently, will gradually stimulate the circulation, development of the muscles, and quicken the functioning of the intestinal system. The mother must personally superintend these exercises: for the weakly child will be likely to slight them if left to itself. Baths and careful regulation of the bowels should receive their full quota of attention. The little one must be encouraged to look upon itself as a part of, not apart from, healthy, happy childhood.

Intelligently understood by its parents, and with the formation of sanitary habits, few children need remain invalids. Physical handicaps at birth do not necessarily foredoom one to a life of ill-health. But the system must be built up with some certainty before the age of puberty. A child with a predisposition to abnormal thinness should not be allowed to remain so. If the drinking of an abundance of milk does not overcome the tendency, a good cod-liver-oil emulsion will, as will also the rubbing of the body with olive oil after a warm bath, when the pores are well opened to absorb it. A plentiful drinking of fresh, pure water will also help. The abnormally fat child should be given buttermilk to drink, sweets, fats and starchy foods being restricted or excluded from its dietary. Gymnasium exercises and frequent bathing are recommended. But outside of these simple, hygienic measures no other efforts should be made to reduce a child's flesh. The excess may be outgrown. This child, however, should seldom be allowed to eat between meals.

Gymnasium exercise, supervised by a teacher who understands the importance of the even development of the different parts of the body, and the reaching of every muscle, can be highly recommended for both boys and girls, if never indulged in beyond the point of healthy fatigue. By this a great deal of weakness of the reproductive organs could be prevented. They may be weakened by under-activity, over-activity, or injudicious kinds of activity. With strong, properly-developed muscles, the duration, pain and danger of childbirth are reduced to a minimum.

Long hours of sleep and rest should be indulged in early youth. A girl should always rest, mind and body, during the time that Nature is making a special tax upon her system. And needless to say, no young girl should be allowed to abuse her body by tight lacing, small shoes and heavy headwear.

Let both boy and girl understand their responsibility to their own bodies, and to the unborn generation. If it is presented to them in the proper light, they will, in most cases, learn to protect themselves from any habit that would act injuriously upon them. The boy will throw away his cigarettes, and the girl her stays.

### Aeration of the Blood.

Men and women who use the automobile daily find themselves gradually accumulating a better degree of health, a clearer color of the skin, an increased chest expansion, a more healthy appetite, and a greater capacity for sleeping. It is because they are so much in the open, breathing pure air, and necessarily breathing deeply. Furthermore, an amount of moisture reaches the skin that cannot be had in a closed chamber. The skin, the entire system needs this moisture. Devotees of the motor have even been known to accumulate flesh, when before the acquisition of the machine the tendency was toward cadaverousness.

We are told that the heart, with an average of seventy beats a minute, sends to the lungs for aeration five ounces of blood at every beat, or nearly 3400 gallons a day, which means 105 barrels. The necessity of the respiratory apparatus for fresh air may, in this statement, readily be seen. But notwithstanding the immense task which the heart and lungs are called upon to perform in the ventilation and aeration of the blood it would seem that we do all in our power to retard, rather than help them in their work. We shut ourselves into offices, sewing-rooms and school rooms. We patter and potter lazily about within our houses, sometimes hardly taking a breath in the open day after day. When we commence to dry up, mummify, and become old men and women before we have reached our prime, we do not understand.

If the body is to perform its normal functions unrestricted, oxygen must be freely conveyed to the blood at all times. Reliable statistics state that in ordinary breathing thirty cubic inches are taken into the system, at each single inspiration, and that at the rate of eighteen breaths a minute, 777,600 cubic inches—450 cubic feet—would pass in and out of the lungs every twenty-four hours.

Coming from the outer air to an interior chamber you will notice how seldom the atmosphere is free of a disagreeable odor, be it ever so faint. The air has been breathed over too much, or allowed to become stagnant, losing its purity and vitality.

Go into the open every time you can, day or night; for the night air is not, as we have been led to suppose injurious. The writer, when prevented by occupation from being out of doors sufficiently during the day, took long walks for two or three hours after dark, thus preserving an equilibrium of health.

Open your chambers day or night. If necessary put on extra clothing for warmth, but let the air circulate freely about you. Fresh air is life, and stagnant, de-oxygenated air is deadly poison.

### Germaphobia and the Bath.

That most pernicious and contagious disease, germaphobia, continues to thrive and spread. No sooner does one sensible person check it with a mental anti-toxin, than it breaks forth in some new quarter more virulent than ever. If all that the germ specialists tell us be true, we marvel that the germs do not pick us up bodily, and despite our struggles, swarm off with us to a premature grave.

The latest discovery in germdom is that germs become fruitful and multiply much more rapidly on a clean body than on a dirty one. We have it from the leading microbiologists of the world, through the French publication, *Le Matin*, that to take a bath only leaves the skin in a dirtier condition than before. These experts, we are told, have been making a number of tests, with the resulting discovery that the ordinary bath multiplies the growth of microbes, which—blessed consolation—"always flourish on even the healthiest skin."

It seems that a famous Japanese bacteriologist—Dr. Tsidaka—recently had three men bathe in clean water one after another, each subject being thoroughly scrubbed with fresh water. And terrible and improbable as it may seem, they were found to have three or four times as many microbe colonies on their backs as they had carried previously. Other scientists agree with the Japanese professor. One of them says that the idea of cleansing the skin from microbes by the application of soap and water is a "pathetic delusion, as the bacterial growth is only stimulated and increased by these means."

If baths will not relieve us of our microbes, what are we going to do about it? As long as we cannot get rid of them, won't it be more sensible to make friends with them, and let them have a bath with us? We would much rather have clean microbes than dirty ones. And since they do not crawl or bite so that we can notice it, what's the odds? We aren't conscious of the increased number of colonies, but we are conscious of a better feeling and a better smell about our skins after the bath. As to giving it up—well, tell it to "Weary Willie."

### Occupational Disease.

A remarkable summary of recent investigations of industrial lead poisoning is published by the department of commerce and labor, comments the Syracuse Post-Standard. Nearly 9000 cases of disease from this cause were reported in Great Britain in the ten years preceding 1909, and 667 of these cases resulted in death. Of the deaths 383 were among painters, the chief danger to them being, it is said, in the dust caused in sandpapering lead painted surfaces, in the mixture of white lead with oil, in the dust which dries upon the clothes, in eating with unwashed hands, and in the fumes from the burning off of old paint. So fully convinced have investigators become of the danger of white lead that in some places steps are being taken towards the prohibition of its use. The returns from New York State show sixty deaths during 1909 and 1910, thirty-seven of them among the painters. The printing trade contributed but four deaths to this total, although it is possible that some deaths of printers from other diseases may be indirectly due to this cause. Clearly shown is the need of protection for the painting trade against this occupational disease.

### Tobacco a Narcotic, Not a Stimulant.

It is impossible to imagine a business man going to physician and saying, "Doctor give me a hypodermic of morphia." I am obliged to attend a committee meeting, and will have a tussle with my competitors. Give me a dose of morphia, so I shall not feel so nervous." And yet that is in effect what one does when he prepares himself for the competition of the day by sitting down to his desk with a cigar in his mouth. For tobacco is a narcotic, not a stimulant in any sense of the word. It does not stimulate to increased energy, but rather diminishes power—it lessens the power of the heart; it lessens the power of the lungs; it lessens the power of the liver; it lessens every single vital power of the whole body.

### Health Department and the Child.

The efficiency of a health department today is judged by its work on the care and protection of children. Preventive medicine is the cornerstone of the medical profession, and child welfare is the foundation of preventive medicine. The city that ignores its full duty to the child is provincial and must be classed with the uncivilized cities and countries of the world.



# Not All the People All the Time.

By E. B. Warman, A. M.

## Mottoes:

Many a person is trying to do by prayer what can be done only by correct diet.—[Talmage.]  
Let good digestion wait on exercise, and health on both.—[Shakespeare.]

## The Diet and Food Question.

ALMOST any theory about food would apply to some persons at some time, but no theory of diet would apply to all of the people all the time. It is indeed probable that no strict regulation of diet would exactly suit any two persons any length of time. There is no need of being one-sided on this question; in fact, it is a many-sided question, and to do justice to it in every sense of the word it must be viewed from its many angles else the charge of "faddist" or "crank" may justly be laid at one's door. I can truthfully say as has been well said by another: "Many of my friends who used to call me a diet crank have joined the great majority; many others are totally unfit for competitive work, whilst I have no fears of being shelved for many years to come."

Let us consider some of the various diets, pro and con, and thus be the better able to weigh the one over against the other. No matter what kind of a diet, no matter how absurd, no matter by whom it is stated, it will have many followers.

## Fruits and Nuts.

I HAVE read of "sumptuous banquets" greatly enjoyed where the entire menu consisted of these tempting viands. There is no doubt of it—as a novelty, but as a regular thing—well, as Kipling says, "that's another story." However, as a regular diet it strikes me as much more reasonable, more practicable and inviting than the usual uncooked food diet of vegetables, "unfried" bread, etc.

There is no denying the fact that nuts are among the most nourishing of all foods. A pound of nuts contains more nutrient material than a pound of any other known food substance; therefore, as such, should be eaten with less concentrated foods, such as fruits and cereals. A pound of potatoes contains only twenty-seven food units; but a pound of peanuts contains 160 food units; a pound of almonds 177 food units.

As all nuts contain a large percentage of oil, it may readily be seen that too frequent indulgence therein will prove detrimental as shown by the accumulation of pimples on the face. The same result is noticed in an overworked indulgence of nut butter.

There is another and important side of this question to be considered. The argument of those who insist that one should live on fruits and nuts alone, leaving out the grains and vegetables (which form the necessary complement to make the perfect diet) are based upon their own personal experiences rather than upon physiological facts. As proof of this, not long ago, at one of the leading sanatoriums of this country, the stomach of a prominent advocate of this doctrine was examined, and it was found to be greatly dilated and almost completely inert. The exclusive use of fruits and nuts gave no work to many of the organs supplied for the disposal of food. This is also true of all the digestive forces required for the purpose. Could the advocates of this doctrine convert the world it is easy to see how the stomach would soon become an inert sac for the deposit of fruit juices.

It seems to me that none of these fads has been tried sufficiently long; that is, no one of them in itself to prove the correctness of the theory. The very significant fact of a betterment in one's condition is not a true test, because the change from the usual, unwholesome dietary to a cleaner and more rational one would, of itself, revolutionize the average man's mental, moral and physical condition—so would a fast.

There are some commendable features, however, in this one-sided diet—no fussing for the good housewife, no fuming and fretting over a hot stove, no expense for fuel, no time lost in the preparation of a meal, no need of a kitchen and still less for a dining-room. This is surely the simple life.

## Eating of Fruits With a Meal.

AS A RULE, don't do it. Why? I can best answer in the words of one who has made a special study of this phase of the diet question.—[Dr. Axel Emil Gibson.]

"Fruit may spell health or disease according to the way we feel, and the manner in which we use it. Taken alone, we will be the recipients of its entire virtue, and benefit by the vitalizing influence of its sun-charged, virginal life. Taken in connection with other foodstuffs, its vitality is neutralized, its energy depolarized, its charge of life and virility deflected. The fruit and its virtue has disappeared while a mongrel form of heterogeneous elements has usurped its place."

"Fruit should be administered with the care and understanding of a medical prescription, preferably in the early morning or late in the evening, when the

stomach is empty, and thus could impart to the system the entire charge of its energy."

There is no doubt that fruits, when eaten, should be eaten alone, but if eaten with meals it should always be at the close when starch digestion has been partially completed. The taking of fruit at the beginning of a meal is in defiance of physiological teaching.

The breakfast at hotels and in most private families begins with fruit, usually very acid kinds, as apples, oranges, grape fruit, grapes, etc., followed by some sort of cereal, mush, farina, wheatina, etc., washed down with milk or cream, and with scarcely any admixture of saliva, whose ptyalin should at least partially dextrinize the starch in the mouth. Saliva is the only fluid that digests starch until it reaches the intestines. The digestion of starch in the stomach is retarded or arrested by very small percentages of acids, either the normal stomach acid, hydrochloric, or organic acids derived from fruits; the former, according to Ewald and Boas, arresting starch digestion by 12 per cent. presence and retarding by .07 per cent. Chittenden says that .003 per cent. stops starch digestion. It has been demonstrated that from a half to three-quarters of an hour is occupied by the saliva in the stomach in effecting the digestion of the starch foods before the acid and secretion of the stomach stops the action. Here is another reason for thorough mastication as well as the omission of acid fruits during a meal. What wonder that starch indigestion is becoming almost a universal complaint when people fail to chew their food to supply the saliva or rob the saliva of its power by eating acid fruits at meals.

## Uric Acid Producers.

AS PREVIOUSLY promised, I return to this important subject to speak briefly of some erroneous ideas that have gone forth concerning the eating of meat. Do not think that if you omit the eating of meat you will not have any uric acid in your system. It is true, you may have less if you do not eat it, but it does not signify that you are forever after exempt. In fact, you may develop uric acid without eating any uric-acid foods; that is, by errors in diet such as I have previously spoken of—eating too fast, too often, too much, too ignorantly (wrong food combinations.) Uric acid urates are perfectly normal or natural products formed in the tissues of the body during normal processes of cell decomposition or disassimilation. It is said that one pound of beef contains 14 grains of uric acid; one pound of liver, 19 grains; one pound of sweetbreads, 70 grains; one pound of tea, 200 grains; one pound of coffee, 150 to 200 grains; cocoa and chocolate, 150 to 200 grains.

While urea and uric acid are normal elements of the body they are entirely harmless substances if the excretory organs are fully able to eliminate them properly—this depends upon the proper alkalinity of the blood. It is now conceded that acid—not necessarily uric acid—is responsible for a very large number of the derangements of health which are manifested in many different ways, among which may be mentioned neuralgia, headache, migraine, myalgia, dyspepsia, skin diseases, acute inflammation, arterial and renal diseases and various lung and bowed troubles.

When recommending the free use of fruit acids, such as lemon, orange or grape fruit, to those suffering from the foregoing ailments, they invariably say: "What! take more acid into my system? Why, that is what is the matter now, I have too much." They do not seem to realize that the acid of the fruit is only acid by taste, but alkaline in the reaction—"the one thing needful."

A famous physician requires his patients at the sanatorium to swallow the white of an egg beaten up with the juice of one lemon every morning before breakfast whenever the symptoms of any uric-acid disorders present themselves. He also claims that it reaches the seat of biliousness.

Dr. Alex Halg has given special attention to this subject, and he claims that one pound of bread (not white) and a pound of the more nourishing dried fruits—dates, figs, raisins—will supply the necessary albumens for a day's rations, and what is more, will furnish a most satisfactory and generally useful form of a diet wholly free from uric-acid. He also claims that one ounce of cheese is worth (in albumens) more than ten times its weight of fruit.

## Fish as Brain Food.

THE erroneous idea that the eating of fish makes brains arises from the fact that the principal constituents of brain tissue (neurin and lecithin) are usually rich in phosphorus; hence the conclusion. The fact is, fish contains no more phosphorus than meat, eggs or any other proteid food.

The following question was once asked of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes by a very importunate correspondent: "I see it stated that fish will improve one's brain; how much would you advise me to eat?" To this, Dr. Holmes replied: "One or two whales every day."

Any food that makes good blood will make a good brain material provided the brain is exercised. The which enriches the athlete's blood will serve the same purpose for the literary animal. When one eats freely of fresh good beef or mutton he is not eating much food, but blood food, and he then wastes those when he wishes to improve it. If he exercises his arm and chest muscles vigorously, then he wastes most there, and it is there that the pure blood flows and renews it with increment. The brain workers must do likewise. I surely would not recommend the brain worker to a diet composed largely of fish.

Prof. Atwater of Washington, D. C., after careful examination says: "In the specimens thus far analyzed the percentages of phosphorus were not larger than are found in the flesh of other animals used for food." The fact is that phosphorus is no more essential to the brain than is nitrogen or potassium or any other element which occurs in its tissue.

Many years ago I had charge of forty French Canadian fishermen near the mouth of the Saginaw River, Michigan. They were experts. They caught fish, they ate fish, they talked fish, they thought of nothing but fish, they dreamed fish, and they made had brains—brains for fishing; but that was all, and thus a false theory may be almost universally adopted and followed for years, although the theory may be almost wholly at variance with facts.

## Sugar for Energy.

SUGAR makes heat and heat gives muscular energy. In times of great exertion or exhausting labor the rapidity with which it is assimilated gives a great advantage over starchy foods. It takes the place of fat in the warmer countries and is also given as important place in the outfit of polar expeditions. In fact, it is necessary for employers to furnish, daily, large amounts of sugar with the food or else lose their workmen.

Dr. Wiley says: "A lump of sugar will restore vitality to the muscles of a tired man as promptly as will alcohol, but the advantage of the sugar is the absence of a harmful reaction. Men on long marches, athletes and those who make heroic physical efforts of any kind should carry lumps of sugar and eat them from time to time. For comparisons the French and German armies are now provided with lumped sugar."

When greatly prolonged physical exertion is necessary, carbohydrates—not present in meat, but in sugars and starches—should form the preponderant part of the diet. When the body is in such carbohydrate does not produce obesity. Only a sedentary man grows too fat from sugars and starches. Over sixty tons of sugar were shipped by one New York house to our soldiers in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. Dr. Woodman of Cambridge, Mass., says: "Sugar is the food of civilization. Persons who have enough sugar in their food are better nourished and better looking as well as more energetic than those who neglect carbohydrates in their dietary. Carbohydrates as contained in sugars are very quickly assimilated, and thus so much energy is not expended in the process of digestion as in other foods. For example, in the selection of a stimulant to give a complete just before he enters a race, there is nothing better than a few lumps of sugar."

Sugar acts as a stimulant because it is taken up and assimilated so rapidly by the body. It is a well-known fact that the American farmer ranks high as a hard and enduring worker, and his consumption of molasses, making cakes with it, and even adding it to their fried salt pork.

A study was made of a number of men who ate lumps of sugar apiece daily, comparing them with other men performing the same work, marching, drilling, without sugar. The results were in favor of the advantage of the sugar-fed men. They showed less exhaustion and their pulse rate and breathing were less affected by over-exertion. The marches the sugar appeased hunger and quenched thirst.

Sugar is much used by mountain climbers as a source of muscular energy and endurance. The Swiss in the Alps always take sweet chocolate or sugar with them on a climbing trip. Nowing that the Holland report very beneficial results from the use of sugar in training. Symptoms of overtraining, excessive a meat diet, do not appear when sugar is added to the men. It was noticed that the common used sugar usually won, because of superior power.

Just a word of caution regarding mechanical work, though it is 230 times as sweet as cane sugar, has no nutritive value and should be avoided for the same principle as the majority of headache-producing foods. It is a coal-tar product.

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD R. WARMAN



# Three Women and a Dietary. How One of Them Contributed to the Health of the Others.

IF YOU would discover what food is best suited to your system, watch the effects of that which you ingest at each meal. When, as is usually the case, there is a variety of foods, you may ask how you are to know which of them entirely agrees with you, and which disagrees. This is not so difficult to determine as it might seem to be. If you would experiment, simplify your meals. Drop some one particular food from your menu at each meal, and substitute another. You will be able to determine after which meal you feel most comfortable. You will be able readily to discover whether a food remains in your stomach undigested by the taste that comes from the gas accumulated by fermentation. And you will find, by watching the matter closely, that the food of which you are most unconscious in the process of digestion and assimilation is the one that is most congenial, and which the needs of your system enable you most readily to absorb. With a little patience and care in this matter, you will be able to make up a menu upon which you will thrive, and be able to build up a perfection of health that will double the working power of your body, and its capacity for enjoyment.

As this is a matter so largely individual, it is not possible to outline a dietary that would fit every case. The chemical constituents in each various human system differ so largely that they must be met by a varying chemistry of food.

There is nothing fixed and inevitable in the physical condition of any human body. Change is constantly taking place. Cells, tissues, blood and fibre are constantly being renewed, always with nature's strong impulse toward healthful, normal conditions. At the end of seven years, so we are told by the authorities in these matters, every particle of the body has been entirely renewed. And in this constructive process lies the assurance that we may build our own bodies very much as we will, for good or ill health. The question naturally arises, then why is ill-health so general? Surely everyone would be strong and healthy if shown the possibility. The answer is no, he would not, necessarily. You will often hear a so-called invalid say that he would give anything for health and strength, and to be as other people. Many of these are not in a hygienic condition, not beyond the reach of sensible, hygienic treatment if persisted in. But many such—those for whose ills is not difficult to discern—must any suggestion of measures that would prove a positive cure. In fact, unconsciously to the subject, a habit has been formed, the pursuance of which yields a certain satisfaction to him; and while he often expresses a desire to be cured, what he wants from the doctor before whom he lays his complaint, is not a suggestion for alleviation, but sympathetic expression, and admiration for the serious nature of the symptoms and wonder at the patient for his martyrdom and endurance.

For instance, this is an actual conversation which took place in a grocery where the ladies were gathered to do their morning marketing.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Ludwig," said a plaintive-voiced, plump little woman, with thin nerve lines scratched across her forehead, and about her eyes and mouth. She could not have been over 30, but she had the appearance of mature middle age. "How are you this morning?"

"Poorly, poorly, Mrs. Barringer," replied Mrs. Ludwig, a large, fat woman, with flaccid innocuousness beamed in her face, figure and attire. "I have a headache. I couldn't eat much this morning; but I felt better when I got my coffee. Mr. Ludwig thinks I don't eat much. We had apple dumplings and roast pork for supper. I ate three dumplings. I couldn't sleep all night. And—oh, yes, I turned my foot yesterday, and can hardly limp on it. And I've a rheumatic pain in my hip. And I'm so bilious."

Mrs. Barringer clucked sympathetically, then began: "My husband thinks I drink too much tea. But my nerves would fly all to pieces without it. I get so uneasy. My heart gets to fluttering terribly. And I have a light, whirling, vacant feeling in my head. It comes on sometimes several times a day. I have to lay the tea pot drawing on the back of the stove all the time. My little girl is the same as I am, poor thing. And tea quietens her the same way. I'm thinking of taking her out of school. Oh—good morning, Mrs. Ludwig. And how are you this morning?"

Mrs. Ludwig was a rosy, happy-looking little woman, with a light step, and the face of a girl in her teens. She also was about 30. "Fine and dandy!" came the reply. "Isn't the weather just great? I've been out planting my garden this morning—spaded and raked it myself. It's fine exercise."

"Oh, I couldn't do work like that!" cried Mrs. Ludwig, lamented. "The stooping over would send all the blood to my head, and make me dizzy." Then she turned to her symptoms, to be interrupted by Mrs. Barringer and her symptoms. Mrs. Bradley interrupted by explaining to Mrs. Ludwig how a country doctor, with "athlete heart," did his gardening by stooping, never lifting the heart by leaning over. "Did he believe in gardening as a splendid exercise," said Mrs. Ludwig enthusiastically. "The first few days your muscles get somewhat sore; but after a while they grow strong, and you get strong, and feel good."

"But you get sun-burned," objected Mrs. Barringer. "It is better than being pale and anemic, or

"But I don't get time," said Mrs. Ludwig faintly, sidling off.

"I thought you said the other day you have hours in which you don't know what to do with yourself," reminded Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, well, I have to lie down part of the time. My maid has to be looked after so closely that she wears me out."

"My maid," said Mrs. Bradley, "does her housework up the first thing in the morning. It doesn't take her long. And then she is out in the garden working, for she loves to be there, until noon, when Tommy comes home for lunch." The other ladies exchanged glances, then procured their innings, and precipitated more of their symptoms upon Mrs. Bradley's unwilling ears.

"How does your skin keep so smooth and healthy looking?" asked Mrs. Ludwig.

"I eat moderately, wholesome simple food which I myself prepare, drink nothing but milk and water, live in the open air, and frolic with Tommy," was the reply. "Good morning. Hope you'll both get better." And the little lady went whistling boyishly up the street. As she passed the school, Tommy, who had been let out early, crouched behind a bush and sprang out upon her with a loud "boo!" Then he darted up the street, with mamma in merry pursuit.

"Queer!" commented Mrs. Ludwig.

"Very undignified!" assented Mrs. Barringer. "He—husband's away most of the year traveling. But when he's home they're always together. When I asked her if she doesn't get lonesome, her face puckered up suddenly, and she got red. I thought she was going to cry. But she suddenly burst out laughing, and said, 'I don't have time.'"

Both ladies loved their symptoms, but both were touched by Mrs. Bradley's charming, seamless face, and the admiring glances cast after her by the good men of the borough. So they sought her out, and she planned a sensible regime for each. Each one was to abstain from food and drink, excepting water, for twenty-four hours, to think nothing but happy thoughts during that time, and to ignore their symptoms. The following morning grapefruit, a slice of whole wheat bread, delicately toasted, without butter, a very soft-boiled egg, and a cup of mild coffee without cream was allowed Mrs. Ludwig; for luncheon a cup of bullion; for dinner or supper a delicately broiled lamb chop, with the fat removed, boiled onions and mashed turnips, bread without butter, a glass of buttermilk.

Mrs. Barringer was deprived of her tea entirely. For her was prescribed stewed prunes, cereal and cream, hot water with milk and sugar; for luncheon a rich soup with the vegetables chopped fine; for dinner mashed potatoes with plenty of butter, peas, gluten bread and butter, and rice with raisins—all of these things in moderate quantities, with a glass of milk. A tablespoonful of olive oil was to be taken before each meal. Mrs. Ludwig was to take a cup of hot water, with a small pinch of salt twenty minutes before each meal. Mrs. Ludwig declared she would starve. Mrs. Barringer, frightened into a panic by missing her nerve restorer, the second day took to her bed. But in spite of her fears and her nerves, she felt so improved the third day that she was about her duties once more. "Whenever you 'go to pieces,' and think tea," prescribed Mrs. Bradley, "take a long drink of cold water."

Talking of their symptoms was absolutely forbidden the patients. They were induced to groom and dress themselves up each evening for dinner. "You don't know what a cheering effect it will have on you. Wear white if you can. A cheerful mind begetteth a healthy body," admonished the little doctor.

Mrs. Bradley started little kitchen gardens for each of the ladies, and showed them how to attend to them. Eventually they were induced to dismiss their maids, and to take interest in cookery and healthful housework. The improvement came slowly, but surely. Mrs. Barringer began to lose the lines in her face, gaining a little color and a little flesh. The improvement was reflected in her child, whom she put on a similar diet. Mrs. Ludwig lost a little flesh. The flabby surplus fat of her face disappeared little by little; her eyes became brighter, her skin lost its dark sallowness, and its liver spots. Varying the food from day to day, but pursuing the same general dietary for each respectively—that is milk; cold water, soothing, starchy vegetable foods, some fats, and the less acid fruits; also olive oil for the nervous, emaciated type; and extreme moderation, avoidance of fats and starchy foods for the lymphatic temperament, with quantities of buttermilk and acid fruits, both ladies became immeasurably better looking, immeasurably more agreeable company, and immeasurably more healthy.

## Massage About the Eyes.

[Washington Star:] Women should be very careful how they attempt massage about the eyes. The skin is somewhat loose there, and unless very carefully treated is only too easily formed into lines. When it is necessary to apply cream one's self it should always be done with the third finger, because this is the one with naturally the lightest touch, and the eye should be encircled with one firm, slow stroke, beginning near the nose on the upper lid and continuing right around till the nose again is reached on the lower lid. Remember in such cases to use plenty of cream and a rather soft one (if it has become hard melt it ever so little with gentle heat.) so that the hand slips easily along and there is no fear of crumpling and pressing the skin.

Another use of massage which can be safely used at home is to encourage the formation of flesh on badly nourished tissues, which result in hollows and haggardness.

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## Fruit and Hygiene. Greatest Benefit Derived by Eating the Fruit Raw.

THE value and importance of fruit in the dietary are not as generally understood as they should be. Fruit is looked upon more as a superficial accessory, a dessert or a near-confection, to be eaten simply for the pleasure of its taste. It is, in reality, an important factor as a health builder, and a health preserver. It is not a mere delicacy, but is full of nutritious elements; proteins, fats, carbohydrates and mineral matter entering into them in some proportion. Carbohydrates, principally in the form of sugars, form the most nutritious part of fruits. A fruit diet is energy building, fruitarians having cured intestinal ailments by living upon a fruit diet exclusively. After having derived this benefit from it, they have, in many instances, continued it, with entirely satisfactory results.

If meat is to be dropped from the dietary, a mixed menu of fruit and vegetables, milk and eggs will prove, perhaps, more satisfactory than a purely fruit diet. In this way a greater variety is produced, and there is more chance of satisfying all the needs of a complex system. Furthermore, no food can prove beneficial unless it is absolutely enjoyed. And a purely fruit diet would be likely to grow monotonous.

Fruit eaten raw yields the greatest benefit to the system. Cooking seems to modify the effect of the elements upon the digestion, although cooked fruit is better than no fruit at all. Some subjects cannot digest raw fruits, but can eat baked apples and stewed prunes with great benefit to themselves. Care should be taken in the selection of fruit. In general it may be stated that any fruit having a bluish or "rotten" spot should not be eaten. Overripe fruit causes intestinal fermentation, sometimes resulting in nausea and diarrhoea. Unripe fruit is productive of cramps, colicky pains, and other temporary disorders on account of its large amount of starch, and the woody consistency in an immature state. In developing, the starch of the fruit is transformed into sugar, and it becomes juicy and acid.

Fruits have been divided into three classes: the distinctly acid, the sweet, and neutral fruits in which neither acid nor sugar predominates. Pears, grapes and melons belong to the third class.

There is a distinctly medicinal value to fruit: it acts beneficially upon the alimentary tract. The body needs the organic salts contained in fruits. The most important of these salts, writes an authority, "are malites, found in apples, pears, peaches and apricots; the citrates in the citrus fruits—namely oranges, lemons and pomegranates; and tartrates in grapes."

Acid fruits have been found very useful in the treatment of certain diseases. Almost all of them have been found beneficial in constipation. It would seem that while the acid itself acts upon the liver and bowels, the chief laxative effect is due to the waste material in the fruit, such as cellulose and seeds, which are not digested, but passing through the stomach, excite the peristaltic action of the intestines upon which evacuation depends. In this purpose ripe, raw apples, prunes and berries are valuable, as are also figs, although not acid.

Fruit juices, taken into the stomach, are readily absorbed, and the resultant material is passed with the other food prepared by the gastric juices of the stomach, on to the liver, where we are told, "the acid and acid elements of the organic salts are oxidized, releasing the potassium, sodium, magnesium, etc., which are changed to carbonates at once, and thus increase the alkalinity of the blood." The alkalies are soon eliminated through the kidneys, this accounting for the diuretic effect of the acid fruits. For this reason fruits are beneficial and efficacious in gout, rheumatism, and other bodily affections that spring from like causes.

In diabetes, fruits are generally avoided on account of their sugar; although fruits containing a small amount of sugar are sometimes allowed.

Subjects with very sensitive intestinal linings should avoid the more acid fruits, such as grapefruit, oranges, lemons and the like. Peaches, the very juicy species of pears, soft, juicy apples, thoroughly masticated, and the skin rejected, are beneficial. If the digestion is weak, seedy berries should not be eaten, for the seeds find difficulty in passing through the system. Stewed prunes and baked apples can be recommended in such cases. For the stronger stomach but sluggish liver, the acid fruits and berries are very efficacious. Water should not be drunk too closely upon the eating of fruit. Neither should milk or cream follow immediately after partaking of an orange, grapefruit or such fruit. A tablespoonful of olive oil taken immediately after eating the acid fruit will mix with the acid, and enable one to eat cereal and cream afterward at the breakfast.

The daily eating of fruit in moderation is a healthful habit, but should not be carried to excess, as excesses of all kinds lead to unpleasant consequences.

Fruit drinks may be made at home by squeezing the juice from pineapples, berries, oranges, or any juicy fruit, sugar being thoroughly dissolved, and added to please the taste, but in moderation. It should be strained, and kept in a cool place. It is a pleasant and a healthful beverage when not brought into contact with milk substances. G. F. B.

### Infected Meat Poisoning

[Literary Digest:] Poisoning due to meat is generally spoken of as "ptomain" poisoning; but, as pointed out in a recent article quoted in these pages, this term is inaccurate, most of the trouble being due to germs which develop in tainted meat, or even sometimes in healthy tissue. Outbreaks of such poisoning occur from

time to time, and statistics show them to be more common in rural neighborhoods than in cities, being chiefly found in the latter in hotels and boarding-houses, and in institutions such as hospitals, asylums and orphanages. In Germany attention has been recently directed to epidemics of this kind, and to the organisms which cause them, by the occurrence of one in the Berlin municipal lodging-house, in which dozens of homeless vagrants lost their lives. There is no reason why a similar disaster may not occur in this country, and a study of the German case may prevent a like one here. There are three classes of poisoning from "spoiled" meat, fish, etc., and their characteristic symptoms are clearly described in an article by Dr. L. Burger of Berlin, written for the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of that city, just after the fatalities above mentioned. The first class is occasioned by bacteria similar to the typhus bacillus. These may have entered the tissues of the infected animal while living. They are very tiny, and the use of the microscope to determine their presence and number is absolutely essential. If the meat from an animal even very slightly infected is kept under improper conditions, these bacteria multiply with tremendous rapidity, especially in warm summer weather.

But even meat from a perfectly healthy animal may become infected with these bacteria. Some of the principal methods of such infection enumerated by Dr. Burger are by unclean handling, by the excreta of the rats and mice which commonly haunt slaughter-houses, by contact with impure water or ice (in which the bacillus may retain its vitality for months), or by flies, which have been shown by the experiments of Dr. Ficker of Berlin to carry around with them living germs for weeks at a time. Fish offer an even more favorable breeding-ground than meat for such bacteria, and other foods, such as milk, cheese, bread, cake, vegetables, and preserves may be similarly infected. We read:

"The symptoms of this first group resemble at times those of a more or less severe intestinal catarrh, and at times those of typhus fever or cholera. An autopsy reveals little. The mucous membrane of stomach and intestines is usually somewhat swollen and shows tiny hemorrhages.

"A second group of poisoning comes from decayed foods, especially meat. These are comparatively rare, because the offensive odor acts as a warning. It is important to know that boiling does not destroy the active principle of the poison, either in these cases or those of the first group, a fact not generally known. Moreover, there may be a degree of decay injurious to health without the presence of a foul odor, especially in decaying meat sausages or salt meat. Also, the color of the meat may remain unaltered, though usually it takes on a greenish or yellowish-gray tone."

The third class of poisoning comes from meat infected by a specific organism, the bacillus botulinus, and it is to this that the lodging-house fatalities are ascribed. This is colloquially known as "sausage-poisoning," since the first cases observed were caused by infected sausage. It is now recognized that it may proceed from infected ham, smoked or salted fish, tinned meats and fish, etc. While cases of meat-poisoning have increased on the whole during the last decade, cases of this "botulism" have decreased. The rod-shaped botulinus bacillus to which it is due was discovered by Van Ermingem. It has very slight power of motion, and grows only where oxygen is excluded. Under certain conditions it forms oval spores at the end of the rod. This bacillus is not in itself dangerous to the human organism, since it does not proliferate in the body, as is the case with the diphtheria, typhus, or cholera bacillus, and with most others which produce illness. The botulinus grows only on dead flesh, outside the human body, and it is in such conditions that it elaborates its extraordinarily fatal poison. Consequently, it is not contagious or infectious, but is capable of injuring only those who have taken the food in which it grows. Hence there is no need of isolating the sick, and "epidemics" disappear as suddenly as they arise. Further:

"The time elapsing between partaking of the food and the appearance of symptoms of illness varies according to the individual and to the amount of poison absorbed. Occasionally it has been observed that only a few minutes separated the swallowing of the poisoned food from disturbances of digestion, such as active nausea, a feeling of illness, and 'colicky' pains. In other cases the digestive disturbances were delayed for several hours, or were entirely absent.

"The most marked feature is usually the effect on the eye—the dilatation of the pupil, the inability to read, seeing double, paralysis of the upper eyelid, etc. To this is frequently added dryness of the throat, hoarseness, difficulty in swallowing, and hardness of hearing.

"Fever is usually lacking at the beginning, or, if present, is slight. It often increases as the disease progresses, when complications ensue, such as inflammation of the lungs, which is frequent. The gaze is apt to be very rigid, because of the immovability of the eyeball. The expression of the face is sometimes grotesque, and is mask-like because of the disturbance of the power of motion of the facial muscles.

"The attempt to drink may be accompanied by signs of suffocation. Sometimes there is a croup-like cough. In severe cases convalescence is very slow, the invalid tires with little exertion, and is not fit to work for months.

"Death occurs in about 40 per cent. of all cases, and often in the course of twenty-four hours.

"The diagnosis of 'botulism' is unfortunately rather difficult. Where it is suspected, tests of the food should be made as speedily as possible, since thus the tainted meat may be seized and the epidemic checked."

[796]



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## The Hygiene of Motion. Activity Necessary to the Perfection of Vital Forces.

STANDING still, sitting still, lying still for an undue length of time is deteriorating to the entire muscular, digestive, and circulatory systems. If this is difficult to realize, remain in bed for a couple of days, and then try to stand up. Your legs totter, refusing to carry the weight of your body. Sit in your chair all day bent over your desk or your sewing, and you will find by nightfall that your body is cramped and painful when you try to move. And let the subject beware of lazy idleness, for it brings on degeneration of the muscles and the internal organs, sometimes resulting in an unhealthy accumulation of fat, and sometimes in internal adhesions. In some constitutions it results in shrinkage, and premature old age. The circulation becomes sluggish, the skin dry and leathery, and deterioration of the unexercised cells is sure to follow.

Activity is necessary to the perfection of the vital forces. It accelerates the blood circulation, facilitating the passing of material from the venous to the arterial side; it stimulates the digestive system, augmenting the functioning of the stomach, liver and bowels to better assimilation of digested food after it has been reduced to a fluid condition; it increases the respiratory action, more thoroughly oxygenating the blood through a greater lung expansion and diaphragmatic activity which prevents the blood and intestinal fluids from becoming stagnant—a condition which would lead to congestion and inflammation—and the abdominal organs from settling, in which condition they would be prevented by their own weight from performing their normal functioning. The gastric and salivary secretions need the stimulation of bodily activity for the regulation of appetite. Furthermore, when there is not sufficient muscular activity, the supply of blood to the nerve centers becomes too great. The nerves are over stimulated, and their tissues become exhausted, resulting in various kinds of nervous disorders.

In this day when matters of hygiene are being given more thought than in years past, when the increasing pressure of exacting economic conditions are drifting us further and further from those normal conditions of life when some sort of manual labor was part of every man or woman's existence, many means are being contrived to supply the necessary muscular activity, through games and in physical culture exercises. Too much is laid upon nature's restorative power, when we do not give her proper opportunity to use it. If there be economic reasons why we must follow sedentary occupations, let us give ourselves exercise in every spare moment. Motion is the law of life. He in whom its vigor relaxes is on the road to decay and death.

Whether we take it in physical culture "stunts" in our own rooms, in golfing, tennis, walking, mountain climbing, curling, skating, skiing, gymnasium, or in manual labor—let us get exercise some way, even if we must put on running shoes and run through the streets of our own neighborhood. Let us think less of conventionalities and what our neighbor's opinion may be than we do of our own body's welfare. It is the only instrument through which we may have our being, and if we do not heed its necessities and keep it in good condition those occupations for whose following we are abusing it, will in time become impossible to us, for a machine will run only a limited length of time without renovation and lubrication.

The cells of the body need to be constantly renewed; they must undergo a continual tearing down and building up process—the more rapid the better—in order to preserve the flexibility and integrity of the tissues. And this may be accomplished only through adequate, healthful exercise; so let us "make time" for it, no matter what pressure we may be under.

### Conquest of Hookworm.

In an article on "Conquest of Hookworm Disease" in the New York Medical Journal, Prof. J. George Adami, the pathologist of McGill University, bestows praise on what has been accomplished by Americans.

"The outer world is apt to accuse the inhabitants of the United States of 'spread eagles,'" Prof. Adami writes, "if there is any truth whatever in the accusation there may be placed in the other scale the similar industry—or is it the ignorance?—of the average American regarding the good deeds of his public servants and public servants."

"It is dangerous who have been unstinted in praise of the tolling of the death rate in the Canal Zone, Prof. Adami says, adding:

"Now when the deaths of Walter Reed and Carroll were a tremendous mark of appreciation bestowed upon the commission which in Cuba accomplished the swift and final defeat and triumphant conquest over disease that this world has seen. The vaccination campaign and eradication of smallpox in the Philippines and Porto Rico have been treated as little more than a matter of course, and, to come to the point, over the remarkable achievements of Ashford, King and Gutierrez, in their campaign against the hookworm disease in Porto Rico, the American press, to all intents and purposes, is mute—and inglorious. If this be modesty it may be permitted to an outsider to sound the praises."

Prof. Adami refers to the government report showing that 200,000 persons, a third of the inhabitants of Porto Rico, have been restored to health after having had the hookworm disease. After reviewing the work done by Dr. Walter K. Ashford of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, Dr. Walter King of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service and Dr. Pedro Gutierrez, health officer of Bayamon, P. R., who "initiated and carried on a work which has revolutionized the health conditions on the island," Prof. Adami says:

"Beginning at Bayamon considerably more than 600 patients presented themselves in less than a month and as those cured returned to their families the number presenting themselves at each clinic became overwhelming. A removal was then made to Utuado, and here again patients poured in in such numbers that within five months the appropriation was exhausted. For patients registering from 8 to 30 per cent. of haemoglobin a field hospital of fifty-four to sixty-six beds was provided, and at the end of five months 5049 cases had been treated. So great was the success that other districts demanded dispensaries and field hospitals, and in 1905-1906 Albonito, a town in the mountains, was chosen for the central dispensary. Ten sub-stations were established in the surrounding little towns, the largest stations at Lares and at Utuado. The physicians of the island, seeing the good results, volunteered their services, procured microscopes and undertook the care of the sub-stations."

The main purpose of Prof. Adami is to call attention to a work which has owed its origin to the scientific enthusiasm and humanity of two members of the public medical services of the United States and a country practitioner of Porto Rico. Prof. Adami concludes: "They have demonstrated the cause of the prevalent disease of the inhabitants and shown how this disease can be arrested. Through their efforts the disease has been cured, and from being feeble and incapable, the victims of a progressive malady ending in death, the inhabitants of Porto Rico have had their vitality restored to them, have received health, strength and happiness."

"But herein, let me repeat, is a distinct defect in conditions upon this continent—having no method worthy of respect whereby respect and gratitude can be officially proffered to those who have accomplished much for their fellows, that respect and gratitude find no adequate utterance. After all titles at times are useful. But if the conferring of relative rank is clearly out of the question it may well be suggested that the United States follow the example of Great Britain and grant an O. M. or Order of Merit to those whom the country ought to honor in science and art, in literature and philanthropy."

### Practical Rejuvenescence.

[New York Herald:] Old age is simply a misnomer, and a man is only as old as he feels, was the verdict at the close of the meeting of the County Medical Society, held recently at the Academy of Medicine, in New York City. Dr. Ignatz L. Nascher, in a paper entitled "Geriatrics," maintained that it was possible to stimulate the mental and physical vigor of those advanced in years, and that the physicians' verdict of "old age" was too often a death sentence, where it might often lead to a life of usefulness.

"I have been working on this problem several years," said Dr. Nascher. "I found it was possible in a few cases to stimulate the mental and physical effort to bring about mental and physical vigor. One can counteract the loss of body fluids, and thus increase the strength, mentally and physically of the patient, increasing the true function of rejuvenescence."

Dr. Heinrich Stern, who took up the discussion, said, ments of Dr. Nascher, said—"Old age means that we have been indulging in something. I have been looking at mummies which were interred at least 2000 years before Christ, and I have seen many that show signs of arterio-sclerosis."

"The old Egyptians had no tobacco in their days, and they may have had certain kinds of wine. But, as a rule, the people were abstemious, and the use of meat was rare. Yet it is in this class of people that we find arterial degeneration. The Egyptians took life rather easily. Even the Fellahs that we see today greatly resemble the classes of the olden times."

Dr. Heinrich Stern, who took up the discussion, said, in part—"We know that the warriors in Egypt were fed exclusively on meat and alcohol, so that the argument of Dr. Walsh is not to the point. As for Dr. Nascher, he should have differentiated between the diseases of old age and the diseases of the aged. The senile involution is a physiological process. Normal senility will give a man a green old age, while the diseases of old age are a consequence of the diseases of the aged."

"Each one of us wants to grow old, but none of us wants to become aged."

"Dr. Nascher deserves to be called the old man's friend," said Dr. Robert Abrahams. "When is a man old? Age does not depend upon years, but upon temperament and health. Physiologically temperament is an index to old age. The old maid and the old bachelor are examples."

### Can the Candy Habit.

[Good Health:] In a recent volume, "The Principles of Nutrition," Whitman H. Jordan, director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, condemns in the strongest possible terms the feeding of candy to children. "It is true," says Mr. Jordan, "that pure candy is made of sugar, which, under right conditions may play an important part in the animal economy. But sugar of itself exercises no constructive function, and when the free use of sweetmeats is permitted, generally, at all times of the day, a desire for wholesome food is much lessened, and the child is robbed, sometimes disastrously and always unfortunately, of the nutrition to which it is entitled. The eating habits of some children are nothing short of abominable, and for those habits parents are responsible. It is a trite saying, but a true one, that the intelligent farmer's calves and pigs are fed more rationally than many children."

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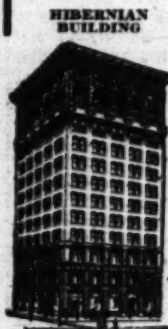
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# Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff

## WOMAN IN POLITICS.

**W**OMAN in California and many other American commonwealths has at last won her place on a plane of equal equality with men in politics. From the present temper of the American people it is apparent that this right will very shortly be enjoyed by women in every State in the Union. She may not only vote, but she may take part in political discussion, sit on election boards and count the votes, on juries and pass judgment on high crimes and misdemeanors as well as in civil cases.

In murder trials men have been very lenient in their judgment where a woman was at the bar, particularly if she were young and pretty. We shall now see what woman will do when they try a man for murder, and especially when he is built along the lines of an Apollo Belvedere, and has not obliterated from his features every likeness of the image of God in which he was made.

It will perhaps be more interesting to observe what the judgment of women will be in divorce cases, and in those where the man is charged with disobedience to the order of the court in not paying alimony assessed for the support of the divorced woman and her children. Let it be noted that women will not only sit on juries, where each will have only one vote in twelve, but they may come in no great length of time to sit in the judge's seat and where cases are tried before the court without a jury, to have "all the say" coming from their own lips.

The vista of possibilities in the enfranchisement of women opens up illimitably. The woman under our new system may be a policeman or even a sheriff. Mark well the prospect. It will not be long until she is a member of State legislatures and of the House of Representatives, and why not of the Senate? But why stop at that august assembly in which Clay and Webster occupied seats? What reason is there to doubt that in time the United States may not be under "petticoat government" by having a woman President? In elective governments there is no Salic law to forbid a woman to occupy the seat of the Chief Executive. Do you shrink at the thought of a woman justice on the Supreme bench of the United States, or even in the seat of the Chief Justice?

These reflections lead us back to a fundamental thought that has played a large part in the long discussion between the pro and anti suffragettes. These anti have insisted that the women would vote not their own convictions and consciences but those of their husbands and brothers. If this idea is to prove correct in practice, then woman's climb up the political ladder will be as slow as it has been up the industrial one in the ages that are passed. For men will then continue to elect themselves, to office, to make the laws and to administer them, first by their own votes, and secondly by those of their very docile and tractable women folks.

Now, without committing ourselves to a decision on this moot point, it may not be amiss to observe that in spite of such limitations woman will in the end rule the political roost as she has done those of many other henneries in the times that are past. Religion offers a guiding star to us here. In all households where the heads do not bump together in their agreement on religious subjects, who is it moulds the religious tendencies of the children, and forms the creeds in their minds? Here is a household where the woman is religious and the man indifferent, if not a Godless reprobate. Do not the children in such a family go to Sunday-school and church and say their prayers in spite of the awful example of the paterfamilias?

Take another case, where the footsteps of the father and mother separate at the threshold and wander far apart to worship at different altars. Is it not a fact that most times the children's footsteps follow in the tracks of the mother rather than of the father?

The gist of all this is that even conceding the worst claimed by anti-suffragettes as to women voting with the male members of the family, you see in the second generation boys will have imbibed their mothers' ideas, and the girls, too, so that the men and women of that coming time will vote the sentiments of the mothers of today, and then we shall have "petticoat government" indeed.

Now in religious spheres the girls have all the advantage of the boys in the matter of learning the Sunday-school lesson, and the women continue to enjoy more privileges in this respect than the men, for the girls go to Sunday-school longer than their brothers, and it is an unusual congregation where there are not two to five women to one man.

How will it be in the political arena? Will women cease to read the fashion columns and the society news of the daily papers and turn to pages where politics occupy most of the lines? Will they cease to read "Three Weeks" and "Keeping Up With Lizzie" and turn their attention to works of Thomas Jefferson, James Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and Montesquieu's "Democracy in America"? Will they cease to read those fascinating and illuminating pages in Mlle. Bok's "Ladies' Home Journal," and devote their attention to the colonel's speeches explaining why

he breaks his word and does everything else with the approval of high heaven that has marked common degeneracy on the part of common mortals?

It is undoubtedly a radical departure and a mark of great progressiveness, this giving votes to women, but it has seemed to the writer for a long, long time, that woman without the elective franchise has had a very great influence in politics. Robert M. La Follette is not bashful nor backward in proclaiming his own greatness, but he is prone to turn to Mrs. La Follette and proclaim her as being as God-given a helpmeet to him in the political line as the first woman was to the "grand old gardener." Mrs. Cleveland was a right womanly woman, but she was no millstone about the neck of Grover in the sea of politics. Mrs. Taft is right helpful to the President. Of course no woman, no matter how fair, how good or great, could be of any service to the colonel who is always all efficient, in all respects, at all times and in all places.

In English politics the Lady Mayoress of London and the wives of Cabinet officers, and of all Honorable, Right Honorable and dishonorable of all degrees have for centuries past (and then some,) exercised great influence in the politics of Great Britain without having the right to vote. Women have made and unmade governments, precipitated wars and cemented peace by intrigues and diplomacy. Now note you, politics is largely a game of intrigue and diplomacy, and the woman who cannot intrigue and is not a diplomatist is a disgrace to her sex, and no helpmeet at all to the other side.

G. W. B.



## WEEKLY HINT FROM PARIS.

Navy blue English straw, trimmed with cherry taffeta folds braided together. White ornament.—[Maison Charlotte Hennard.

## Woman and Responsibility.

Life is more of a natural science to women than to men. Their sense of responsibility as mothers of the race limits them in experiment and speculation in order to conserve every asset and resource.

Do women never dare, then, you ask? Yes, but their daring is out of a knowledge so deep that they seldom take any risks. They act on a reliable plan which they have already demonstrated to be as natural to them as to prepare a meal. Their action is nearly always inspired by a certain knowledge of results. They are without fear only because they are in absolute possession of the thought form on which they act.

Men often profess that the methods of women baffle them and they insist that a woman's approach is always indirect. It is really not woman's approach which puzzles a man; he is only astonished by the reliability of her conclusions. It is not her methods, but her results which baffle him. In reality it is man who is most often indirect, and all public procedure from a simple trial to a declaration of war will be made more definite and more direct with the introduction of women in public affairs. Every city knows what it is to have in process trials which last from one to six months when both parties to the case could relate all that they know or suspect on either side in thirty minutes. This certainly is not a direct method, and it is one with which women will have

little patience as they become a more direct influence in government.

Woman's purity, her intuition and her definiteness are each by-products of her responsibility. It is strange that after living with her for all he knows of time man does not yet comprehend this definiteness on the part of woman, and often seeks to excuse his own evasions by calling the woman selfish. Her habit of being definite is not selfish, but protective, and it protects not herself, but the human family at large. With a woman a promise is a promise, and nothing in the future is as good as much less in the present. Men think women are pessimists when they are only reliable. Much of a man's optimism is sheer irresponsibility. The difference between them is that few men do today what they can put off until tomorrow and, above all else, few of them will pay today what may be charged against a future account. Women, however, put nothing off except the inevitable. They cannot feed their babies on promissory notes. They are willing to plan ahead, but they know that they must subside themselves and feed their families upon exactly what they have in hand and their speculation never discounts the facts confronting them one hour at a time. Except for the responsibility of women the race would be threatened with insolvency until man in self-defense became as definite in his responsibilities as women have always been.

This difference between the sexes has interesting correspondences in every direction open to mental vision. The percentage of men who are in jail, in the hospitals and asylums, who are on the poor farms and who are taking drug and liquor cures, is always a thousand times greater than the percentage of women sustaining like misfortunes. The difference is not fundamentally one of morals, although moral in effect. It is simply woman's responsibility which prevents her from participating in all the lines of dissipation and irresponsibility which reduce men to the distressing level of insensate beings. With woman to do right is simply common sense. She does not choose to embarrass herself with the follies by which spiritually and mentally near-sighted men constantly confuse their paths of progress. They probably do not analyze the subject, for the simple reason that obedience to functional impulse is seldom analyzed by any of God's creatures, but by all of their conduct the attitude of women implies that their chief objection to sin is its insensibility. This sort of unmorality has no badness and no mental or moral sickness in it, for it holds itself aloof from everything which tends to dissipate force or to interfere with natural order.

It is common to speak of the perceptive faculty as feminine, but this is only because of the manner in which woman's intuition is cultivated and expressed. The soul of woman startles man with its wisdom when it is expressed where she seems not to have studied at all. This development is perhaps due to the fact that her attention has been devoted to the definite things and she has been forced therefore to read as she runs and to cultivate a sort of vision which leaps to conclusions in those directions in which she has had neither leisure nor opportunity to enter on a purely mental basis. In guarding her young she has also developed a sort of psychology of accident for the instant protection of herself and children during an emergency, and this alone has wonderfully developed the perceptive in her.

Woman may often manifest the artificial, but it is only in superficialities that she does so. In dealing with fundamentals she is always natural.

H. C. W.

## Housework, Muscles and Hygiene.

Housework is a magic elixir that will make woman's figure beautiful, according to Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Harvard's physical culture expert, who has been a judge of perfect human forms for the past decade.

"Where a woman does her own housework," he says, "with its manifold varieties of physical requirement, nearly every muscle of the body may be brought into action during the day. Nothing is better for the development of the large muscles of the thighs or for the reduction of fat about this region than running up and down stairs."

"No better method can be devised for strengthening the chest and straightening the spine than in scrubbing floors on the hands and knees, especially if the left arm is as well as the right be used."

"Sweeping with a long handled broom, if the broom be used on both sides so that both arms may be used in the same way, furnishes admirable means of developing the chest and shoulders."

"If a carpet sweeper is used instead of a broom, the abdominal muscles as well as the muscles of the back are brought into action and the extensor and flexor muscles of the arm are much used."

"Working a lawnmower brings the same group of muscles into still more powerful action. Kneading bread is a specific for a finely shaped forearm and an hour's work at the washboard is equal to similar work with the chest weights as a developer of the upper arms, back and shoulders."



# La Esposa y Madre Chiquita And Her Wise and Timely Observations About Familiar Things.

BY GENEVIEVE FARNOLL-BOND.

## 1. SUMMER FINERY FOR GIRLIE.

**W**HAT shall the summer wardrobe contain that shall be most practicable, smart, serviceable and economical? If the pocket-book of Maud or Grace is not very prolific, she must manage somehow to make the best possible showing on the least possible money.

First of all she must have a natty little walking suit, narrow skirt, with straight lines, and semi-fitting coat, which she probably bought last Easter. It should be of serviceable goods and color, that will hold their integrity even in inclement weather. To lend variety she could use lingerie cuffs and collar, the collar following the coat lapels.

She should have one pretty silk dress, figured or striped with invisible lines, rather than changeable. The skirt may be made with the short-waisted effect, slightly fluted, and falling into narrowness at the bottom. Skirting, tiny tucks, flat plaits, are used to draw the skirt tight over the hips; and slight drapings are also used. The waist may be made full and simple, with a narrow ruffle or plaiting at the line of joining the waist with the skirt. The waist may be open V-neck front and back to the waist line, with a lighter color underwaist effect in very soft silk or chiffon. A tuck over the shoulders and at intervals down the sleeves gives a charming effect. The trimmings may be of lace, silk, buttons, velvet, oriental borders, or what you will.

The white pique or linen suit is always a valuable accessory to the summer wardrobe, lending freshness and daintiness to its wearer.

A white lingerie gown, made by the wearer herself, set in prettily with lace, and garnished by a handsome sash, can be worn either to afternoon or evening affairs to advantage.

Beyond these, a girl may have as many gowns as she may desire or may be able to afford, depending upon how and where she may be going to spend her summer. A very beautiful addition to her wardrobe would be a figured marquisette. It is but 50 cents a yard, and a very few yards would make a frock. Trimmed with black velvet ribbon it will be both smart and dainty.

The most by all means include in her outfit white shoes and stockings, which may be worn with any costume. It would profit her to put whatever money she could afford into a handsome hat—a fine white straw, perhaps, with a black willow plume: for such a hat will lend elegance to the simplest toilet. A loose coat of white cloth, which a girl should also be able to make herself, is a most useful and necessary garment for evening wear.

As to accessories, she may have different sets of ribbons for bows on the dress, or bandanna. Crisp ribbons freshen a young face, and add to its charm. Black tulle bows of different sizes also lend a stunning effect to the toilet of either white or colored material, excepting leopards.

Girls should be spending some of her spare time making lingerie waists, underwear and nightgowns. She can pick up soft dainty white materials, laces and ribbons on the bargain tables for a mere song; and making the garments herself, she may have them as elaborate as she pleases, and at very little expense.

Patented taffeta crowns are in vogue on small hats, and large ribbon bows of shirred cabochons are extensively used. Girls may buy herself a couple of shapes, and trim them herself to match her dresses.

The Washington Post describes a dainty party frock of pink chiffon, mounted over a changeable pink taffeta. The foundation is to be made perfectly plain, and trimmed with three flatly-plaited ruffles of white net, one straight around the skirt, the lowest one coming to the edge of the skirt, and a one-inch space being allowed between the ruffles. Over this skirt put the chiffon tunic, falling it a little into the waist, and draping it up in the front a little above the ruffles. A lovely finish for the net ruffles would be a line of tiny tassels hanging each ruffle. The waist should be cut in a belted style, and made of the taffeta. Let it drape up in the front over net ruffles, and end in the back in a rousing coat-tail effect. The low neck and short sleeves can have no prettier finish than the rosebuds.

## II. DO'S AND DON'TS IN PUBLIC.

Don't dress conspicuously in public, either too well, too shabbily, too carelessly, too gaudily or too somberly, for any one of these extremes is offensive and in bad taste. If you are poor, and have a hard time to make both ends meet, make some sacrifice to be neatly and pleasingly—not expensively—attired. The appearance of prosperity attracts prosperity.

Don't try to overcome the defects of your toilet. A neat, inexpensive walking suit of stylish cut, for either man or woman, will always be acceptable to the eye, if relieved with immaculate linen. And these suits should always be kept well-pressed, since this may be done at home. A crumpled suit, even of the best material, that looks as if it had been slept in, is a public offense.

Don't dawdle along the street slouchingly or wearily, going into vacancy. Pull yourself together, walk erect, step up, with a decisive step, and observing everything that is going on about you. The street is not a place for dreams, despair, or innocuous desuetude.

Cultivate alacrity of manners when eating in public, if

you have not the grace or the knowledge to do it in private. Look about you, and see what other people do. If it were necessary, I should say never raise your bouillon cup or your knife to your lips; don't touch your oysters or fish with a knife; don't seize your knife or fork so far down that your hands are almost in your plate; don't fill your mouth too full; don't allow crumbs to remain adhering to your face, nor to percolate through any hirsute appendages you may have on your face.

Don't show a high disdain for a finger bowl because your mother never had one on her table.

Don't refuse to tip the waiter because it is "against your principles." If you were frank with yourself you would admit that it is because you grudge to let go of the small fee.

Don't sir, ask a woman to go out with you unless you have prepared yourself financially to properly entertain her and to meet any emergency of the situation. A faux pas in this direction becomes ridiculous, embarrassing, and offensive.

Don't ask a woman accustomed to everything of the best to cheap entertainment. Do not try to entertain her if she is beyond your means. Do all of these things consistently. If you and Phyllis understand each other, and cannot afford anything better, the 25-cent dinner and the 10-cent show may be endowed with dignity and joy.

Be always alert and attentive to your lady's needs. Give her every preference at the table, never neglecting to help her off and on with her wraps. Hand her carefully in and out of public conveyances, see to her comfort in seating her in the theater—even if she is your sister or your mother-in-law. Always precede her down the aisle when entering a place of amusement, then step aside and see her seated first.

Don't, madame or mademoiselle, be inconsiderate of your escort. Do not force him to expenditures that you know are beyond his means. Don't "hint" for things. Accept the courtesies that he offers graciously, and if they do not seem to you all that they should be, you have the privilege of refusing his attentions in the future.

Don't be selfish in deed or manner. A little delicate attention to his wants, and an invariable courtesy will be appreciated, and do you credit.

Don't talk loud, laugh boisterously or do gauche things in the street or other public places. A manner of freedom in restraint should be cultivated.

Don't indulge the cheap habit of flirting, or exchanging glances with some stranger of the opposite sex, when you, sir, are in the company of a lady; and you, milady, in the company of a gentleman. Your attentions, in common courtesy, are due to each other. A breach of this sort would justify the offended one in withdrawing from the company of the offender. If you must flirt, do so when you are alone.

Don't take these do's and don'ts as an affront if they do not apply to you; and don't be "peevish" if they do.

## III. BABY'S EARLIEST EXERCISES.

Consider baby's helplessness, and do not subject him to conditions and processes which would be painful to a "grown-up;" he is such a pulpy little mass of humanity, sensitive and easily hurt. Nothing but the most delicate touch should ever approach him. During the first month he should be handled as little as possible. Of course he needs some exercise, and the only way he can get it is by being taken from his crib two or three times a day and carried about the room for ten or fifteen minutes. He should always be carried on a pillow until the second month, and the movements of the nurse should be free from all jarring. Half of the time when baby cries and the cause cannot be ascertained it is because the vibrations about him are coarse, heavy and painful to his delicate senses.

During the second month the walks may be longer, and the child may be carried in a reclining position in the nurse's arms. The head and body should be thoroughly supported. By the fourth month the child will have gained sufficient muscular strength to maintain a sitting posture for a brief time, the head and shoulders always being supported by the nurse's hand. Baby should be carried on this way on each arm of the nurse alternately. Only after the eighth month may the support of head and back be dispensed with in the carrying.

At the end of the fourth month baby may be laid on a soft mattress several times a day, where he may roll about, kick his legs, move his arms, clasp and unclasp his fists, crawl or cry. All of his muscles, as well as his vocal cords, are gaining strength in this way.

Baby should never be handled roughly. He should not be placed on the knee, and bounced violently up and down when he cries nor sung at in loud, rasping tones. These things cause a child suffering.

When baby is first taken out of doors it should be in the arms of the nurse, where he is protected by the warmth of her body. He should, besides, be comfortably, but not too heavily clothed. Too great weight of clothing will fatigue him. The aim should be to preserve an even and sufficient warmth throughout the body. Only after the fourth month should he be relegated to his carriage during his outdoor airings. The vehicle should be selected with great care as to its comfortableness. It should have good rubber tires and springs, and oil should be used frequently on the axles to prevent creaking. The bed must be soft, lateral support being given to the body by two long, narrow pillows. Baby must never be strapped in, and his eyes must always be protected from the direct glare of the sunlight.

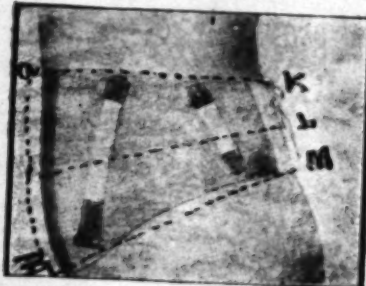
Baby will usually commence to creep at nine or ten months. When this happens a soft carpet may be spread on the floor of the porch in fine weather, and he may be allowed to scamper about on his little hands

and knees freely, always under the watchful care of the nurse to prevent accidents. In cold weather care should be taken that the apartment in which he creeps is thoroughly warm. Often a room, otherwise comfortable, will have a strata of cold air near the floor. If this is found to be the case, the defect must be remedied, baby clothed more warmly, or his activities confined to the bed. In one nursery, with a big bow window facing the south, a platform was erected about a foot and a half above the floor, within the bow. A little railing was run about the edge toward the room. And here baby played and crept during the winter days, in the bright sunlight. The windows were made perfectly airtight, air being admitted to the room through ventilators high up. It formed a "hot-house" for baby, in which he grew and thrived, escaping the dangers of floor draughts.

## TO INQUIRERS.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

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## The Lady of the Garden.



## Good Little Poems.

## Despondency.

I cannot sip the jeweled chalice  
That holds the cordial men call life  
Without a heart instinct with malice,  
Without a soul distraught with strife;  
Possessing no redeeming feature,  
I am a misanthropic creature.

Why? Not that I must needs inherit  
A heart that's destitute of love;  
Not that I look askance on merit,  
Or spurn the gods that dwell above;  
I have no deep and occult reason  
For such insane, ill-natured treason.

I realize that it is folly  
To cut my erstwhile bosom friends;  
I would be affable and jolly,  
But with the wish my effort ends;  
I mutter bitter condemnations  
On all my innocent relations.

Such is my pass; my view of living  
Is hardly kind as once it was;  
I now am hard and unforgiving  
To all, and this is just because  
Some petty minded, low-down fellow  
Has sneaked his silver-topped umbrella.

—[H. Adye Prichard, in New York Sun.]

## Repressed Emotion.

Oh, the man who is shouting with might and with main  
To scatter his wisdom around,  
Is a hero, although he may labor in vain  
For knowledge and light to abound.  
Disappointment and toil he has willingly shared;  
Reward, if it came, has seemed small,  
Yet he suffers but little in spirit compared  
To the man who says nothing at all.

When he's walking on tiptoe lest he may disturb  
The harmony friends hold so dear,  
How he envies the fellow out there on the curb,  
Whose voice bids the multitude cheer,  
His cheek is aflame and his hand slightly shakes  
As he harks to the old battle call;  
But he forces a smile while his heart nearly breaks,  
The man who says nothing at all.

—[Washington Star.]

## Ingenious Smuggling Ruse.

[London Standard:] Some interesting information was given in a lecture delivered in Vienna by Prof. Witzelhuber about the competition at present going on between smugglers and revenue officials in the use of dogs on the land frontiers of Austria. The smugglers generally choose small, smooth-haired dogs, like fox-terriers, as their assistants. They train them by giving them a whipping on the further side of the frontier, and then drive them across it to the house of an accomplice in an Austrian village, where they receive a good meal. The dog naturally soon learns to run as hard as he can. He is then covered with the skin of a rough-haired dog, usually a poodle, inside which a quantity of tobacco, saccharin, lace, or other valuable goods on which there is a high duty is fastened in such a way that the enlarged dog looks as natural as possible.

The revenue officials have found it very difficult to shoot these canine contrabandists, so they now set dogs to catch dogs. For this purpose they train larger swift-running animals with good noses, whose duty it is to run down the smugglers' dogs, kill them, and then lead the officials to the spot. They are also employed to hunt out the smugglers themselves in their hiding-places, in the caves of mountains or forests, and to discover their caches.

## Pilgrims Going to Mecca.

[London in the Treasury:] We stopped our special train yesterday for an hour or two in the very middle of native Africa, and went for a morning walk. There were troops of natives on donkeys from the villages around coming for water to the wells, which they themselves dig, and we talked to some delightful native boys about their lives.

One boy standing by the well, to my surprise, was on his way to Mecca, having traveled already 2000 or 3000 miles, which had taken two or three years. His father had died on the way, and when I asked him how he would manage, he said quietly, "God will provide," and it never entered his mind to ask me for anything.

Five minutes afterward we came across three women—an old woman and two daughters. The eldest daughter was five and twenty. They were coming back from Mecca, but they had started off, she said, when she was a little girl about twelve.

## LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, May 13, 1912.]

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 3 p.m., southwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, highest, 65 deg.; lowest, 54 deg. Forecast: Fair Monday, with high fog, light east winds, changing to south.

[800]

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# The Jar at Toy Wing's.

By Alice V. Hall.

It Brings Much Disquiet  
and Much Joy to Mary.

## HIDEOUS ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

"IT WOULD look lovely there on the book-case," she agreed heartily. "But do you think, dear, that you are strong enough for night work after the day's long strain?"

Mary, a tiny bird of a woman, anxiously watched her husband's pallid face and nervous fluttering hands. With a gentle pressure of her slender, capable hands she forced him to sit down in the big Morris chair. Perching herself on its broad arm she leaned over him, stroked his hair, and passed her hands with magnetic strokes across his eyes. "Let your head sink back—so, now rest."

Daylight gradually died from the room. They sat in the darkness together, her head leaning lightly against his.

"Work!" he said. "Why, Mary, that's nothing. The jar's a dream. Simple lines, but such carving! I must have it."

He moved away from her; got up and lit the gas. Under the sickly, flickering light the room loomed up; large figured, vivid carpet, determinedly colored walls, smart and unattractive furniture. About the room were various useless and costly ornaments; a Siamese dagger with curiously wrought ivory handle; a carved sandal wood paper cutter; a Favre glass vase with delicate peacock feather design.

Mary's eyes traveled over the knickknacks with sinking heart.

"Come, Mary. Let's have a look at it. It's in the show window. Besides, old Toy Wing and I might as well wind up our agreement tonight." Confident of her reply he struggled into his small shabby overcoat; then called nervously back and forth the room's length "Mary," he called impatiently at short intervals. "Hurry. Do hurry."

He could hear her moving lightly about in her room. "Coming," she called back patiently. "I'm coming, Martin."

They went out together, he with buoyant step and glowing eyes, and she with a resolute smile and little attempts at enthusiasm.

Toy Wing's windows were blazing with light. In one the jar loomed prominently. Hideous Oriental beauty. It gazed at them from amid its luxurious neighbors.

"It seems mountainous, Martin," she half-whispered. "I would scorn our poor little room. I'm afraid of it." He laughed delightedly, not hearing the anxious ring in her voice, and drew her into the store.

Toy Wing, the proprietor, was expecting them. He came forward with obsequious bows. His smiles oozed softly away on either side of his mouth into puffy yellow cheeks. To Mary all the pestilence of history seemed concentrated in him.

"Tally peety leetle jar," he lisped, peeping at Mary with his tiny, greedy eyes. "Your husband likee much, Yu likee!"

He attempted to smile, and he burst out into little outbursts of mirth that made his face a sea of rippling yellow flesh. "Him-worth \$250. I giv' him these nice husband for leetle work, velly leetle work."

Mary watched her husband as he made his agreement with the Chinaman. His face was flushed with excitement. The lines of fatigue and ill health were for the moment gone.

Work for an hour or so every night for six months. Good! And the jar to be his in three months' time. Aish good!

Once out in the sweet night air away from the heavy Oriental incense, Mary sighed with relief, though her heart still weighed oppressively.

"Tally stars, Martin!" she said quickly, to cover up her involuntary sigh. "I'd almost forgotten there were so many stars we've lived cooped up in this big city." He pressed her arm, but laughed teasingly. "You ain't in love with Toy Wing. But the jar, dear—that jar!"

"The HIM carved upon it!" she burst forth. "But of course it's a wonderful thing," she added hastily, with a quick sympathetic pat at his hand.

They passed on the steps of their apartment, then sat down on the stone parapet. Out of the silence that came down upon them came Mary's voice. "I've been dreaming of Avalon all day," she said wistfully. "Of its blue waters, rose-color d hills, the mists, and oh, the loveliness and beauty of things."

His arm stole round her. Behind them the grim, busy building, before them the dim and dirt of a big city street by night. "Mary, you aren't—I?"

"No, no, not homesick," she hurried, though warm tears slid down her cheeks. Just remembering, that's all."

"I remember the first day I saw you," he mused, taking her one for their off-played game. "Summer. The ocean. A laugh over the waters. Then a rowboat drifting around a bend in the shore. A big brown chap at the oars—and you, leaning over the boat's edge."

"Thinking for sea-flowers through my dear little blue box," she encouraged hungrily.

"Yes. Until your curls dipped into the water. You were lovely, lovely!" His lips brushed the dark curls that strayed from beneath her turban's rolling brim.

A couple passed by them and disappeared through the

dismal doorway behind them. The man was stooped. The woman hushed a sickly, wailing child. Mary's eyes followed them pityingly. She pulled at her husband's coat sleeve. "Let us go in," she said quickly. "Oh!"

And now began the days of servitude to Toy Wing. Martin worked feverishly. All day he spent as usual at his wood engraving. Every night he was closeted with Toy Wing's business manager. Often it was midnight before he stumbled wearily up the long flight of steps to the apartments, too dead tired to talk, only longing for sleep.

And Mary sat alone, sewing by the little low light on the table. Again she tried to read, but her mind wandered from the page; the book slipped heedlessly from her hands to the floor. Now it was Martin, now the dear home island—then Martin—and again Martin. After that thoughts of the jar—and angry tears.

Why should she sit alone for any old jar? Was it more precious to Martin than she? Was it more precious than his energy, his life? It was stealing him from her. Jealousy for the first time awakened ravaged her heart and mind.

One night she picked up the Siamese dagger, that little toy that had once been one of Martin's loves. He had found it at some out of the way store and paid for it with their room rent, she remembered. She pressed it playfully against the bosom of her gown. Laughed. Then flung it into a far corner, and put her head on the table and wept softly.

"Martin, my husband! I want you!" she sobbed.

And Martin worked on feverishly and unsuspectingly in Toy Wing's incense-haunted den. So things went night after night, until three months had dragged themselves away. At the end of that time Martin asked eagerly for his prize. Toy Wing put up his hands deprecatingly. "One leetle month more," he grinned, "just one leetle month more."

"That's not up to agreement," Martin retorted sullenly, bound down by his intense desire for the jar at all cost and sudden realization that he had not demanded a written agreement.

He went home spiritlessly. Mary was sewing as usual. When he came in she dropped it eagerly and sat waiting for his greeting. He did not go to her, but dropped into the Morris chair without a word. They sat silently for a while.

"Well," he said at last, "no jar this month. Next month, he says. The old devil—but I'll beat him yet. He signs a written contract tomorrow, or I'll know the reason why! Heavens, Mary, but you look tired! Why do you always sit up for me? Why don't you go to bed? We'll talk it over in the morning. I'm all in, too."

The next day Mary visited Toy Wing. In her soul was hatred, but on her lips were friendly words. She looked fearlessly back into his gleaming, slanting eyes.

"I have come to do my husband's work," she said. A chuckle came from Toy Wing. "Velly good," he laughed. "You one smart leetle lady, but—no can do hees work." His fat, creasy hands patted at Mary's slim, pink-tipped fingers, which she had rested upon the glass counter. She withdrew them hastily.

"Why not? I am capable of it," she said proudly. "Surely, with two year's college. Let me see the work."

But Toy Wing did not move. His prying eyes seemed riveted to the girl's drooping face.

"You mees him, that husband?" he inquired unexpectedly. All suddenly his face seemed alight with kindness. Mary flushed.

"Perhaps you would take this," she said hastily, unpinning a little brooch of pearls and passing it over the counter to him. "Don't tell him—only take it. Give him the jar tonight. Tell him he has paid enough; that you no longer want him. Oh, he needs rest—don't you see? He's ill—tired out."

Toy Wing pushed back the pin.

"You won't take it?" Her eyes grew misty, her voice tearful. "It's all I have." She put the brooch into her bag, and without a good-bye rushed from the store. The fat proprietor stared after her thoughtfully.

Another month passed. Again Martin asked for the jar. With much mumbling and smiling Toy Wing brought out a large wrapped object. Doubt left Martin's heart. His imagination took wings and soared. Impatiently he tore at the wrappings.

"No—no tear. Cally him home—so And see—leetle lady she be much happy."

Half an hour later Martin burst into the apartment like a whirlwind. Mary was asleep, her head on the table. Her face looked white in the gas light. She did not stir. He came close and bending down kissed her dark curls. Poor girl! Perhaps he had neglected her a little. He hadn't had much time lately.

"Oh!" Her eyes flew open at his caress, then closed as suddenly. "It's you, Martin. I—I guess I went to sleep."

But Martin was already tearing at the wrappings of the big object on the table. They cried out simultaneously as they looked at it.

It was not THE jar!

Without a word Martin sat down, swearing softly under his breath. Then he got up and examined the dull gray jar. "Well!" he said grimly, lighting his

pipe and carelessly tossing his match into the jar's mouth. "It's a sure thing—hello!"

There was a blaze of light on the table. A thousand fiery stars flashed from the place the jar had been. The sparks flew, blazing harmlessly all about them—on the table, on the carpet, at their very feet. Then the light died as suddenly as it had flashed forth.

One side of the jar gleamed. Exquisite carving was revealed.

Martin got up, but Mary clung to him. "Don't go near it!" she pleaded. "Don't!"

But he lit another match and dropped it into the bottom of the jar, which was coated with a thick, dark substance. Again stars shot from its depths. They caught fire at its sides. Myriads of brilliant stars! Martin put out his hands and bathed them in the starry radiance. Some stung him faintly. Then came a cloud of smoke. It curled forth, blue, insinuating, winding out in weird figures. The air grew heavy with incense. "Come away," sobbed Mary. "Oh, come away!"

Gradually the smoke veiled itself away from the jar. Slowly, clingly, lovingly. Then left it.

A hideous Oriental beauty gleamed from the table—the last love, the lost love of Martin! THE jar!

Mary cried out in terror, but Martin hung over it with glowing eyes. In the bottom ten gold spots gleamed. He reached for one. An American eagle—ten of them! \$200. He clinked it in his hands. \$200!

"Mary," he cried, and clinked it again and again. "See, it was magic, my beauty. See!"

"Two hundred dollars," she said in a dazed way. "But where—?"

Martin rushed on, interrupting her talk. "We will go home, Mary," he almost shouted, "back to the island, dear. White sands, blue waters, and gulls flying low." He gesticulated wildly. He accepted every thing unquestioningly, just as a child might have done. Picking up the jar he caressed it with his hands.

Mary fought an unreasoning jealousy and hatred of the shining object—a dislike not unmingled with superstitious fears. Finally her good sense conquering, she laughed at herself for a silly little goose. Toy Wing had purged away his former sins with fire and gold. He had frightened away the evil spirits—that was all.

"Martin," she said, her dimples merrily asserting themselves, "I remember—a bungalow."

"It's on a hillside," he acquiesced eagerly, coming close to her.

"Yes—and the sea dances down be'ow. Oh, Martin—home!"

The next morning they visited Toy Wing's store. Toy Wing was not there. In his place was a thin, restless little yellow man.

"Toy Wing him gone. Yes—back to China. He got wifee, children. He go see."

"Home, Martin," laughed Mary. "Home!"

## The Storks of Alsace.

[London Globe:] Every year the number of storks to be seen in Alsace becomes less. Of the four nests perched on the big chimneys of the old roofs of Strassburg, only one has been occupied this year.

In many of the villages the great migrators have ceased for a long time to relieve the landscape, and it seems only a question of time when the stork in Alsace will be a memory. Various are the causes assigned for this desertion—the drainage of the marshes, the multiplication of telephone and telegraph wires and the smoke from factory chimneys.

In Germany for the better study of storks there has been created a sort of service in connection with the Education Department which tends to set up an "etat civil" for each bird, or in other words, to register them after the manner which obtains for citizens in France.

Each bird is captured where possible and a metallic disk affixed to its leg, and German officials, wherever the birds are believed to migrate, have instructions to send to the department any information they can gather concerning storks who are German subjects. (Possibly this labeling may have something to do with the scarcity.) By this system of registration the authorities have learned something of the migratory habits of the bird; for instance, one was found dead at the Cape of Good Hope whose place of origin was Eastern Prussia.

A point of interest relative to the scarcity of the stork has been brought under the notice of the German authorities by a doctor at Port Elizabeth, who suggests that they have been poisoned through eating grasshoppers or locusts which have been killed by arsenic. A correspondent, however, of an Alsace-Lorraine journal hints that the cause is to be found nearer at home.

## May in Town.

The splashes that you see  
Of green and blue and pink,  
Like burgeonings of flow'r and tree,  
Might lead you on to think  
That every other corner shows  
A miniature garden close.

But your impressions veer  
Upon a closer view.  
The things are not what they appear;  
The color scheme is due  
To outside coverings or screens  
Upon the Maytime magazines.  
—[Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.



# The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Braunton.

## Clean Cities.

MUCH TO BE DESIRED IN WAY OF IMPROVEMENT IN LOS ANGELES.

HERE is coming about a great deal of good-natured, interesting, educational and elevating rivalry among many of our large cities as to which shall merit the name of "cleanest American city." To this end several have passed very strict measures governing street and park litter of all kinds. Some ordinances are so restrictive—that one may scarcely drop a remark without inviting arrest. They forbid, absolutely, the dropping upon streets, sidewalks, park lawns, drives, paths or benches, or in any public place, any paper, printed or unprinted, prospectus, circular, letter, envelope, box, fruit skin or other vegetable residue, or "any litter of whatsoever kind."

Los Angeles enjoys the reputation of having clean streets; during Shriner week they were exceptionally clean; but in many cases the sweepings are allowed to lie too long before removal and are then loaded in a most unsanitary and dangerous manner, the filth being blown over sidewalks, pedestrians, fruit stands, etc., by being hurled over the top of a high wagon-box from open shovels. We have, moreover, the vacant-lot problem to solve, the river-bed and bank to clean and

and perfect in form and did they have the long, stiff stems of some others, no rose could equal them for exhibition purposes. Magna Charta was awarded first prize for red, pink Cochet for pink, white Cochet for white, Lady Battersea for "best of any other color," and when these prize winners were set upon a table by themselves, the judges picked from among them the white Cochet to be again and signally honored as the best bunch of twelve roses in the room; three judges casting a written ballot for this rose and one judge voting for Magna Charta. Frau Carl Druschki was a close second for white and made a most excellent appearance but it lacks character and form compared with the peerless Maman Cochets. This first Rose Show was a most decided success and was appreciated by the flower-loving public, and all interested sincerely hope it may become a permanent annual event.

### Native Honey Plants.

CALIFORNIA has long been famous for both the quantity and the quality of her honey and this reputation was gained before the planting of eucalypts, acacias, pepper trees, citrus trees and other introduced plants noted for their honey production. Among our native plants the black sage easily holds first place, though purple and white sages are also to be credited with much sweetness. The popular or common names

tree planters, not alone for the number of unadorned trees mentioned, but also for the curious mixture of both botanical and popular names; also a few of each new to this neck of the woods. The following species are recommended for wide parkways:

"Acer negundo Californicum, or California box elder; acer macrophyllum, or California maple; acer saccharinum, or silver leaf maple; schinus molle, or pepper tree;

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## WILD GRAPES IN GRIFFITH PARK.

many other too plainly seen eyesores to remove before we may hope to enter the contest for the honored name of America's cleanest city. When all this is done, we must turn attention to the thousands of unsightly, encumbering billboards and other evils before we may lay claim to being a beautiful city, much less the most beautiful city—a name we may yet merit, for we have such a possibility before us if we but so will. We have no street trees worthy of the name, except in a very few sections. Were the municipality to take over control of our street trees, through employment of a competent tree warden and supporting corps of helpers, nearly all our trees at present existing would have to be removed. Nowhere in all Southern California is there to be found a more sickly miserable specimen of tree life than the average street tree of Los Angeles. While all the country is looking to us for example because nature has done most for us and has made the task easy, we are doing absolutely nothing, for many years' agitation by interested, willing workers has brought no results. Our country roadside planting has turned out to be largely a farce and nothing approaching even this low standard has been attempted in the city. While throughout the civilized world the names Los Angeles and California have become almost synonymous we have much to do ere we lay claim to being a beautiful city. Aside from a matchless climate we are now noted only for being "the best advertised city on earth."

### The Rose Show.

A COUPLE of weeks ago there was held in Pasadena a flower show at which roses exclusively were exhibited; not a single blossom of any other flower in the hall. Never were the roses finer than this year at this particular time; never were many sorts so nearly perfect before. The Cochet roses were especially large

of some of the best native honey-bearing plants are here given in the order of their flowering in local territory. willow, cottonwood, sage, cherry, mountain lilac, buckthorn, currant, blackberry, oak, poison oak, flax, burr clover, mustard, sweet melilot, horehound, sunflower, Christmas berry, tarweeds, buckwheat (wild), turkey mullen, and blue curls. Of course there are many more, though none so important as those herein listed.

### State Forester's Tree List.

AN EVENING paper gives a list of trees said to have been recommended by our State Forester for planting in Los Angeles, said list having been sent, upon request, to a local real estate agency. It is here given

THIS  
WILL  
STOP  
YOUR  
GRAY HAIR

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[786]



Phoenix dactylifera, or date palm; Phoenix canariensis, or date palm; Washingtonia filifera, or Cal. Grant palm; platanus racemosa, or California sycamore; magnolia grandiflora, or magnolia; ulmus americana, or elm; sterculia diversifolia, or bottle tree; quercus parvifolia, or coast live oak.

The following species have a somewhat narrower area and would be better adapted to streets where the distance between the curb and sidewalk is rather limited and where the houses are built pretty close to the walk: Acacia molissima, or flowering acacia; acacia melanoxylon, or black wattle; catalpa aquatica, or hardy catalpa; grevillea robusta, or silk oak; robinia pseudocacia, or common black locust; camellia officinalis, or camphor tree; madrone menziesii, or madrone.

The first three and the American elm are deciduous, whereas we should plant evergreen; they also inhabit lowlands or damp soils and are therefore unsuited either to our dry atmosphere or still drier summer soils in the average parkway. The writer has seen all these species on their native heath. But one, Acer macrophyllum, is indigenous to Southern California, growing in mountainous canyons to the north. It is also in the list of trees clear up to Alaska, never seen or vigor with us. The three others also are common in the list of trees clear up to Alaska, never seen or vigor with us. The three others also are common in the list of trees clear up to Alaska, never seen or vigor with us.

Just why the list of deciduous trees is extended to include our native sycamore, the poorest of the genus, is not clear. Just at present all local trees are smothered from the effects of the fungus which annually attacks them at this season. From this disease the oriental sycamore, a far more beautiful tree, is immune. The evident unfitness of these five deciduous trees is matched by many evergreens in the list and altogether the writer considers it the poorest recommendation ever made by one in an official position. The



THE MONKEY PUZZLE.

of a State Forester, however, has nothing to do with street trees and application should not be made to him for information concerning this most important subject.

#### Notes of the Desert.

On the first thirteen years after coming to California, being actively engaged in horticultural pursuits, the writer kept careful diaries covering every day of each year. For May 16, 1929, occurs this entry: "Palm Springs, San Diego county; first crops of figs and apricots ripe." June 1, "ripe apricots from J. G. McCallum's orchard." June 15: "second planting of water melons ripe." June 25: "ripe muscat grapes at Mr. Murray's; second crop of figs ripe." Thus it will be seen how very much earlier than coastal regions are the fruits of this so-called desert and the quality of the very best. Palm Valley still remains largely undeveloped, though the possibilities are great and its winter climate is good.

#### Desert Holly.

The writer is in receipt of a piece of plant for name, sent to a local resident from the Mojave Desert. This plant is a "salt-bush" (Atriplex hymenelytra) and belongs to the "Goosefoot" family (Chenopodiaceae). It is sometimes called "Desert Holly" from a strong resemblance of some of the leaves to those of certain Indian holly, such as, for example, the Australian salt-bush (Atriplex semi-baccata) now growing over all our low alkaline lands, are some of the more common plants somewhat related to our subject.

#### Notes on the Use of Dynamite.

WHEREVER there is a subsoil of hardpan, clay, shale and other soil constituents impervious to water or air, dynamite is the most economic tool with

which to dig holes for trees. It is better for the tree not only that a large, deep hole be dug, but also that the soil be loosened on all sides. This a charge of dynamite will do better than any other agency. Careful experiments have proven the holes dug with dynamite produce a better tree within the same period of time than holes of the same size dug with shovels. This added advantage must lie in the shattered condition of the surrounding soil, furnishing the plant not alone with a wider feeding area, but with a greater reservoir for air and water.

### African Telegraphy.

EFFECTIVE MEANS EMPLOYED BY SAVAGE TRIBES ON DARK CONTINENT.

[New York Sun.] The principle of telegraphy would appear to have been anticipated by the savage tribes of Africa in the heart of Africa. This barbaric system of communication, at once practical and effective, survives to this day, and its value has been tested many times.

French explorers seem to have been the first to bring this system to the knowledge of civilized people. By means of it news of important events in the interior of the continent reaches the trading ports on the coast in a very short time.

The communication is made by means of various instruments, the most common ones being horns, tom-toms and rattles. The horns are made of solid ivory, hollowed out of elephants' tusks. The mouthpiece is at the side. These trumpets are of various sizes, but the favorite ones are very long and give seven distinct notes produced by plugging the mouthpiece with corks of different sizes. The ordinary tom-tom is a hollow bit of wood, with a goatskin stretched over one end.

The following instance illustrates the manner in which this native telegraph is employed. The post commander at Stanley Falls was once informed by a native of a neighboring village that a provision train had been attacked two days before at a point 180 miles further down the Congo. A week later the party arrived and confirmed the story in part.

They had reached the scene of the alleged attack at the time reported, but the shots that the natives had taken as indications of a conflict with rebels had been fired at a herd of antelope.

At a later period, when an officer of the French Congo came to grief in the rapids, the incident was reported the next morning at a village 36 miles distant.

Among the Bengala tribe a sort of telephone is used with four notes, by means of which the natives communicate over great distances in a kind of telegraphic language.

An American missionary working among the Basutos discovered that the villages had means of conveying messages from one chief to another and transmitting the intelligence of defeat or victory.

The Basutos hollow out a large gourd and thoroughly dry it. Then kidskin as hard and as thin as parchment is stretched across the hollow of this gourd. When beaten with a padded drumstick this gives forth a sound that can be distinctly heard at a distance of from five to eight miles.

In every village there is a class of men who are utilized as scouts. Among these there are always some trained to the use of the gourd drum. The code is what might be called an African Morse alphabet, and is beaten on the drum in the open air.

The sound is carried across the valleys and glens to the next village, where it is interpreted by another scout. If the message is for a distant village he repeats it on his drum and in this way it is carried from village to village, with very little loss of time, until it reaches the person for whom it is intended.

#### Ranching in Madagascar.

Madagascar possesses on the west coast and in the central plateau vast grazing lands, says Engineering. These extend in great rolling lands along the slopes and wide backs of hill ranges, have good, natural herbage, and are well watered by numerous streams and rivers. The cattle lands are best in the province of Ambatondrazaka, but continue to the northern parts of the island, which are still almost unknown.

Cattle breeding is already the main occupation of the natives, and it is estimated there are over 4,000,000 head in the island today. The Malagasy are devoted to their cattle, which they hold up to 100 head to a single owner, and they are qualified both by instinct and experience to handle them. But the island is sparsely populated, containing under 3,000,000 of people on an area as large as France, and large tracts are practically unoccupied. Those acquainted with the upland country believe it to be teeming with possibilities for cattle ranching on a large scale, in accordance with the up-to-date methods practiced in Australia and America. So far this has not been attempted in any systematic manner, though a company with British capital has recently established an ice plant in the island. This will no doubt lead to further effort in the same direction, and the existence of this enterprise certainly adds to the chances of others opening up.

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Sample 25c. Big Proposition to Agents. [787]

ating in the country. There is a very good market in France itself, where, owing to shortage of meat supplies, the French consumers have lately been in a serious position.

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The TUEC STATIONARY VACUUM CLEANING SYSTEM is the most satisfactory, efficient, and economical for any sort of building from a residence to the largest office building, but today we should like to present a few points of special interest in connection with apartment buildings.

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Los Angeles, May 9, 1912.

The Tuec Company, 742 S. Hill St.

Dear Sirs:

Your No. 200 Tuec, installed in the Buckingham Apartments, 1110 Ingraham St., is the finest thing I have ever seen in the way of a cleaning system, although I have had experience with several other kinds. We have 36 Suites in this building and the cleaning is perfectly easy and satisfactory in all of them, and neither the tenants nor the housekeeper would be willing to do without the Tuec. Very truly,

A. R. PARK.

It is easy enough to understand why tenants are not going to be satisfied without this latest modern sanitary improvement. With it, there is no more beating mattresses and rugs out of windows and over railings, for the annoyance of tenants and the wearing out of the rug and the spreading of dust and disease germs.

Read what Dr. Buntz, of the ST. LOUIS ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS Society writes to the TUEC Co.: "I consider this cleaner one of the greatest modern inventions, as an aid in the prevention and spread of diseases, especially tuberculosis, for it removes all the very fine dust, which is the greatest germ carrier of which we know."

When people live as close to their neighbors as they must in an apartment house, such a consideration is especially important.

INSTALL A TUEC, and you will find it easy to get the best class of tenants; you will have a waiting list anxious for your suites.

INSTALL A TUEC and you will have a machine that will not wear out, for it is mechanically the simplest and best on the market; a machine that requires no expert attention for its great efficiency is produced by a powerful centrifugal fan, revolving at great speed, removing a greater volume of dust laden air, at less cost of power than any complicated pump and belt machine can ever do.

INSTALL A TUEC and you have a practically noiseless machine, and this alone, in a big point in pleasing tenants; moreover, with the large tool which our powerful machine makes possible, your cleaner can get over the space in half the time needed with the usual 6 or 8 inch tool.

The TUEC machine is set up in the basement, and connected by piping with all the floors of the building. When you want cleaning done on any particular floor, it is only necessary to attach a short length of hose to the opening in the pipe, turn on the electric switch and the cleaning begins. The machine in the basement does the work, and the result is noiseless, thorough, and easy cleaning on the floor where it is wanted.

You have no heavy portable machine to DRAG FROM FLOOR TO FLOOR, NO BAG OF DUST TO EMPTY, and of course the advantages over the old broom and dust pan method are too obvious and too numerous to mention.

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# Orchard, Farm and Range. Fruit, Grain and Stock Raising in California.

By Our Regular Contributors.

## Citrus-Fruit Organization.

GREATEST COOPERATIVE AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTION IN WORLD.

By Edwin F. Schallert.

**C**O-OPERATION has been the secret of success in California, and the tendency toward united effort in the State has always been very great. As a wonderful monument of this tendency we have the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which is probably the greatest co-operative agricultural organization the world has ever beheld. For simplicity of structure and management, and for results obtained, it comes very close to rivaling any human institution in history. It is essentially democratic, being a composite whole, controlled and governed by the will of each individual member.

What has been accomplished by organized effort on the part of the growers is shown by the fact that the citrus industry has increased in value from practically nothing seventeen years ago, when a central exchange was first formed, to a business returning from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 a year. At present about 150,000 or 175,000 acres of land are devoted to the culture of citrus fruits, from 40,000 to 50,000 carloads are shipped annually, and between 100,000 and 150,000 people derive a living from the industry.

Most of the immense yearly crop is sent to all parts of the United States. About 5 per cent. of it goes to Canada, and a small part to Europe. Practically six-sevenths of the annual yield is made up of oranges, while the remaining seventh is lemons with a few cars of grape fruit. California citrus fruits are now recognized all over the country as being of the highest quality, and there is a constant demand for them in all localities. The Fruit Growers' Exchange is largely responsible for the successful marketing of this crop, as through its system the growers are able to regulate the supply to meet the demand in any section.

Such, then, is the state of the industry at the present day, and it represents a growth of years, and the results of a careful study of all conditions governing the marketing and production of crops.

### Early Days and Growth of Orange Culture.

**T**HE first orange orchard of any size was probably set out by Father Thomas Sanchez at the San Gabriel Mission in 1804. The Franciscan fathers brought seeds and slips for many fruits with them to the new land from Europe, and the orange was among these. Little, however, did they realize that they were building the foundation for a horticultural industry which should stand almost supreme in the annals of time.

Following this the first orange orchard of any size was planted in Los Angeles in 1834 by Louis Vignes. In the same year Manuel Requena also established a small grove. But it was not until 1841 that the first commercial effort was made in orange growing, in which year an orchard was set out in Los Angeles by William Wolfskill. This was followed by irregular plantings which were not very extensive. San Bernardino saw the foundation laid for her first grove in 1857. During the next fifteen or sixteen years a few plantings took place in various localities—Riverside, National City and Los Angeles. Little development was apparent, however, during the first five years of this period, and not until 1873 did any real growth take place. It was in that year that the United States Department of Agriculture sent the first Washington navel to California, and this orange, with the summer Valencia, has made California famous as a citrus-fruit-producing district.

During all this time the industry was held back because of the lack of adequate transportation facilities. The product had to be brought to Los Angeles in wagons and shipped from there by boat or rail. With the opening of the Southern Pacific Railroad an improvement in conditions began, and the first car of oranges was shipped East in 1877. During the later seventies shipments of fruit to San Francisco and across the Rockies were begun, and they resulted in very good returns. But it was with the advent of the Santa Fe Railroad that the development really commenced.

The California orange industry was first brought into prominence by the fruit produced in Riverside. This scored its triumph by winning the gold medal at the New Orleans World's Fair. Twenty varieties were exhibited and their superiority demanded recognition. This fact naturally attracted world-wide attention, as have all the discoveries of California's greatest resources, for they have always come like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

### Formation of the Associations.

**A**S THE citrus industry grew it became more and more apparent that some protective plan had to be adopted in order that the growers might derive adequate returns on the capital invested. Before the formation of the associations oranges were sold to individual buyers

and brokers, and these gave pretty much what money they pleased for the crops, because there was no method of distribution either as to time or place. During this period prices were low, and it seemed as if the industry must fail.

With the advent of co-operative effort things began to look brighter. The first association was formed in Riverside in 1898 under the direction of T. H. B. Chamblin, and was known as the Pachapa Fruit Association. This was the first instance of organization on the part of the citrus-fruit growers, and although it was but a drop in the bucket, it was effective in pointing out the course of future progress. Under a plan developed by Mr. Chamblin several associations joined together in 1893, and out of this was evolved, two years later, the Southern California Fruit Exchange, which is the paternal ancestor of the present California Fruit Growers' Exchange.

### Citrus Fruit.

**T**HIS latest descendant of early failures and successes in co-operation was established in 1905, and is now the most powerful factor in the development of the citrus-fruit industry. It handles and markets 60 per cent. of the annual crop, which comes through the sixteen district exchanges and their subsidiary associations, which latter are made up of the growers themselves. The exchange furnishes the facilities through which this product is marketed under the most perfect system in the world, and its members are protected in every regard. This gives great ability to the industry. Agents are maintained by the organization in different sections of the East. They see to the selling of the fruit for the associations, and as each grower is a competent part of his association and of the great central exchange, and each selling agent his representative, the fruit never really passes out of his jurisdiction until sold.

The best result of the system now in operation is that there is always a steady output and distribution, and the crop is marketed at cost. The disposal of fruit is carefully regulated so that the best returns are always obtained, while the losses during the last few years from decay in transit due to bad handling have amounted to practically nothing. Moreover, the members are also kept informed on market conditions by bulletins sent out daily from the exchange.

When the orange growers of any section wish to organize an association they come together, erect a packing-house and choose a board of directors. This association, through the district exchange, and through the great central exchange attends to all the picking, packing, shipping and selling of the fruit of its members. Each individual pays for the upkeep of the organization pro rata on the amount he ships. He has also the right to say when and where his crop shall be disposed of and for what consideration. The system for this reason is very elastic, and to this elasticity its great success is attributed. For, in most cases the growers are quite ready to leave all the details of the marketing business to the heads of the association and exchanges.

### The Protective League.

**I**N ADDITION to the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, there is also maintained an organization called the Citrus Protective League. This important adjunct is made up of nearly 90 per cent. of the orange and lemon producers of the State, and looks after practically everything outside of the disposal of the fruit. Questions of law, freight rates and allied problems all come under its dominion. Special attention is given by the league to the culture of fruit, eradicating of pests and diseases, study of climatic conditions, etc. Bulletins are issued from time to time informing the growers of the latest developments in all lines. The league was instrumental in having the Department of Agriculture establish a by-products laboratory, to discover the best methods of utilizing low grades of fruit. The California citrus-fruit growers are the only producers in the United States who have a thoroughly developed organization to look after public-policy questions and the general up-building of the industry.

One of the most valuable things recently accomplished by the Citrus Protective League has been the compilation of a table of the cost of producing oranges. This was prepared under the direction of G. Harold Powell, secretary and manager, who for a number of years was officially connected as pomologist and acting chief in the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, at Washington. In the tables issued, carefully elaborated under different heads, is a record of the expenses of carrying on the work of orange culture in 271 different orchards, which comprise over 8095 acres in all. Only actual running expenses are given and no space is devoted to the depreciation which may take place in the grove or equipment. The average cost of materials for cultivation is shown to be \$83.24 per acre, while labor necessitates an average expenditure of \$52.82 per acre, making a total of \$136.06 average cost of cultivation per acre. This includes only the expense of harvesting, and the average amount which must be paid out to send a box of oranges to any part of

the United States is shown by the following summary taken from the table:

	Per box
Cultural cost	\$4.00
Cost of picking, hauling and packing	1.00
Cost of freight	.50
Average cost of refrigeration, 1910-11	.75
Average cost of selling	.75

Total cost per box laid down in the market . . . \$7.00  
The table states further: "The average number of oranges of all varieties per box is approximately twelve and one half dozen. The average wholesale cost of California oranges laid down in the markets of the United States, based on the cost of production, cost of transportation and cost of selling is \$9.181 per dozen." The best growers may produce oranges at a cheaper rate, while it cost the careless grower more than the figures given by the league.

These figures show better than anything else to what perfection the citrus-fruit industry has been brought in this State. System carried out in such a way cannot fail to bring tremendous results. No industry in the State has had a more glorious past, none probably can look forth on a more brilliant future. It has been said by some of the prominent men in the exchange that the amount which will be produced in a few years will very likely total 75,000 cars, which will be truly a monumental output.

### Southern California Foremost.

**S**OUTHERN CALIFORNIA has reigned supreme in this industry in the past, as she does at the present day. The production of the fruit north of the Tehachas, however, amounted to 3000 cars in 1911, and is rapidly increasing, and sections in that part of the State are especially famous for their early oranges. Up to a few years ago the Redlands and Riverside district supplied the major portion of the crop of the State, but now its output is limited to about 25 per cent. Other sections in Southern California have come very much to the front in the industry during later years.

A considerable portion of the orange crop is handled by independent exchanges and even by individuals, where these are large owners. But it has been through united effort that the small man as well as the large has been able to derive an adequate income from his capital. The rapidity of the industry's growth since the formation of the exchange has been an unquestionable testimony of what such co-operative means, and there can be no doubt but that the marketing of California's citrus fruits, through co-operation is

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...will stand out as one of the greatest, ...the greatest, economic achievement in the agricultural world.

**Progress in the Field**

PROGRESS has been very marked in all lines of industry during this year and cultivated territory is being considerably extended in many of the branches of farming. During this year, the Ventura bean growers have placed several thousand more acres under cultivation, which makes the acreage devoted to this product in that section more than 20,000. The growing of lima beans has reached a period of great development, and the locality around Ventura is famous the world over for its crop.

The acreage devoted to the culture of the walnut has undergone considerable expansion during this year. Growers in the San Gabriel Valley have recently been planting 4000 acres to the product. The experience of producers has been that the walnut is among the very best and most profitable of the Southern California crops. The great producing section in the vicinity of Whittier and Rivera brings in enormous returns each year.

Among the more recent experiments none has attracted more attention than the cultivation of the date.

It is a fact that the industry when developed should return big incomes on money invested, and the great value of the product has stimulated an unusual amount of interest in its future. Eighteen hundred acres have been set out with date palms near Indio recently, according to report, and the growers are said to be very well satisfied with the commercial possibilities of the product.

**Production Large.**

THE shipments of celery this year amounted to some 800 cars from the large celery district between Huntington Beach and Santa Ana. The crop which is produced in this region is sent to Smelter, the center of the industry, and is there packed and shipped East. This industry has grown steadily during the last few years and is now of great commercial importance. Celery is sent to all parts of the United States, and prices are reported to have advanced from 35 to 55 cents per dozen bunches in eastern markets. The remarkable crop grown this year was produced on about 2000 acres of peat land.

**Where the Pianos Co.**

[Harper's Weekly:] What becomes of all the old pianos? Thousands of new pianos are sold every year, the greater number to those who already have musical instruments. The salesman allows a liberal price for the old piano in trade, accepts a little cash, and takes the balance on monthly payments. Now while he has sold one piano he has just as many on his hands as before, for he has accepted an old one. What becomes of it? He does not care to sell it to some one who has never had a piano if he can avoid it, for if the process of trading continued he would soon be following himself around in a circle and there are no dividends in that.

He must find a market for the old musical instrument. To do this he repairs and revarnishes the old piano, boxes it, and, with hundreds of others, it is shipped to South America, Africa, Asia, and other benighted portions of the world, where it is sold to the natives, who yearn for music and whose ambition is to drum out tunes on an instrument of their own.

These pianos are sold for a small amount down and the balance in monthly, sometimes weekly, payments extended over a long period of time.

In this way the dealer gets back not only the price he allows for the old piano in the first place, but the cost of repairing, boxing, and shipping, with interest added to each of the charges.

**Desolation.**

The hills that greet the vacant strand  
Are brown and seer today,  
And silence reigns all o'er the land,  
No sail is on the sea.

The waters lap the lifeless shore,  
They chant a dirful dirge;  
No wings soar in the sunless air,  
No fish swim in the surge.

A faintly floating wisp of smoke  
Dies on the sea's stretched line,  
The ship that's gone a-down the tide  
Holds heart that once was mine.

FREDERICK ROLAND MINER.

**IT'S THE DREAMER'S TURN NOW. By Herbert Kaufman.**

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Yesterday we laughed at the dreamer. We doubted, flouted, cuffed, scoffed, mocked and blocked him.

To warrior, artisan and merchant he was insane—a harmless, useless scatterbrain.

That he could see with eyes that pierced the battlements of time—that he could sail in the ships of fancy to untrod shores—that he could gaze into the hearts of hills—detect strange worlds beyond the suns and hear a challenge in the waterfall, the lightning flash, and thunderbolt—were curses and blights upon his happiness.

He knew, he always knew, but lacked the tools with which to do. And so, "Missouri" held him in contempt; the motto of the multitude has always been "show me," and until now the dares he flung fell broken-winged to ground.

Then came steam of the belted wheel—steam, the giant—and in her wake, electricity, the titan, to do his bidding—serve his needs—transmute his genius into such deeds as never ancient seer nor augur prophesied.

Today the dreamer rules the universe. He dominates in every field. He is satrap of trade—king of finance—lord of industry—high priest of science.

Nature, mother of mystery, has rent her veil and bared her soul to his gaze. Primitive forces are servants of his will.

He has turned the clouds and the seas into thoroughfares—his turbines to churn where the eared trireme and sail-clad galleon rode.

His planes invade the realms where hawk and eagle reigned supreme.

Until he smote with drill and blast, the mountains were eternal barriers.

Out of his wonder-brain sprang locomotive, telephone, telegraph, wireless, incandescent light, motor car, cyclopean crane, steam shovel, caisson, river tunnel skyscraper, phonograph, cantilever bridge, vitascope, pumping engine, dollar watch, blast furnace, triphammer, camera, sewing machine, harvester, power loom, anesthesia and radium.

The Almighty in His wisdom blessed him with the vision to behold the treasures hid in the rock and soil and air since the first light groped through space.

Ridiculed, martyred, buffeted and thwarted—by the sheer splendor of his courage he has at last conquered the battalions of bigotry and today he stands supreme—the rule of ignorance is closed—the race has entered upon its first illustrious epoch.

He has struck the chains from progress—destroyed the strongholds of privilege and opened all roads to ambition.

(Which is just a highfalutin' way of telling you that imagination is the best possible form of capital—that success is impossible nowadays if you don't look beyond your nose—that the man with a "hunch" is the best in the bunch—that if you can locate one of them in your store or shop or office or plant, grab him, hold him, and offer partnership before he has a chance to offer you a job.)

**Walls That Don't Transmit Sounds.**

[London Globe:] Experiments have recently been carried out in Germany with the object of discovering methods and means for rendering walls and ceilings capable of effective resistance to sound transmission. One of the more recently devised methods involves the use under the ceiling, or parallel to the wall, of a network of wire stretched tightly by means of pulleys secured into adjacent walls and not touching at any point the surface to be protected against sound.

When the wire network is plastered a composition of strong glue, plaster of paris and granulated cork, so as to make a flat slab, between which and the wall or ceiling is a cushion of confined air. The method described is said to be good in two respects; first, the absence of contact between the protective and protected surfaces, and, secondly, the colloidal nature of the composition recommended for the plaster.

**Atlantic Icebergs.**

[Harper's Weekly:] The vessel that traverses the Atlantic runs a chance of meeting in the open sea a craft that carries no lights, makes no signal, and turns neither to the right nor to the left for approaching ships. These craft constitute a very great danger for transatlantic navigation. They are the icebergs floating down from the polar regions. They are most numerous in the neighborhood of forty degrees north latitude and fifty degrees west longitude.

Icebergs, so plentiful in that neighborhood, are never seen along the Atlantic Coast below Newfoundland. The reason for this is plain. The great blocks of ice descending from Baffin's Bay do not find water enough

to float them when they reach the banks of Newfoundland.

Accordingly they drift seaward, turning, twisting, plunging as they do so, and are borne on by the polar current until, passing into the Gulf Stream, they gradually melt in the warmer waters.

An English steamer encountered 351 of these icebergs whose height above the water varied from a few feet to more than 300. Some of these mountains of ice were several miles in length. Only one-ninth of an iceberg ordinarily projects above water, a fact which goes to prove that the largest of these masses reached a depth of 1000 to 1500 feet below the surface.

**Woman's Death Not Publicly Mourned.**

[London Graphic:] No matter what the social status of a Palestine woman may be, in strictest obedience to time-honored Oriental rules her decease is not publicly lamented nor is the community as a whole affected in any particular way by any manifest sense of bereavement on her account.

When, on the other hand, a prominent male member of a clan or family in the smaller towns or country villages of Palestine departs this life there is then much ado by way of ceremonial and ritual performed in order to express in due form a correct idea of the loss sustained to the whole countryside. On such occasions "days of lamentation" extending from seven to forty days, according to the importance or popularity of the deceased, are observed, during each of which one or more sheep are slaughtered "in atonement for his soul" and a feast spread before the assembled mourners.

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# Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## Lightning Methods.

IS ELECTRICITY TO BECOME A FACTOR IN POULTRY CULTURE?

WE KNOW that in the growing of garden vegetables under glass electricity has a tendency to accelerate development, whether by reason of dispelling darkness, or from some inherent influence is hard to determine; but it has been demonstrated that certain crops develop faster in electric-lighted greenhouses than in the absence of such light. Will the same conditions apply to bird and animal life? As bearing light on this question, the following incident is cited by the Illustrated Poultry Record:

"T. Thorn Baker, the electrical engineer for the Daily

tive to insect life, thus assisting in maintaining the fertility of the land and conserving the vigor of the trees.

In the illustration shown herewith is pictured to the life how neatly poultry farming "fits in" with citrus-fruit farming. The view shows a portion of the plant of C. H. Hosford, known as Magnolia Poultry Farm, on which the White Leghorn is monarch of all he surveys. The one view is that of one of Mr. Hosford's fine pullets, with a record of over twenty-one eggs per month since October. Allowing for the fact that the bird is a trifle out of good position (crouching down and wing inclined to droop) it shows a fine specimen of the egg-laying type of White Leghorn. The other picture is a view looking across the yards of the breeding pens, with two cases of a daily harvest of hen fruit ready for market—

them right than from thirty h neglected and left to hustle for themselves. The bir housed in colony houses 16x20 feet in size, each containing two pens. They face south, on the of a hill. A canvas window on the outside of is one-half mesh wire is opened during the day. A clean window is at the end of each house. A floor of dirt, covered with shavings and straw. The roosts are 2x4's set on end, placed above a platform in the rear of the pen, which is cleaned every day. Grain is fed from self-feeding hoppers, which cause it to fall upon the straw. A dry mash mixture is kept constantly before the fowls. Food is weighed out each week. Any feed left in the hoppers is weighed and credited to the house. Drainage is insured by plowing ditches between every house, thus preventing the houses from becoming damp.

### Pigeon English.

There are technical terms in pigeon lore, just as in the case in the poultry and other live stock industries. These terms have been carefully formulated as follows:

Beard: A crescent-shaped white marking around the throat, close under the lower jaw.

Bishoped-sleeved: A patch of white feathers on the colored ground of the shoulder extending to the edge of the wingbutt.

Box-beak: The beak long, straight, of equal thickness, and blunt at the point.

Chain: The feathers curling upward on each side of the neck, meeting close under the throat, and continuing down the breast as far as possible.

Clear-cut: The colored portion of the body separated from the white by a short and even line.

Close-marked: A lack of sufficient white on the colored portion of the body.

Crown or shell-crest: The feathers rising sharp and even, falling slightly forward, and extending around the back of the head from ear to ear.

Dewlap: The thin, loose skin, finely feathered, extending from lower mandible down the throat.

Down-faced: An even and unbroken curve of the head, from the point of the beak to the top of the skull.

Eye-wattle: A fleshy protuberance growing around the eye in a circular form.

Fowl-thighed: Mixed colored feathers on the thigh.

Gay-marked: A surplus of white on the colored portion of the body.

Hock: The knee-joint.

Hood: The feathers rising up and extending around the back and the side of the head, and falling forward over the top of the skull and into the sweep of the chain.

Jew-wattle: A fleshy protuberance growing on from the root of the lower mandible.

Jowl: The beak.

Keel: The breast-bone.

Lower mandible: The lower half of the beak.

Mane: The feathers rising upward and backward, meeting the hood and extending down the back of the neck.

Peak-crest: The feathers rising to a point at the back of the skull and falling into the sweep of the mane.

Primaries or flights: The long quills or first feathers of the wing.

Roach-back: The back raised or arched.

Rose-pinion or marking: A circular patch of white feathers, each feather separate and distinct from the other on the colored ground of the shoulder of wing only.

Rose: The feathers, springing from a common center



White Leghorn pullet of the laying type



Breeding pens Magnolia Poultry Farm

Mirror, recently conducted some interesting experiments in chicken rearing. He purchased two dozen day old chicks, divided them into two lots, which he put into foster mothers, both lots being fed in precisely the same manner. In one of the foster mothers coils of wires were placed, and the chickens were given applications of high frequency electric currents, with the result that those chickens which were subjected to this treatment obtained an increase in weight of 38.5 per cent. as compared with the other lot of chickens not so treated; otherwise the two batches were reared under identically the same conditions. At the Ideal Home Exhibition, to be held at Olympia from April 12 to 20 an opportunity will be given of seeing this electrical treatment, and all interested in raising chickens will be able to see exactly how to secure the advantages claimed by Mr. Baker. Arrangements have been made for conducting another experiment on similar lines, with chickens hatched at the same time and of the same breeds, so that a fair test may be made."

Chickens in an Orange Grove.

Fruit culture and poultry culture form an ideal combination under a Southern California sun. Fowl in no way take from horticulture any of its values; quite to the contrary they bring to it certain advantages. Poultry droppings, when properly treated, are a good fertilizer for fruit trees; hens are also more or less destruc-

a product of oblong shape that brings returns of golden dollars quicker than Riverside's famous golden globes of citrus fruits.

### Two Interesting Events to Poultrymen.

No one thing is at present commanding wider attention from practical poultrymen, as well as of fanciers, than the two national egg-laying contests at present in operation: one at Storrs, Ct., and the other at Columbia, Mo. Both are developing some things that are destined to wield a wide influence on future operations in the breeding pen and in the caretaking and management of fowl. A careful and systematic record is being kept on every phase of the undertaking; these in their finality will embrace a fund of information that should be in possession of every breeder. Among the more salient features of recent occurrence at the Storrs contest may be mentioned the following:

A White Plymouth Rock pen last week covered itself with glory by showing a record of an egg a day for every hen in the pen but one, which laid six eggs. Thirty-four eggs for five hens in one week is an exceptional record. The English pen is still in the lead, although but thirty eggs separates it from an American pen of White Leghorns. A Buff Orpington hen laid sixty-six eggs in seventy days. At the conclusion of this contest a bulletin will be issued showing how it is possible to obtain more eggs from five hens by handling

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and falling over, showing the white under fluff, as in the case of the "Jaco".

**Beak:** A tuft of feathers springing out from the base of the beak in an even and circular form, covering the whole front of the head, as in the Trumpeter.

**Head:** The feathers on the back and upper part of the wings, coming down and rounding off and meeting wing-coverts.

**Secondary:** The inner flights or shorter quills that fold up and rest on the outer flights or primaries.

**Slipped:** The entire feet and toes evenly covered with feathers.

**Tip:** A small tick of white on the front of the head at the base of the beak.

**Spout:** A warty protuberance growing on the eye.

**Wing-covert:** The entire limb covered with soft, fine feathers, sitting closely to the limb.

**Wing:** The sudden rise of the forehead from the root of the beak.

**Swallow-throat:** The white extending up under the lower jaw, showing no bib.

**Upper mandible:** The upper half of the beak.

**Vulture-hock:** Long, stiff feathers growing out and falling backward from the hock-joint.

**Wing-bow:** The shoulder part of wing.

**Wing-butt:** As applied to pigeons, the front of the shoulder.

**Wing-coverts:** The short and broad feathers that cover the roots of the inner flights or secondary quills.

The Poultry Doctor: F. R. D. Lott, D. V. M.

"Reader," who enjoys the possession of a family flock of about thirty hens, under date of May 6, sends in the following queries to the Times Illustrated Weekly:

1. Is there any sense or success in the method of not feeding a sitting hen for several days, in order to make her forget her desires?
2. Some of my chickens have large lice or mites among the feathers at the vent. Are these the mites that cause the mange? They are of a yellowish color. What is the cause?
3. In the evening ration for laying hens that you gave several months ago you mentioned ground oats to be fed in the litter. Is that correct?
4. In your experience which has proved the most successful, wet or dry mash? Is it advisable to allow hens access to dry bran throughout the day?
5. I followed your cure for scaly leg, viz., greasing the legs with lard and sulphur every other night for a week, and then three times a week. It is now about a month since the last treatment, and I find but little change in the condition of the birds.
6. Never heard of the practice; besides it is not only cruel, but unnatural.
7. The true lice live on the feathers and scales of the skin. They vary in color and shape according to the variety, but the effect on the bird is practically the same in all cases. The common hen louse is active and a full yellow in color, has six legs and head is rounded in front. During the night these travel from one bird to another, and soon the whole flock becomes lousy. A new generation matures about every three weeks. The cause is always infection from one source or another. For a remedy liquid lice killers and insect powders and a cleaning up of houses and yards, all of which have appeared in this department again and again. The red and gray mites are very minute insects which suck the blood of fowl and burrow into the skin.
8. Coarse ground oats are used, when the price is reasonable, in mash; hulled oats are also in grain mixture. Whole oats, on account of the coarse indigestible hull or husk, are not as well liked by fowl as wheat, though in nutrient properties they are of about equal value. "Ground oats" is a rather elastic expression. Certainly if ground to a meal they would be unavailable as a grain ration scattered in litter.
9. Purely relative. Many breeders claim fine results from dry mash feeding, and others equally satisfactory results from the wet mash. We prefer the latter with a small flock, because it affords a means of utilizing the table waste—vegetable parings, bits of meat, waste bread, etc. Bran alone is hardly ever fed to fowls, though some poultry keepers give their birds free access to it, either wet or dry, thinking it advantageous between the regular feeds. Personally, we never feed it alone. Bran purely as such has a light feeding value.
10. If the remedy has been properly applied—rubbing the skin so as to get it lodged under the scales—the insects will be destroyed. In severe cases the chicks never fully recover their natural condition. It is contagious, hence a cure is not permanent unless all fowl are free from the presence, and the premises are also exempt.

#### The Gallant Rooster.

[Farm and Fireside:] Male chickens are often so selfish that they give their part of the food to the females and get into poor flesh. When this is observed to be the case, little boxes or hoppers of mixed grain and dry mash should be hung upon the walls of the chicken-house, high enough to be out of reach of the females, but readily reached by the males.

With these arrangements the rooster is enabled to feed himself without feeling under obligations to turn his head over to the lady chickens.

[United Club:] We are taught by the very latest development in medicine that germs cause disease. This is vulnerable to a right-thinking physician, because germs are omnipresent, or their environment is limitless, and waits upon the coalition of the elements necessary for their genesis.

## The Story of a Derelict.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

ing before him. "Old Boliver, yes, he won't ever get very far from me again."

"Again?"

"Yes," Murray slid over and made a place for his companion on the chest. "Trollop," said he, "you're the only real friend I want to remember in this place. You ought to have killed me that night at the Big Lead. I didn't—I hadn't a—"

Murray's words had suddenly failed him, and big Bill Trollop seemed to fathom the situation, for he waited in silence for the man to continue. Finally Murray scribbled something on a bit of paper.

"There's my address in the States," he said, as he handed it to him. "If you ever get near it—"

They were getting ready to sound the whistle.

"It was on account of a girl, Trollop. I ran away—but that's not what hurts, now. It's the folks, the home folks—understand?"

Trollop nodded.

"I've been a fool, a drifter, a derelict. For two years I never drew a sober breath. You remember that night at Hall's cabin, out there with the lantern in the dog corral and the snow?"

Again Trollop nodded.

"And you heard what Hall said about that dog? Down, and he'd never get up, a drifter, a derelict, wasn't any good to anyone or himself. You remember, Trollop?"

"I do."

"Boliver got that way after I left, Trollop. I didn't know how far down I'd got, but he knew, and he knew me before his jaws closed on my throat that night. He wasn't down as far as I was."

The steamboat whistle blew once, twice, and shouts of "all ashore" fell on the ears of the two men. Murray gave a hand to his friend.

"We're going back to the States, Boliver and I, back to the ranch and the big pines. We were for starting that night, but somehow Boliver looked at me out of those big eyes of his and said: 'No, don't go back, now, old comrade. It would kill the homefolks. Show youpself a man first.'"

Trollop's great hand closed about Murray's. "Oh, but you ARE a man!" he muttered. "You were big enough to live it down. You HAVE lived it down. You've been through hell."

An acquaintance paused before them. The deep, bass whistle sounded for the last time. Trollop would never let the other man see the hungry look that had sprung so suddenly into his eyes. He dared not trust himself to look again into John Murray's face. Suddenly he bent down, seized one of Boliver's great paws and shook it affectionately. A lump came up in his throat, his voice sounded strange and far away; and he gripped the dog's paw tighter.

"Good luck and good-bye to both of you—you old reprobates!" he laughed, as he hurriedly joined the other man at the gangway.

#### Fig Gathering in Italy.

[New York Sun:] The season for gathering the figs in Italy joins hands in October with the vintage; but it really begins in August, owing to a curious system of culture.

Early in August the fig gatherers squirm through the twisting branches from tree top to tree top and "oil the fruit." These fig people are nomadic; they appear and disappear like the wandering harvesters of France. Late in July the masserie are rented to them, a stated sum being paid to the proprietor, a payment that gives to the fig gatherers the right to all the fruit, beginning with the figs and ending with the last cluster of grapes.

Rude huts thatched with straw are built by the proprietor in all his orchards, and in these the gypsylike harvesters live with their families. Sometimes they supplement their narrow quarters with a ragged tent. Three sticks placed crosswise and a kettle in the crotch constitute the kitchen.

Shortly after their arrival the work of forcing the fruit is begun. The methods employed are curious. In one a wad of cotton is dipped in olive oil and gently rubbed on the flower end of the fig. Fig by fig is thus treated, and in eight days the fruit is ready for the market.

Another method consists in gathering in the spring the half-formed fruit, which is strung on ropes. These ropes or garlands are thrown over the branches of the tree and are allowed to decay under the burning sun. There is born of this decay an insect that pierces the growing fig and induces rapid maturity.

The fig, when perfectly ripe, exudes a drop of honey sweet juice at the nether end, which never falls but hangs there, a standing temptation to children and to bees. When fresh picked at this stage the fig has a rich flavor entirely lost in the dried fruit.

#### St. Sophia in Danger.

[London Correspondence New York Sun:] Another world-famed structure now threatens to fall. This is the sixth century dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

The Turkish authorities are making some attempts to save it, but their efforts are clumsy and inefficient. In fifteen or twenty years, it is feared, if Turkish methods are persisted in the dome will break down.

Before the Italo-Turkish war the Ottoman government consulted both Signor Marangoni, the restorer of the Campanile in Venice, and M. Prost, a French architect, but only asked them for a statement of the necessary repairs. Neither Frenchman nor Italian could

agree to suffer Turkish interference with a work of such exquisite art and nothing was done.

Humidity, earthquakes, fires and bombardments have all contributed to the undermining of the building. The earthquake of 1893 damaged the dome seriously, opening several serious fissures. Rain water has since permeated the masonry, weakening it every year more and more.

The superb mosaics in the interior are disfigured by cracks, and even the casual observer can see that the exterior of the cupola no longer preserves its smooth semi-circular outline. Signor Marangoni has estimated that \$500,000 would be required to repair the dome.

The Ministry of Evkaf, or Pious Foundations, has now announced its intention of restoring the dome, but even if the necessary money is provided none here hopes that it will ever be restored to its original magnificence. Its designer, Anthemius of Tralles, who died in the sixth century, alone knew the mysterious problems and secrets of its construction.

#### Man's Speech to Brutes.

[New York Sun:] The tale of the farmer in the Arabian Nights who could understand the language of animals and fowls in his barnyard probably had its origin in the ancient myth which asserted that in primitive times men and beasts were able to converse together.

In truth, as everybody knows, there are certain sounds, or words, which horses, dogs and other animals can be taught to understand; and, on the other hand some of the sounds uttered by domestic animals have a meaning that man can understand. All this is, of course, a very different thing from language, and yet it has a certain scientific interest, evidenced by the various investigations that have been made.

It has been shown, for instance, with reference to the language used in talking to domestic animals that people unconsciously attempt to lower their language by abbreviations, etc., to the comprehension of brutes, very much as they do when they talk to young children. A curious fact is that the peculiar click and chirp used to start and to hasten the movements of horses are employed in widely separated parts of the world, but sometimes in a reverse sense. In India, for example, those sounds are used to stop instead of to start horses.

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited. To the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

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